THE Canadian HYMNAL

Prepared Expressly for

Sunday Schools, Epworth Leagues, Prayer and Praise Meetings, Family Circles, Etc.

REVISED and ENLARGED

Containing

496 Hymns

PUBLISHED BY

WILLIAM BRIGGS, WESLEY BUILDINGS, TORONTO

Halifax, N.S.: F. W. MOSHER

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THE CANADIAN HYMNAL

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS AND MUSIC

FOR

SUNDAY SCHOOLS, EPWORTH LEAGUES, PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS, FAMILY CIRCLES, ETC.

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TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
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1915

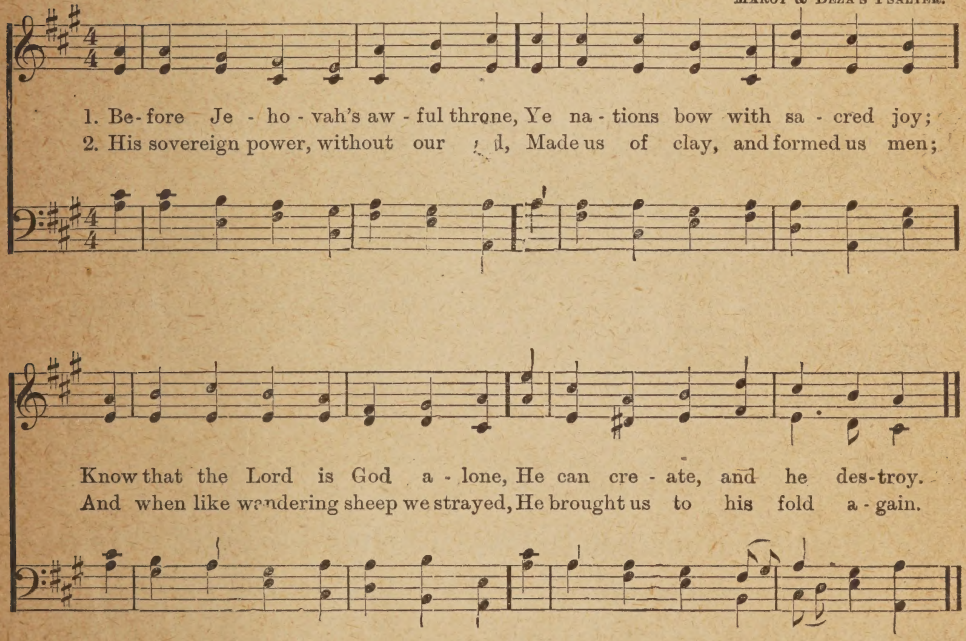
Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand nine hundred, by WILLIAM BRIGGS, at the Department of Agriculture.

THE

CANADIAN HYMNAL

1 Before Jehovah's Awful Throne. (Old Hundred.—L.M.)

Marot & Beza's Psalter.


1. Be-fore Je - ho - vah's aw - ful throne, Ye na - tions bow with sa - cred joy;
2. His sovereign power, without our aid, Made us of clay, and formed us men;
Know that the Lord is God a - lone, He can cre - ate, and he des-troy.
And when like wandering sheep we strayed, He brought us to his fold a - gain.

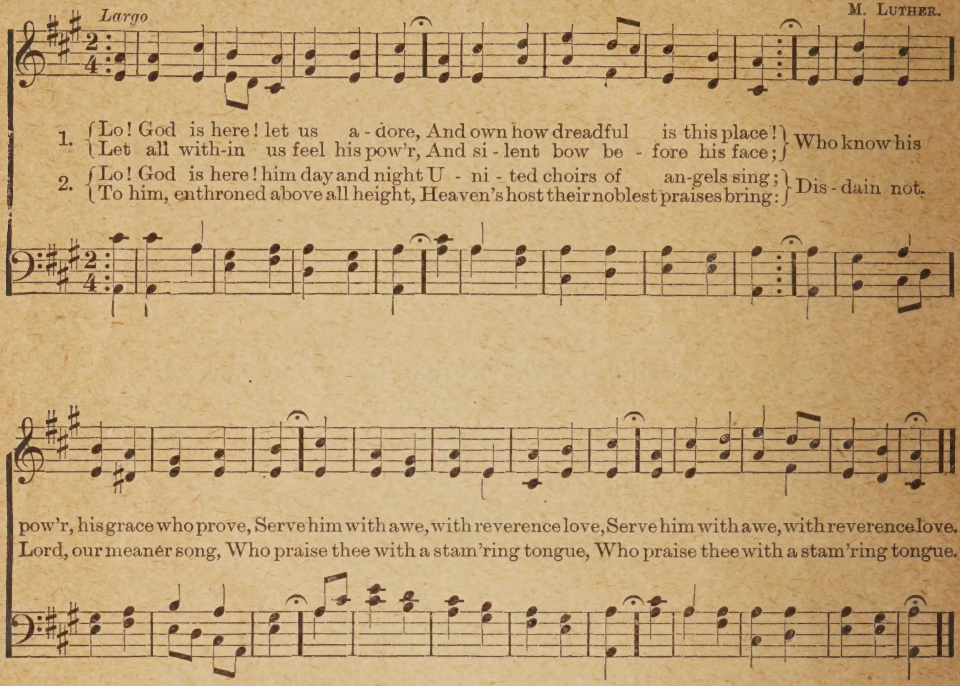
3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

—*Isaac Watts.*

2 Lo! God is Here! Let us Adore. (Luther's Hymn.—6–8s.)

M. Luther.


Largo
1. Lo! God is here! let us a - dore, And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all with-in us feel his pow'r, And si - lent bow be - fore his face;
Who know his
2. Lo! God is here! him day and night U - ni - ted choirs of an-gels sing;
To him, enthroned above all height, Heaven's host their noblest praises bring:
Dis - dain not.
pow'r, his grace who prove, Serve him with awe, with reverence love, Serve him with awe, with reverence love.
Lord, our meaner song, Who praise thee with a stam'ring tongue, Who praise thee with a stam'ring tongue.

3 Being of beings! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will:
To thee may all our thoughts arise,
:‖Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice.‖:

4 As flowers their opening leaves display,
And glad drink in the solar fire,
So may we catch thy every ray,
So may thy influence us inspire;
Thou Beam of the eternal Beam,
:‖Thou purging Fire, thou quickening Flame.‖:

—*J. Wesley.*

3 All People that on Earth do Dwell. (Old Hundred.—L.M.—Tune No. 1.)

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him, and rejoice.

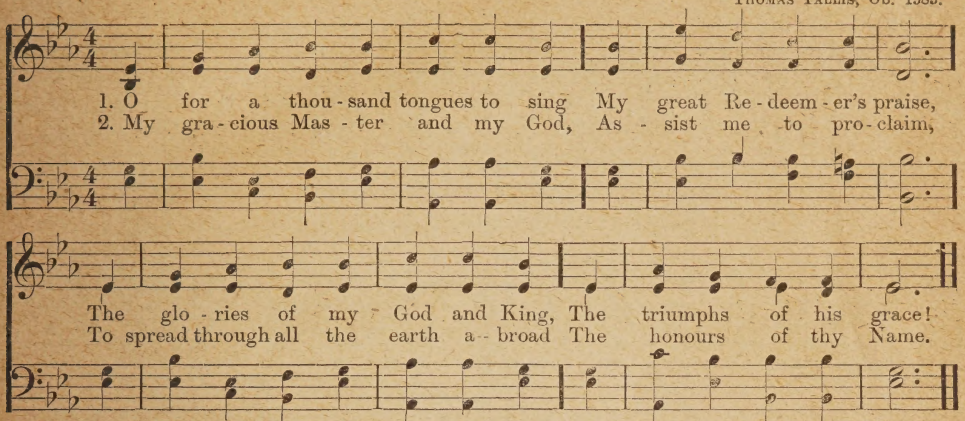
2 Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

—*Hopkins or Kethe.*

4 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing. (TALLIS.—C.M.)

THOMAS TALLIS, Ob. 1585.

1. O for a thou - sand tongues to sing My great Re - deem - er's praise,
2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God, As - sist me to pro - claim,
The glo - ries of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace!
To spread through all the earth a - broad The honours of thy Name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

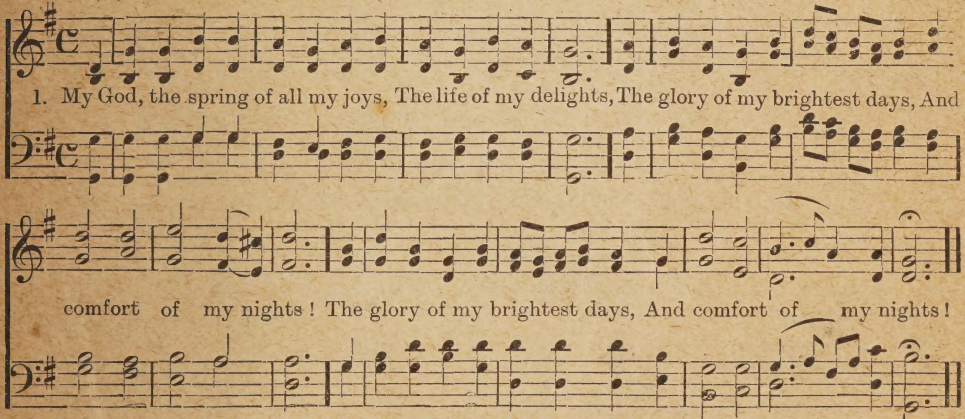
4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood availed for *me*.

5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

—*C. Wesley.*

5 My God, the Spring of all my Joys.* (CORONATION.—C.M.)

OLIVER HOLDEN.


1. My God, the spring of all my joys, The life of my delights, The glory of my brightest days, And
comfort of my nights! The glory of my brightest days, And comfort of my nights!

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
:‖Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.‖:

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
:‖If Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.‖:

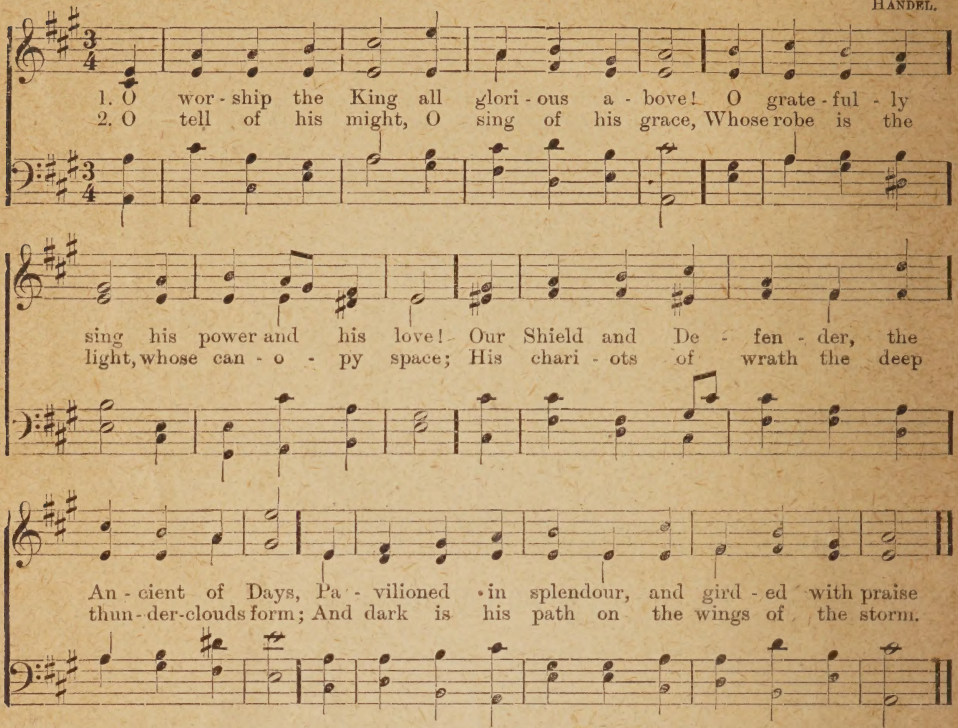
4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word;
:‖Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.‖:

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
:‖The wings of love, and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.‖:

—*C. Wesley.*

* The hymn usually sung to this tune is No. 459.

6 O Worship the King all Glorious Above! (HANOVER.)

HANDEL.

1. O wor - ship the King all glori - ous a - bove! O grate - ful - ly
2. O tell of his might, O sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
sing his power and his love! Our Shield and De - fen - der, the
light, whose can - o - py space; His chari - ots of wrath the deep
An - cient of Days, Pa - vilioned in splendour, and gird - ed with praise
thun - der-clouds form; And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

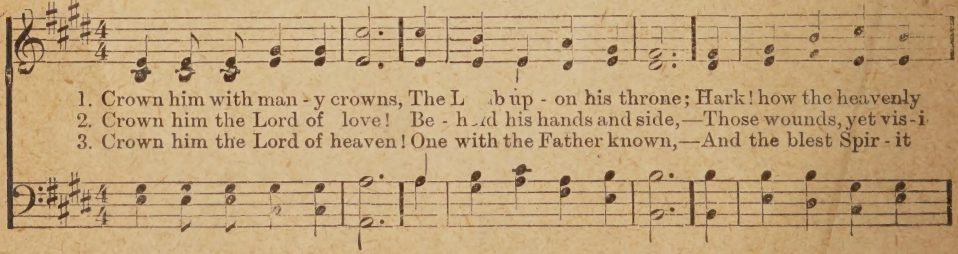
3 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distils in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail;
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail:
Thy mercies, how tender, how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

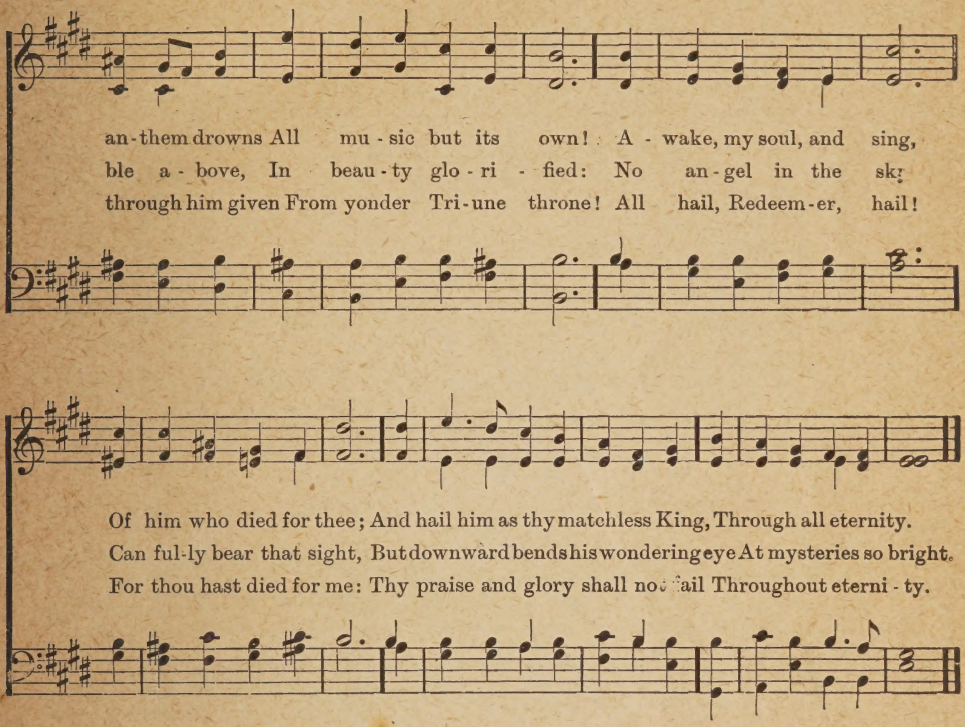
—*Sir R. Grant.*

7 Crown Him with many Crowns. (DIADEMATA.—S.M. DOUBLE.)

Words by MATTHEW BRIDGES.


1. Crown him with man - y crowns, The L b up - on his throne; Hark! how the heavenly
2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be - h d his hands and side,—Those wounds, yet vis - i
3. Crown him the Lord of heaven! One with the Father known,—And the blest Spir - it

Crown Him with many Crowns—*Concluded.*


an-them drowns All mu-sic but its own! A-wake, my soul, and sing,
ble a-bove, In beau-ty glo-ri-fied: No an-gel in the sky
through him given From yonder Tri-une throne! All hail, Redeem-er, hail!
Of him who died for thee; And hail him as thy matchless King, Through all eternity.
Can ful-ly bear that sight, But downward bends his wondering eye At mysteries so bright.
For thou hast died for me: Thy praise and glory shall not fail Throughout eterni-ty.

8 Jesus! the Name High Over All. (Coronation.—C.M.—Tune No. 5.)

1 Jesus! the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus! the name to sinners dear,
The name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head;
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

4 O that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace!
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace.

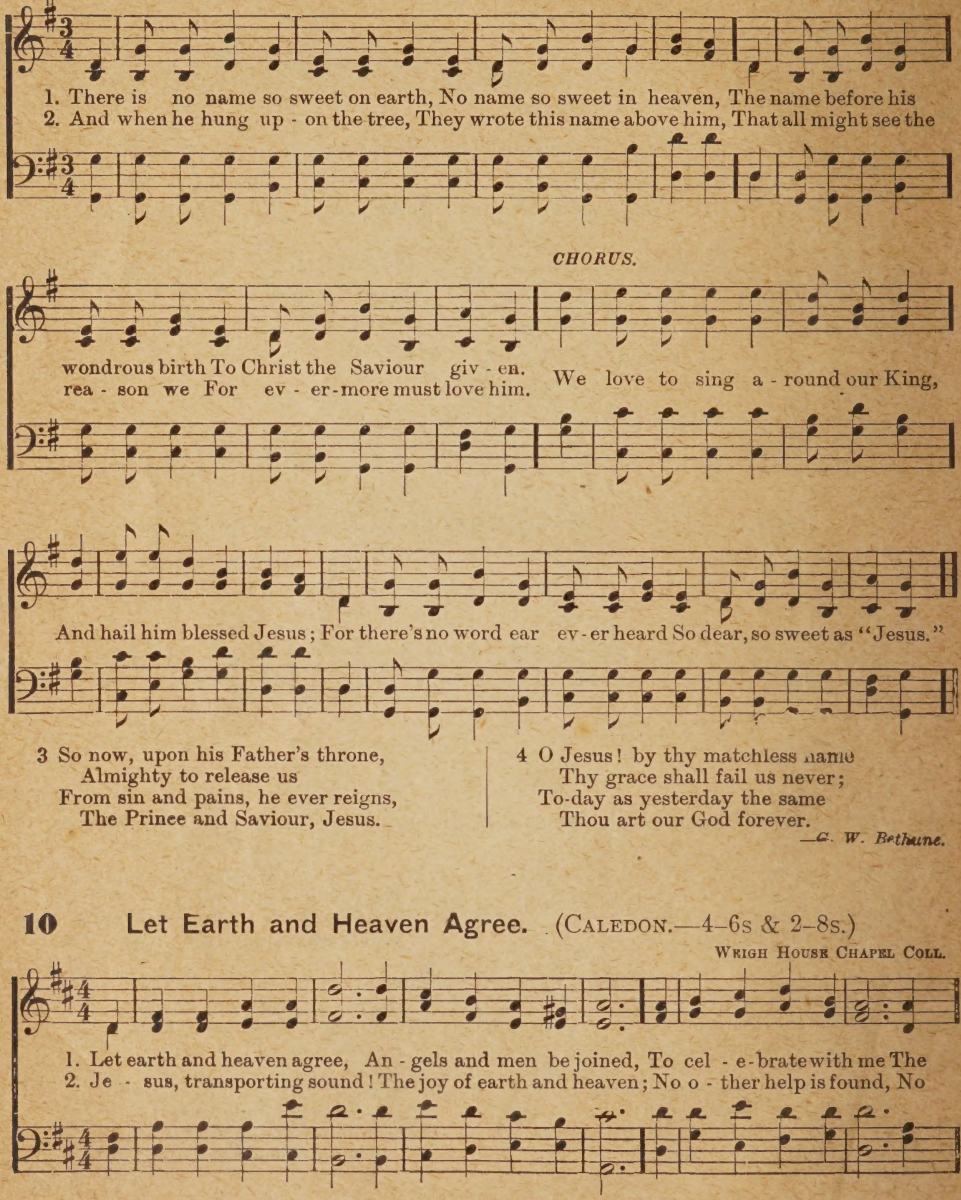
5 His only righteousness I show,
His saving truth proclaim;
'Tis all my business here below
To cry, "Behold the Lamb!"

6 Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp his Name;
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
"Behold, behold the Lamb!"

—*C. Wesley.*

WILSON
NcU

9 There is no Name so Sweet on Earth. (C.M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heaven, The name before his
2. And when he hung up - on the tree, They wrote this name above him, That all might see the
CHORUS.
wondrous birth To Christ the Saviour giv - en.
rea - son we For ev - er-more must love him.
We love to sing a - round our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus; For there's no word ear ev-er heard So dear, so sweet as "Jesus."

3 So now, upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he ever reigns,
The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.

4 O Jesus! by thy matchless name
Thy grace shall fail us never;
To-day as yesterday the same
Thou art our God forever.

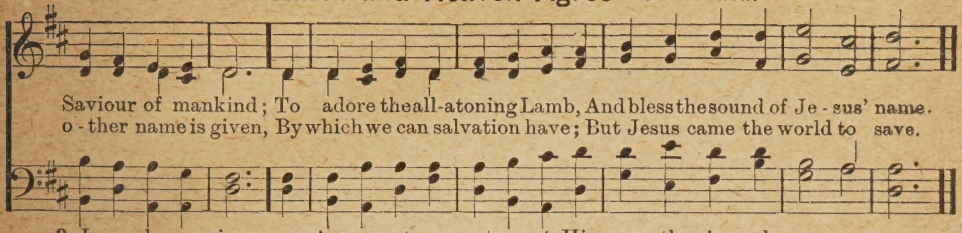
—*C. W. Bethune.*

10 Let Earth and Heaven Agree. (CALEDON.—4–6s & 2–8s.)

WEIGH HOUSE CHAPEL COLL.

1. Let earth and heaven agree, An - gels and men be joined, To cel - e-brate with me The
2. Je - sus, transporting sound! The joy of earth and heaven; No o - ther help is found, No

Let Earth and Heaven Agree—*Concluded.*

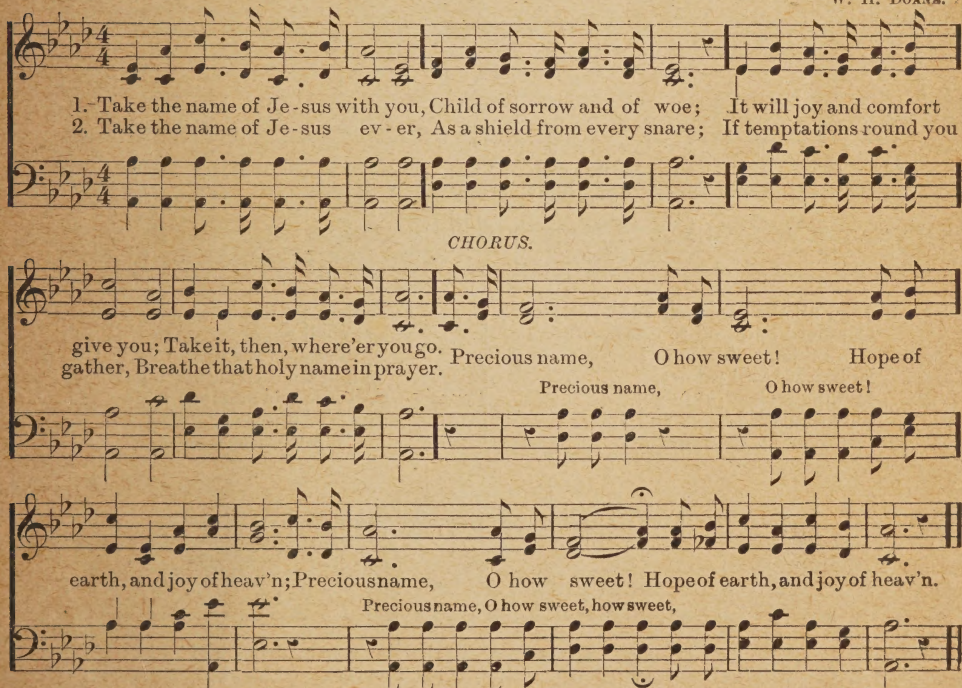

Saviour of mankind; To adore the all-atoning Lamb, And bless the sound of Je - sus' name.
o - ther name is given, By which we can salvation have; But Jesus came the world to save.

3 Jesus, harmonious name!
It charms the hosts above;
They evermore proclaim
And wonder at his love;
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,
'Tis heaven to see our Jesus' face.

4 His name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free;
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory;
New songs do now his lips employ,
And dances his glad heart for joy.

—*C. Wesley.*

11 Take the Name of Jesus with You.

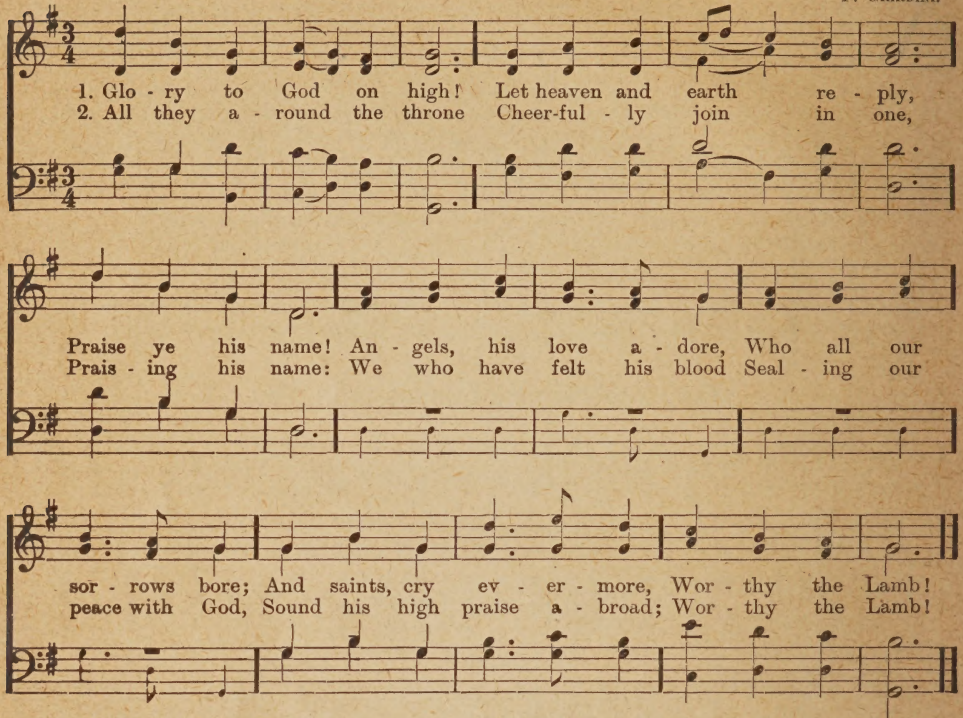
W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare; If temptations round you
CHORUS.
give you; Take it, then, where'er you go. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
gather, Breathe that holy name in prayer.
Precious name, O how sweet!
earth, and joy of heav'n; Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth, and joy of heav'n.
Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

3 O the precious name of Jesus,
How it thrills our souls with joy,
When his loving arms receive us,
And his songs our tongues employ!

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at his feet,
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him,
When our journey is complete.

—*Mrs. L. Baxter.*

12 Glory to God on High. (Italian Hymn.—6,6,4,6,6,6,4.)

F. Giardini.

1. Glo - ry to God on high! Let heaven and earth re - ply,
2. All they a - round the throne Cheer-ful - ly join in one,
Praise ye his name! An - gels, his love a - dore, Who all our
Prais - ing his name: We who have felt his blood Seal - ing our
sor - rows bore; And saints, cry ev - er - more, Wor - thy the Lamb!
peace with God, Sound his high praise a - broad; Wor - thy the Lamb!

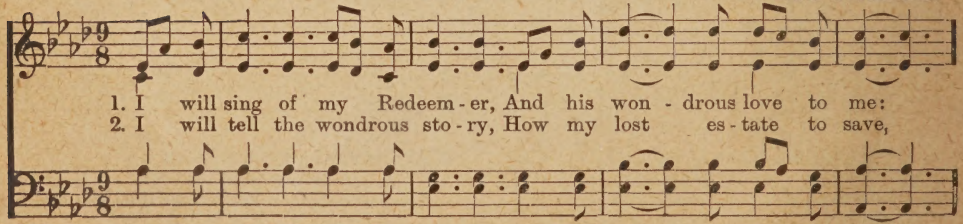
3 Join, all the ransomed race,
Our Lord and God to bless;
Praise ye his name!
In him we will rejoice,
Making a cheerful noise,
Shouting with heart and voice,
Worthy the Lamb!

4 Though we must change our place,
Yet shall we never cease
Praising his name:
To him we'll tribute bring,
Hail him our gracious King,
And without ceasing sing,
Worthy the Lamb!

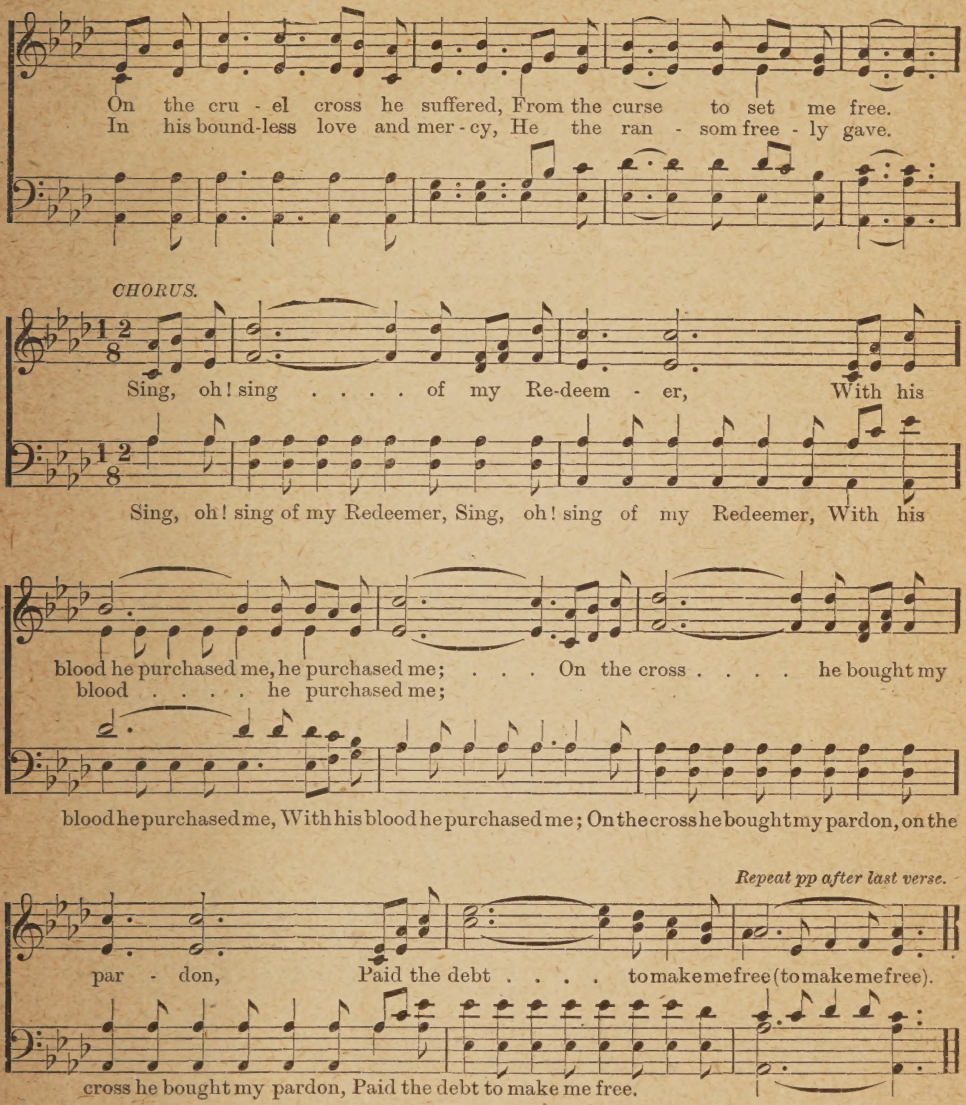
—*J. Allen.*

13 I Will Sing of My Redeemer.

James McGranahan.



I Will Sing of My Redeemer—*Concluded.*


On the cru - el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In his bound-less love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.
CHORUS.
Sing, oh! sing . . . . of my Re-deem - er, With his
Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With his
blood he purchased me, he purchased me; . . . On the cross . . . . he bought my
blood . . . . he purchased me;
blood he purchased me, With his blood he purchased me; On the cross he bought my pardon, on the
Repeat pp after last verse.
par - don, Paid the debt . . . . to make me free (to make me free).
cross he bought my pardon, Paid the debt to make me free.

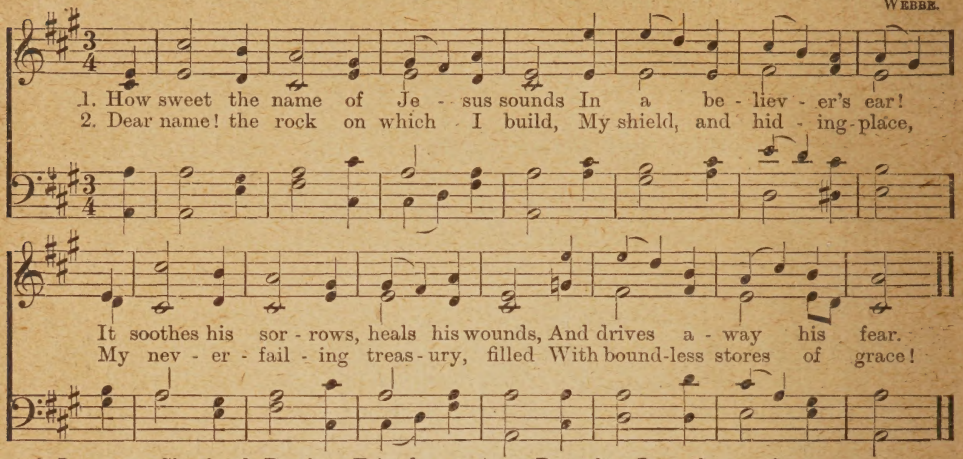
3 I will praise my dear Redeemer,
His triumphant power I'll tell
How the victory he giveth
Over sin, and death, and hell.

4 I will sing of my Redeemer,
And his heavenly love to me;
He from death to life hath brought me,
Son of God, with him to be.

—*P. P. Bliss.*

14 How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds. (BELMONT.—C.M.)

WEBBE.


1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield, and hid - ing-place,
It soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
My nev - er - fail - ing treas - ury, filled With bound-less stores of grace!

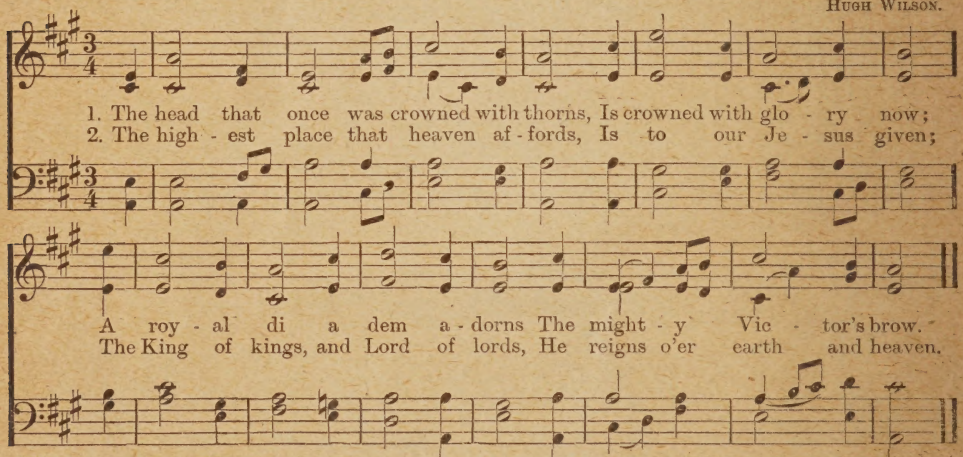
3 Jesus! my Shepherd, Brother, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

4 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

5 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death! —*J. Newton.*

15 The Head that once was Crowned with Thorns. (MARTYRDOM.—C.M.)

HUGH WILSON.

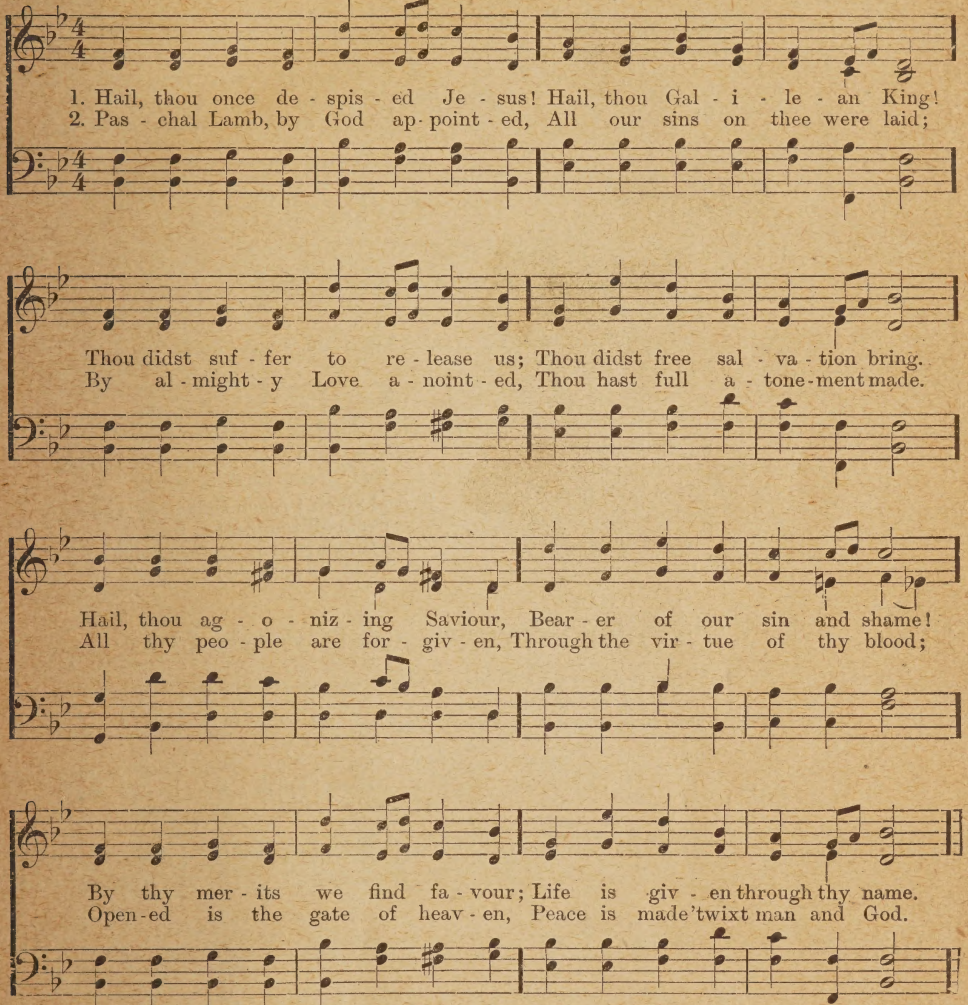

1. The head that once was crowned with thorns, Is crowned with glo - ry now;
2. The high - est place that heaven af - fords, Is to our Je - sus given;
A roy - al di a dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.
The King of kings, and Lord of lords, He reigns o'er earth and heaven.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their everlasting joy to know
The mystery of his love. —*T. Kelly.*

16 Hail, Thou once Despised Jesus! (8s & 7s.)

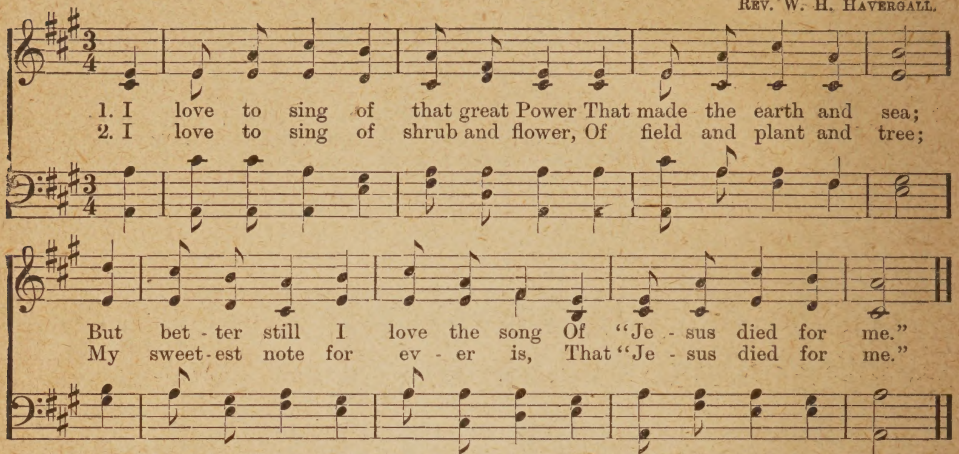
JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Hail, thou once de - spis - ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal - i - le - an King!
2. Pas - chal Lamb, by God ap - point - ed, All our sins on thee were laid;
Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
By al - might - y Love a - noint - ed, Thou hast full a - tone - ment made.
Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Saviour, Bear - er of our sin and shame!
All thy peo - ple are for - giv - en, Through the vir - tue of thy blood;
By thy mer - its we find fa - vour; Life is giv - en through thy name.
Open - ed is the gate of heav - en, Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side.
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

4 Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

—*J. Bakewell*

17 I Love to Sing of that Great Power. (Evan.—C.M.)

Rev. W. H. Havergall.

1. I love to sing of that great Power That made the earth and sea;
2. I love to sing of shrub and flower, Of field and plant and tree;
But bet - ter still I love the song Of "Je - sus died for me."
My sweet - est note for ev - er is, That "Je - sus died for me."

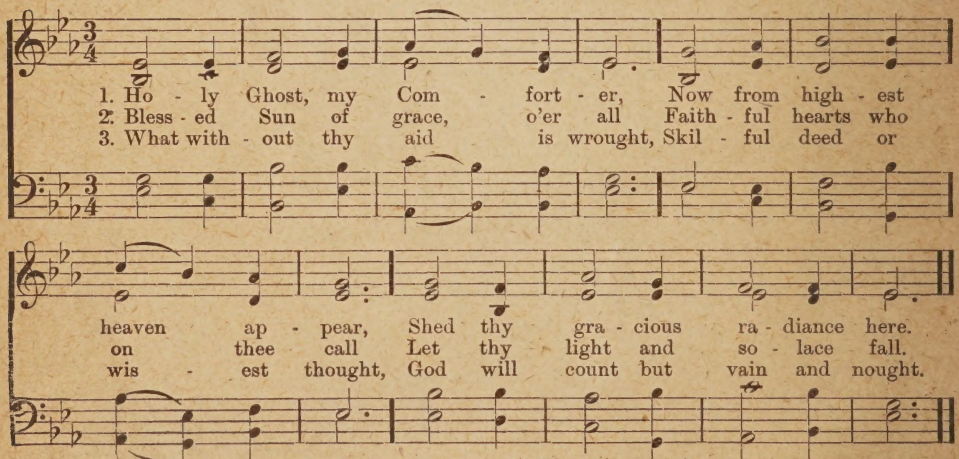
3 I love to think of angels' songs,
From sin and sorrow free;
But angels cannot strike their notes
To "Jesus died for me."

4 I love to speak of God, of heaven,
And all its purity;
God is my Father, heaven my home,
For "Jesus died for me."

5 And when I reach that happy place,
From all temptation free,
I'll tune my ever rapturous notes
With "Jesus died for me."

—*S. Alman.*

18 Holy Ghost, My Comforter. (St. Philip.—7,7,7.)

W. H. Monk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, my Com - fort - er, Now from high - est
2. Bless - ed Sun of grace, o'er all Faith - ful hearts who
3. What with - out thy aid is wrought, Skil - ful deed or
heaven ap - pear, Shed thy gra - cious ra - diance here.
on thee call Let thy light and so - lace fall.
wis - est thought, God will count but vain and nought.

4 Grant us, Lord, who cry to thee,
Steadfast in the faith to be,
Give thy gift of charity.

5 May we live in holiness,
And in death find happiness,
And abide with thee in bliss!

—*Miss Winkworth.*

19 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove. (Evan.—C.M.—Tune No. 17.)

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

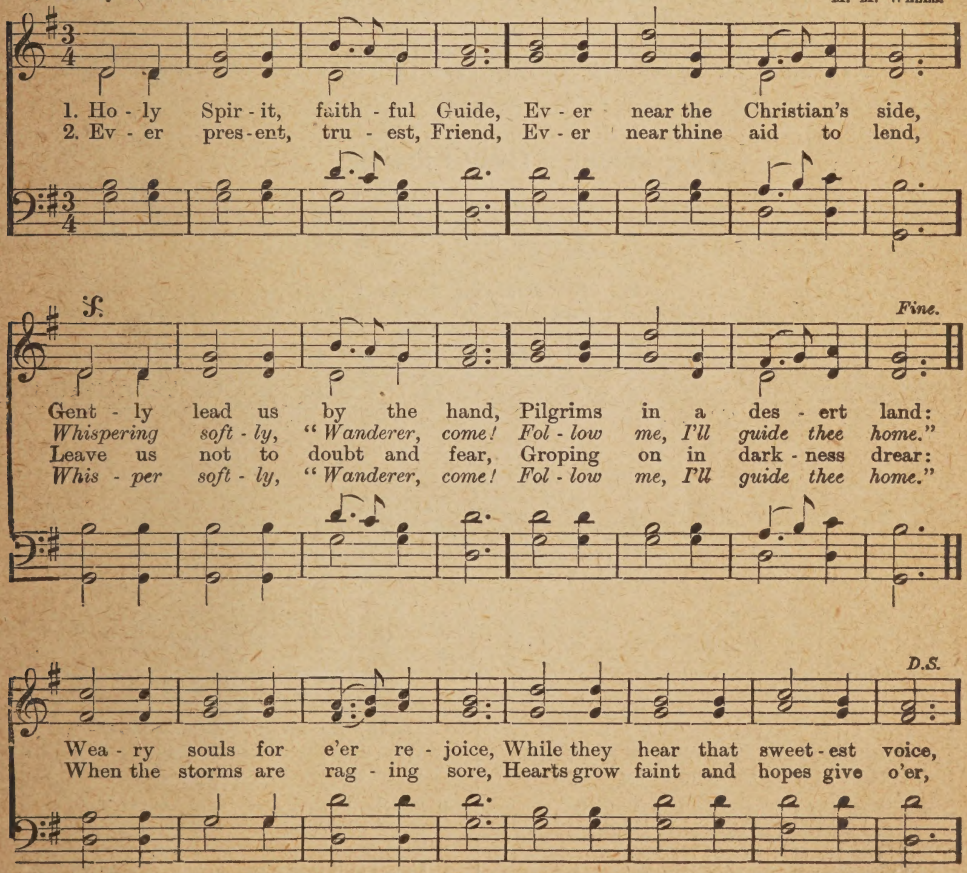
2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

3 And shall we then for ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

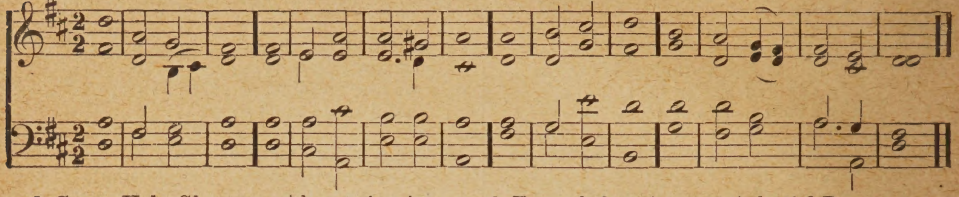
4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad the Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

—*Isaac Watts.*

20 Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide. (7s.)

Words by M. M. Wells. M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est, Friend, Ev - er near thine aid to lend,
f.
Fine.
Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pilgrims in a des - ert land:
Whispering soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Groping on in dark - ness drear:
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wanderer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
D.S.
Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,

21 Come, Holy Ghost. (VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.—C.M.)



1 Come, Holy Ghost, our | hearts inspire,
Let | us thine influence prove;
f Source of the old pro- | -phetic fire,
Foun- | -tain of Light and Love.

2 Come, Holy Ghost, for | moved by thee
The | prophets wrote and spoke,
p Unlock the Truth, thy- | -self the Key,
Un- | -seal the sacred Book.

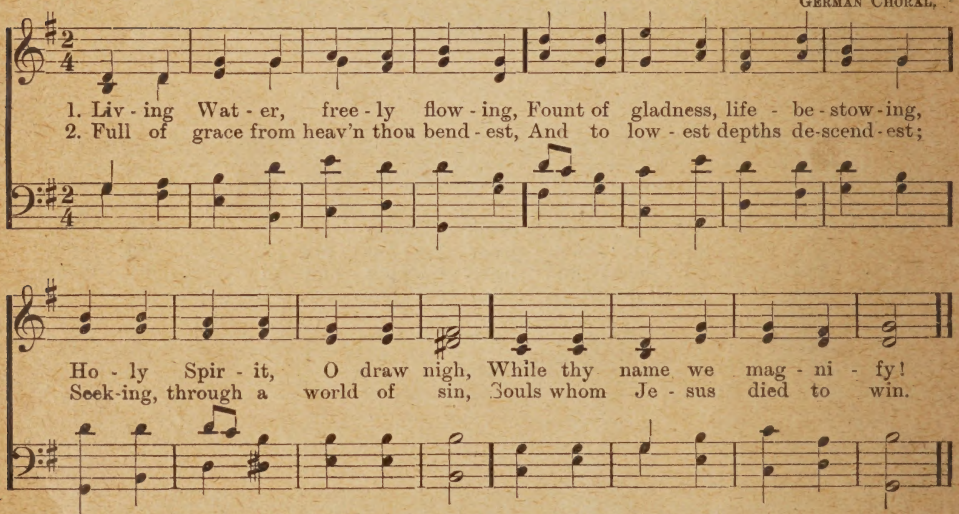
3 Expand thy wings, ce- | -lestial Dove,
Brood | o'er our nature's night;
f On our disordered | spirits move,
And | let there now be light.

4 God, through himself, we | then shall know
If | thou within us shine;
p And sound, with all thy | saints below,
The | depths of love divine. —*C. Wesley.*

f 5 Glory be to the Father, and | to the Son, and | to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever shall be, world | without end. Amen.

22 Living Water, Freely Flowing. (8,8,7,7.)

GERMAN CHORAL.

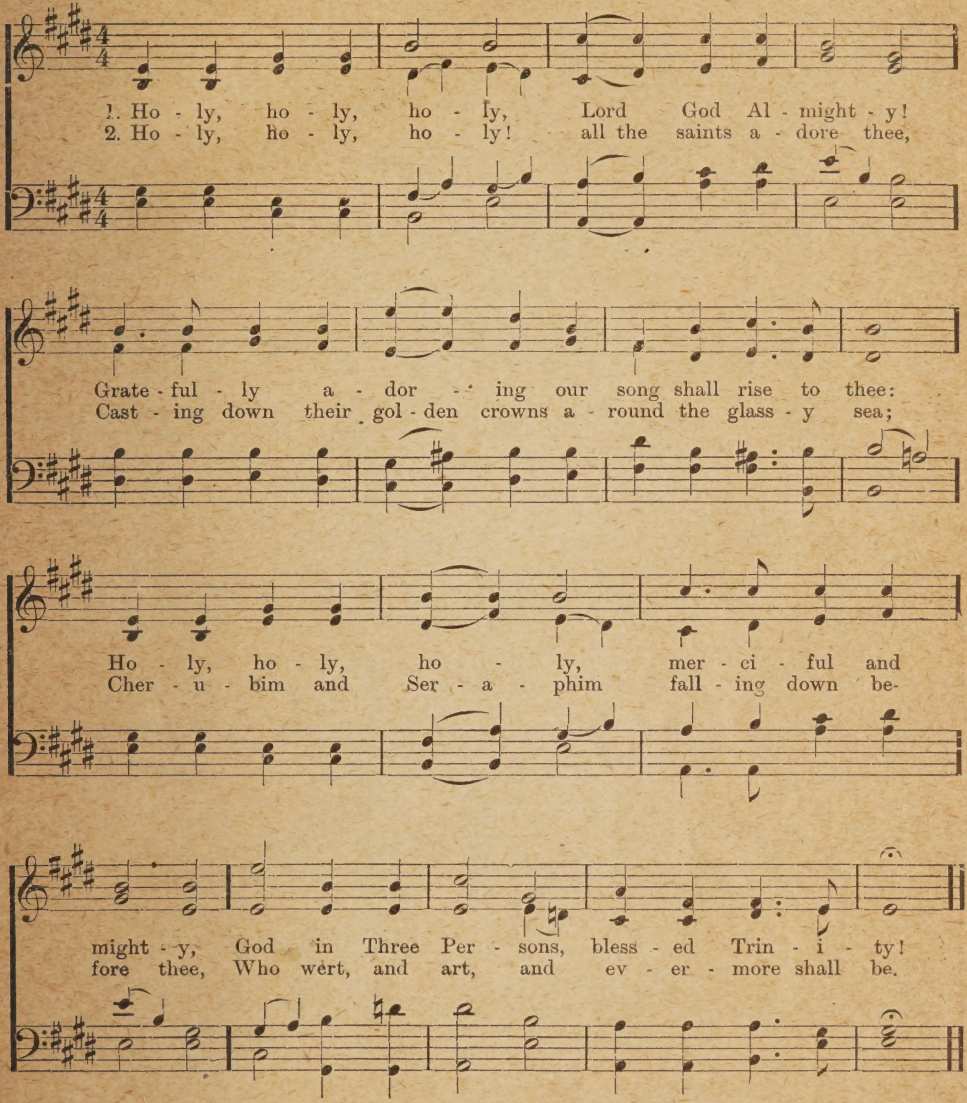

1. Liv - ing Wat - er, free - ly flow - ing, Fount of gladness, life - be - stow - ing,
2. Full of grace from heav'n thou bend - est, And to low - est depths de-scend - est;
Ho - ly Spir - it, O draw nigh, While thy name we mag - ni - fy!
Seek-ing, through a world of sin, Souls whom Je - sus died to win.

3 Where one contrite tear gives token
Of a heart by sorrow broken,
Breathing forth the breath of prayer,
O blest Spirit! thou art there.

4 Where the mourner in his anguish
Lifts to God the eyes that languish;
When his spirit finds repose,
Comforter, from thee it flows.

5 O Eternal Spirit! hear us;
Let thy power and presence cheer us;
With thy life our souls inspire;
With thy love our bosoms fire.

6 By the Father sent from heaven,
By the Saviour's promise given,
Thee we claim, O Power Divine!
Come and make our hearts thy shrine.

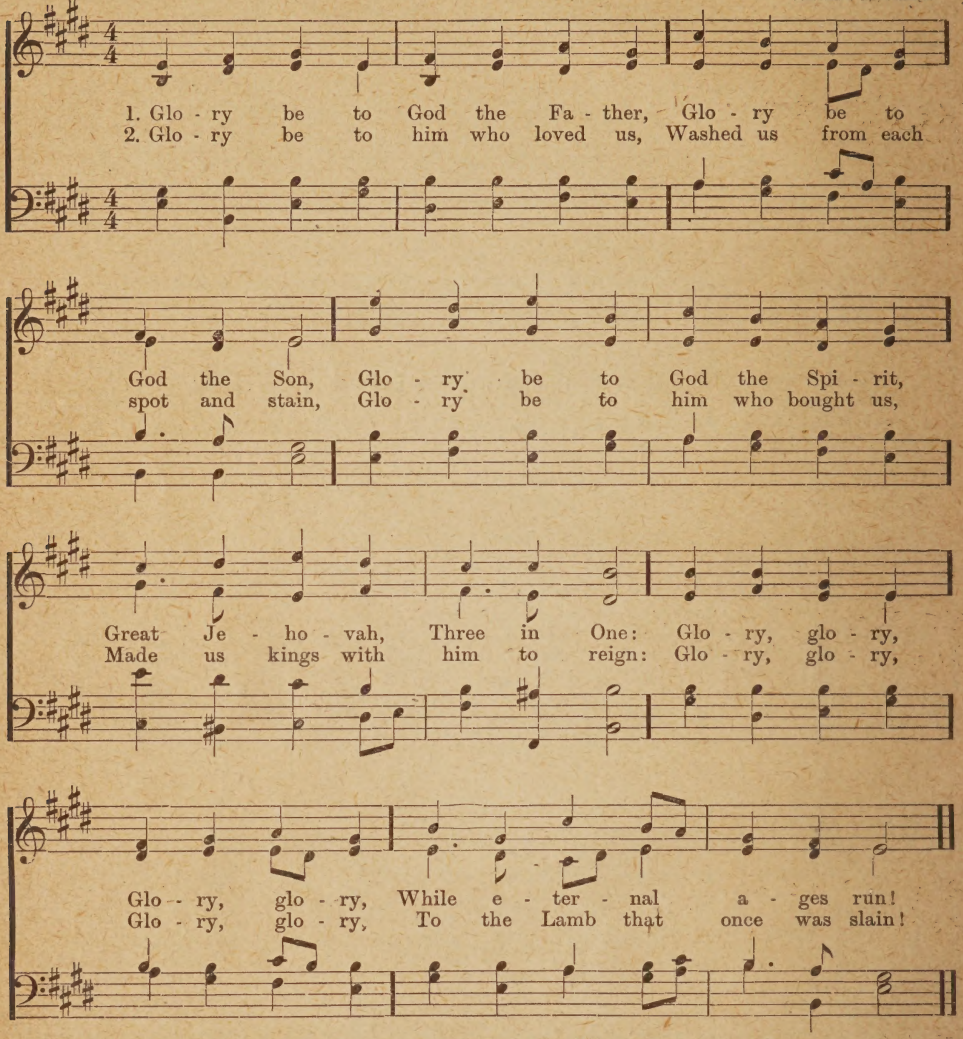
23 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty! (NICÆA.—11, 12, 12, 10.)

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y!
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints a - dore thee,
Grate - ful - ly a - dor - ing our song shall rise to thee:
Cast - ing down their gol - den crowns a - round the glass - y sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and
Cher - u - bim and Ser - a - phim fall - ing down be-
might - y, God in Three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
fore thee, Who wert, and art, and ev - er - more shall be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
Only thou art holy: there is none beside thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!
All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth and sky and sea:
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty,
God in three persons, blessed Trinity!

—*Bishop Heber.*

24 Glory be to God the Father. (St. Thomas.—8s, 7s & 4s.)

Vincent Novello.

1. Glo - ry be to God the Fa - ther, Glo - ry be to
2. Glo - ry be to him who loved us, Washed us from each
God the Son, Glo - ry be to God the Spi - rit,
spot and stain, Glo - ry be to him who bought us,
Great Je - ho - vah, Three in One: Glo - ry, glo - ry,
Made us kings with him to reign: Glo - ry, glo - ry,
Glo - ry, glo - ry, While e - ter - nal a - ges run!
Glo - ry, glo - ry, To the Lamb that once was slain!

3 Glory to the King of angels,
Glory to the Church's King,
Glory to the King of nations,
Heaven and earth your praises bring:
:‖ Glory, glory, ‖:
To the King of Glory bring!

4 Glory, blessing, praise eternal!
Thus the choir of angels sings:
Honour, riches, power, dominion!
Thus its praise creation brings:
:‖ Glory, glory, ‖:
Glory to the King of Kings!

—*C. Wesley.*

25 From all that Dwell. (Old Hundred.—L.M.—Tune No. 1.)

1 From all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

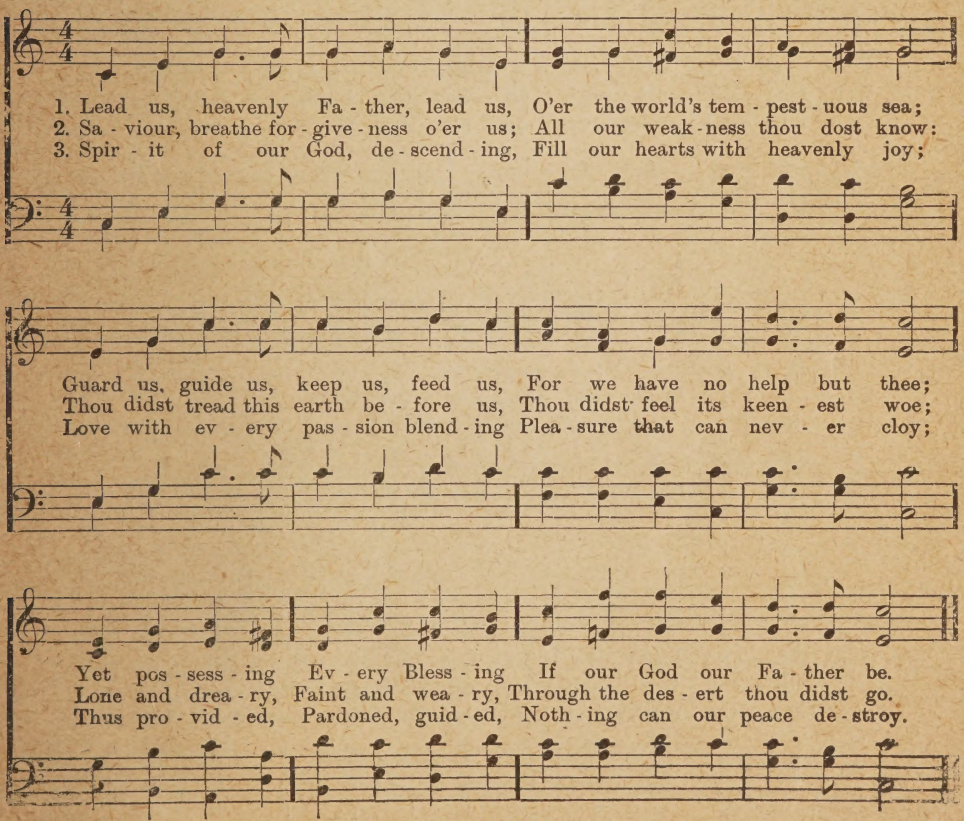
2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

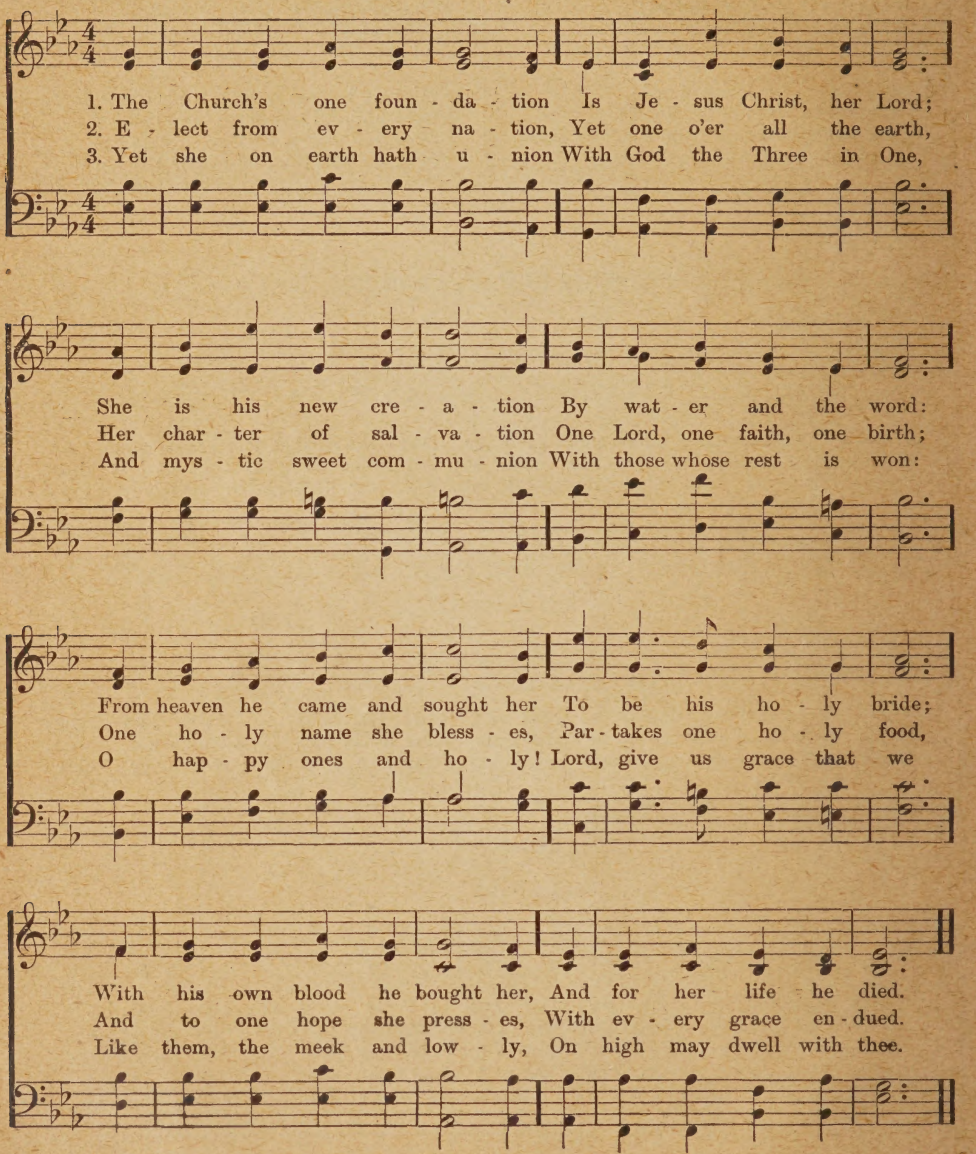
4 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—*Isaac Watts and Bp. Ken.*

26 Lead us, Heavenly Father, Lead us. (8s, 7s & 4s.)

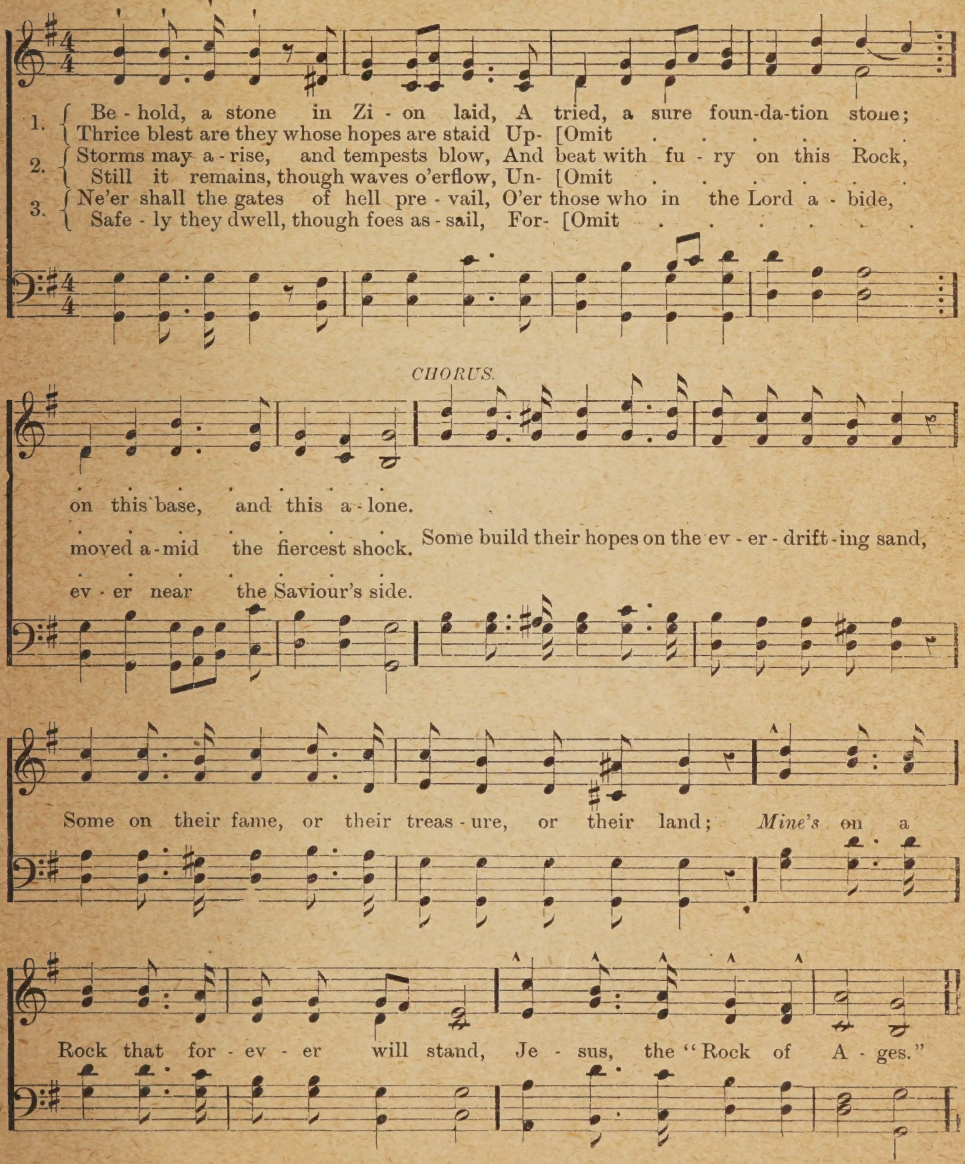
Words by J. Edmeston. Gauntlet.

1. Lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. Sa - viour, breathe for - give - ness o'er us; All our weak - ness thou dost know:
3. Spir - it of our God, de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;
Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe;
Love with ev - ery pas - sion blend - ing Plea - sure that can nev - er cloy;
Yet pos - sess - ing Ev - ery Bless - ing If our God our Fa - ther be.
Lone and drea - ry, Faint and wea - ry, Through the des - ert thou didst go.
Thus pro - vid - ed, Pardoned, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

27 The Church's One Foundation. (AURELIA.—7s & 6s.)

Words by S. J. STONE. SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

1. The Church's one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ, her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - ery na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. Yet she on earth hath u - nion With God the Three in One,
She is his new cre - a - tion By wat - er and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion One Lord, one faith, one birth;
And mys - tic sweet com - mu - nion With those whose rest is won:
From heaven he came and sought her To be his ho - ly bride;
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par - takes one ho - ly food,
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we
With his own blood he bought her, And for her life he died.
And to one hope she press - es, With ev - ery grace en - dued.
Like them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with thee.

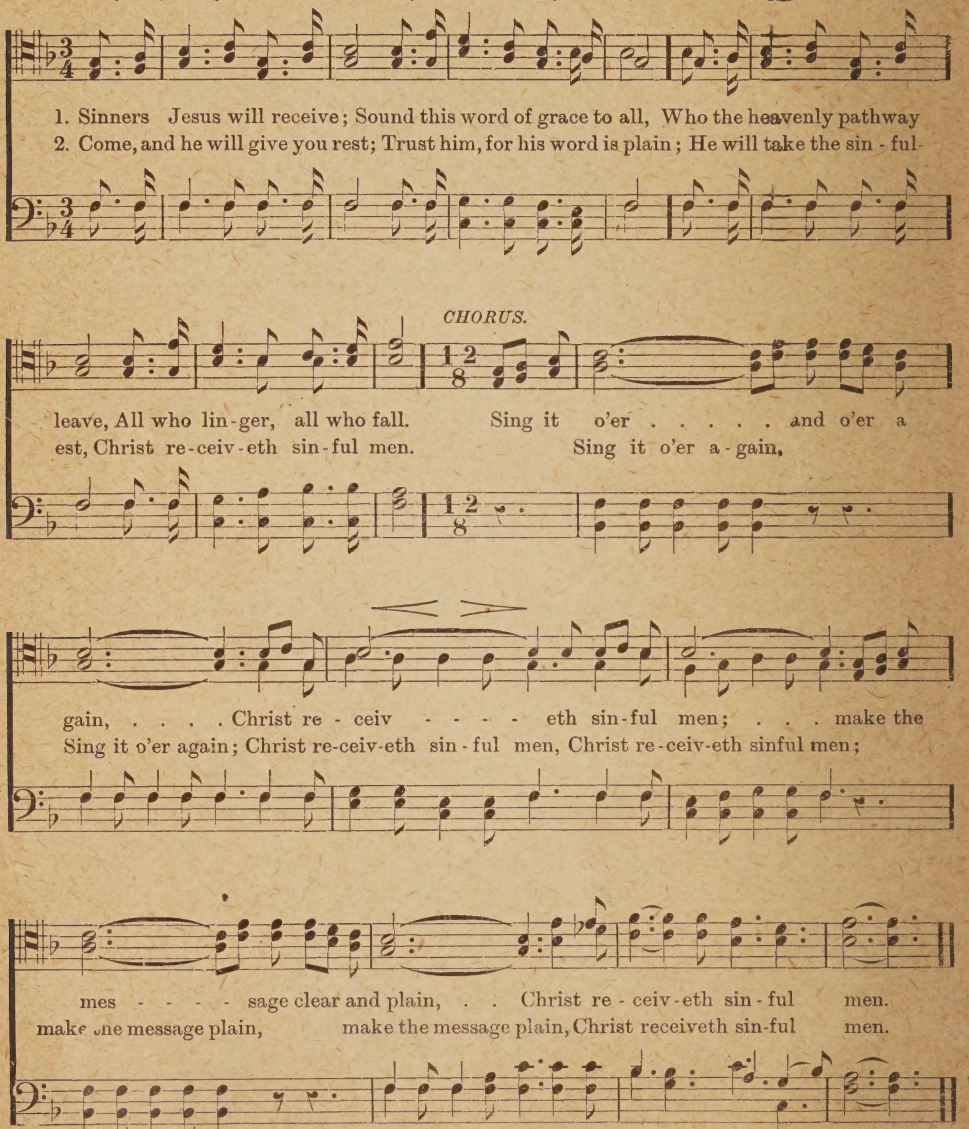
28 Behold, a Stone in Zion Laid.

Words by TRACY CLINTON. T. C. O'KANE.

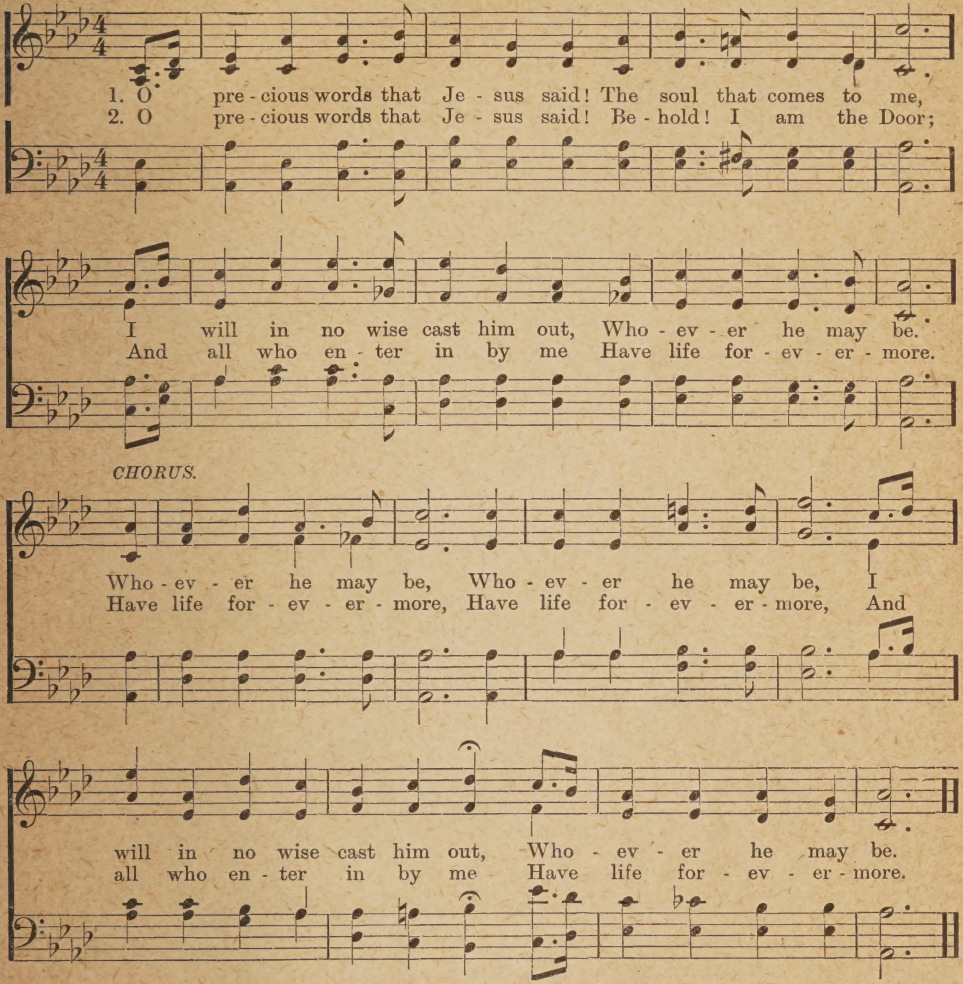

1. Be - hold, a stone in Zi - on laid, A tried, a sure foun-da-tion stone;
Thrice blest are they whose hopes are staid Up- [Omit
2. Storms may a - rise, and tempests blow, And beat with fu - ry on this Rock,
Still it remains, though waves o'erflow, Un- [Omit
3. Ne'er shall the gates of hell pre - vail, O'er those who in the Lord a - bide,
Safe - ly they dwell, though foes as - sail, For- [Omit
CHORUS.
on this base, and this a - lone.
moved a - mid the fiercest shock.
ev - er near the Saviour's side.
Some build their hopes on the ev - er - drift - ing sand,
Some on their fame, or their treas - ure, or their land; *Mine's* on a
Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

29 Sinners Jesus will Receive. (7s.)

Neumaster, 1671, arr. by EL NATHAN. (MALE VOICES.) JES MCGRANAHAN.


1. Sinners Jesus will receive; Sound this word of grace to all, Who the heavenly pathway
2. Come, and he will give you rest; Trust him, for his word is plain; He will take the sin - ful-
CHORUS.
leave, All who lin-ger, all who fall. Sing it o'er . . . . . and o'er a
est, Christ re-ceiv-eth sin-ful men. Sing it o'er a-gain,
gain, ... Christ re - ceiv - - - - eth sin-ful men; . . . make the
Sing it o'er again; Christ re-ceiv-eth sin - ful men, Christ re-ceiv-eth sinful men;
mes - - - - sage clear and plain, . . Christ re - ceiv-eth sin - ful men.
make one message plain, make the message plain, Christ receiveth sin-ful men.

30 O Precious Words that Jesus Said. (C.M.)

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O pre - cious words that Je - sus said! The soul that comes to me,
2. O pre - cious words that Je - sus said! Be - hold! I am the Door;
I will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.
And all who en - ter in by me Have life for - ev - er - more.
CHORUS.
Who - ev - er he may be, Who - ev - er he may be, I
Have life for - ev - er - more, Have life for - ev - er - more, And
will in no wise cast him out, Who - ev - er he may be.
all who en - ter in by me Have life for - ev - er - more.

3 O precious words that Jesus said!
Come, weary souls oppressed,
Come take my yoke and learn of me,
And I will give you rest.

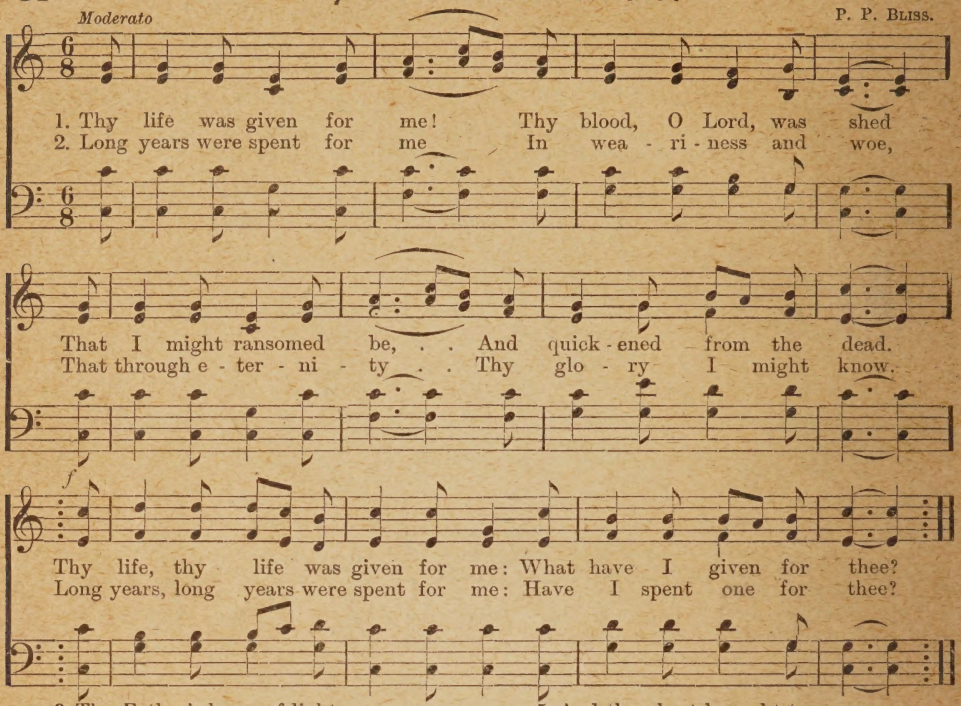
CHO.—And I will give you rest,
And I will give you rest,
Come take my yoke and learn of me,
And I will give you rest.

4 O precious words that Jesus said!
The world I overcame;
And they who follow where I lead
Shall conquer in my name.

CHO.—Shall conquer in my name,
Shall conquer in my name,
And they who follow where I lead
Shall conquer in my name.

—*Mrs. Frances J. Crosby.*

31 Thy Life was Given for Me!

Moderato P. P. Bliss.

1. Thy life was given for me! Thy blood, O Lord, was shed
That I might ransomed be, . . And quick-ened from the dead.
Thy life, thy life was given for me: What have I given for thee?
2. Long years were spent for me In wea-ri-ness and woe,
That through e-ter-ni-ty . . Thy glo-ry I might know.
Long years, long years were spent for me: Have I spent one for thee?

3 Thy Father's home of light,
Thy rainbow-circled throne,
Were left for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone.
Yea, all, yea, all, was left for me:
Have I left aught for thee?

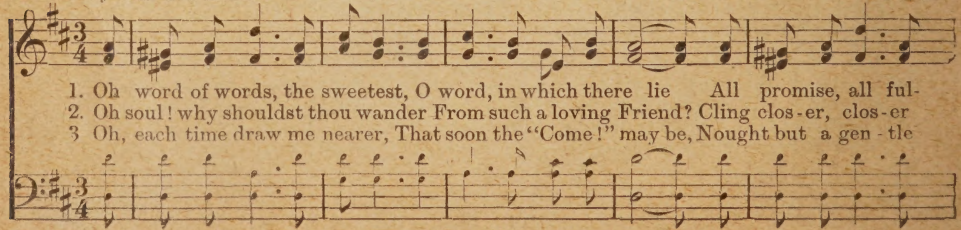
4 Thou, Lord, hast borne for me
More than my tongue can tell
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue me from hell.
Thou sufferedst all for me, for me:
What have I borne for thee?

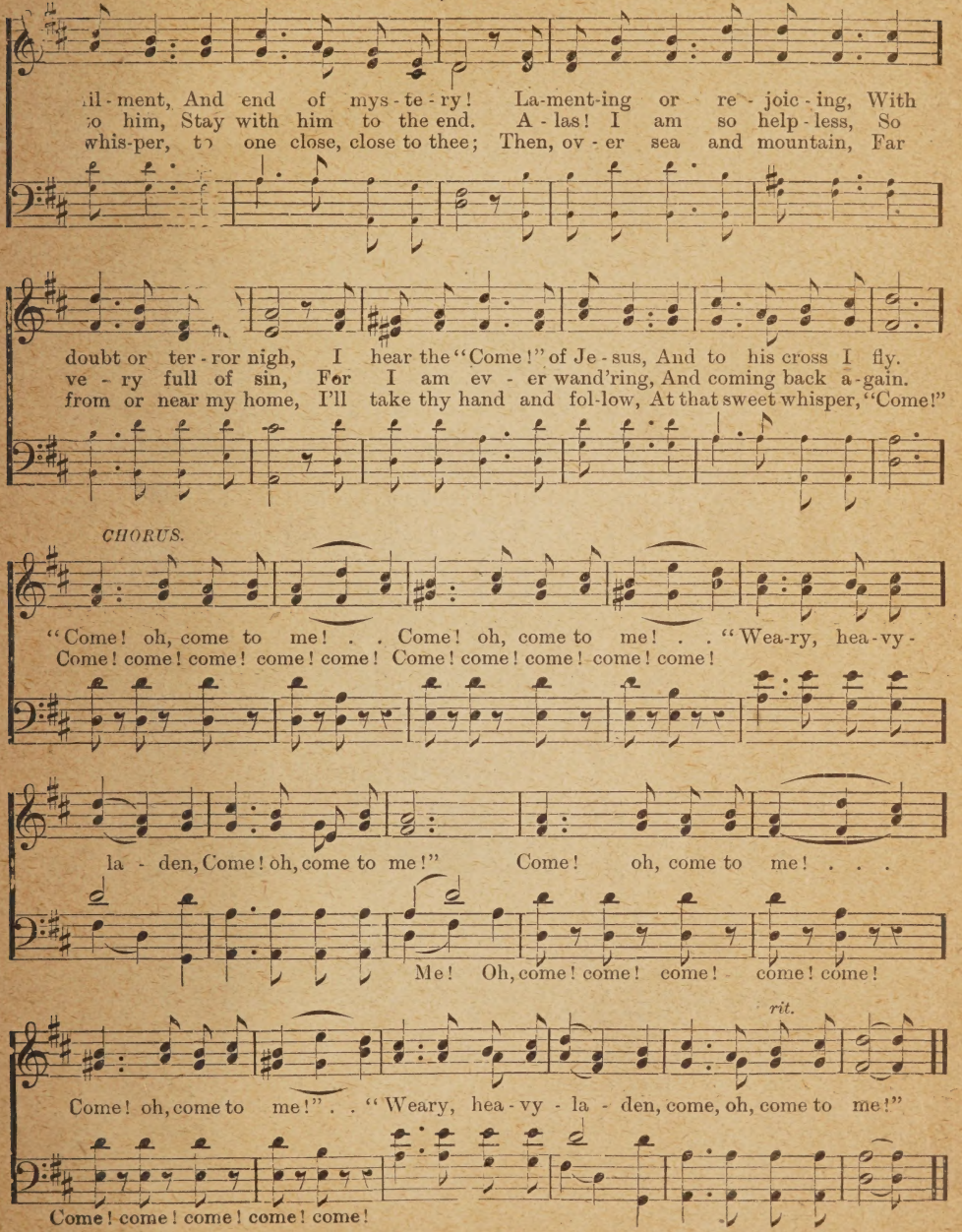
5 And thou hast brought to me,
Down from thy home above,
Salvation full and free,
Thy pardon and thy love.
Great gifts, great gifts thou broughtest me:
What have I brought to thee?

6 Oh, let my life be given,
My years for thee be spent;
World-fetters all be riven,
And joy with suffering blent:
To thee, to thee my all I bring,
My Saviour and my King! —*F. R. Havergal.*

32 O Word of Words, the Sweetest. (7s & 6s.)

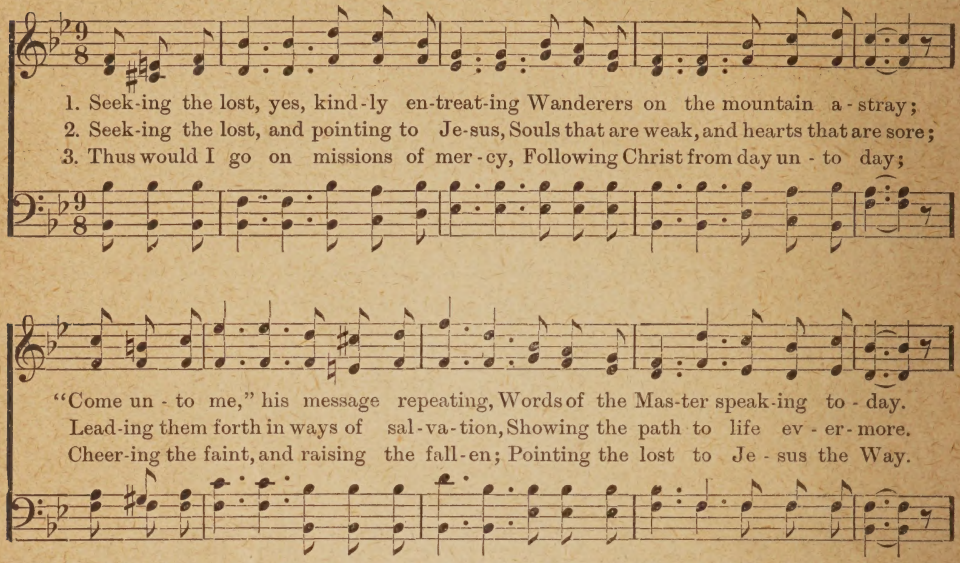
Words by Mrs. E. Johnson. J. McGranahan.


1. Oh word of words, the sweetest, O word, in which there lie All promise, all ful-
2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a loving Friend? Cling clos-er, clos-er
3 Oh, each time draw me nearer, That soon the "Come!" may be, Nought but a gen-tle

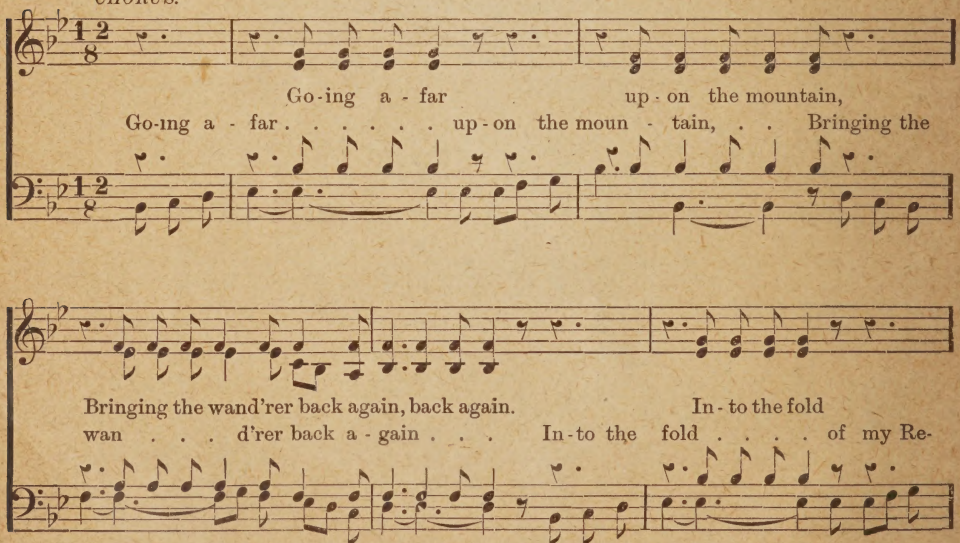
O Word of Words, the Sweetest—*Concluded.*

il-ment, And end of mys-te-ry! La-ment-ing or re-joic-ing, With
o him, Stay with him to the end. A-las! I am so help-less, So
whis-per, to one close, close to thee; Then, ov-er sea and mountain, Far
doubt or ter-ror nigh, I hear the "Come!" of Je-sus, And to his cross I fly.
ve-ry full of sin, For I am ev-er wand'ring, And coming back a-gain.
from or near my home, I'll take thy hand and fol-low, At that sweet whisper, "Come!"
CHORUS.
"Come! oh, come to me! . . Come! oh, come to me! . . "Wea-ry, hea-vy-
Come! come! come! come! come! Come! come! come! come! come!
la-den, Come! oh, come to me!" Come! oh, come to me! . . .
Me! Oh, come! come! come! come! come!
rit.
Come! oh, come to me!" . . "Weary, hea-vy-la-den, come, oh, come to me!"
Come! come! come! come! come!

33 Seeking the Lost.

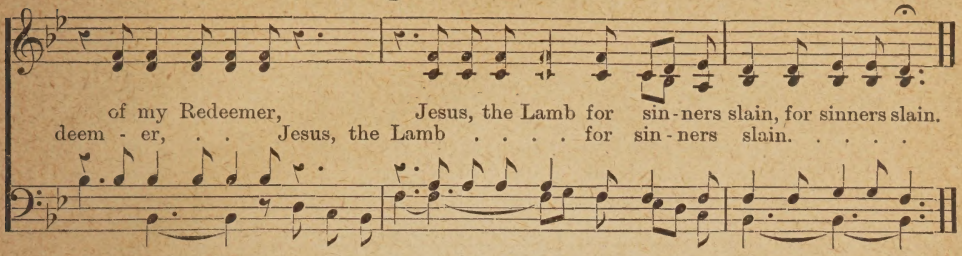
Words by W. A. OGDEN. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Seek-ing the lost, yes, kind-ly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountain a-stray;
2. Seek-ing the lost, and pointing to Je-sus, Souls that are weak, and hearts that are sore;
3. Thus would I go on missions of mer-cy, Following Christ from day un-to day;
"Come un-to me," his message repeating, Words of the Mas-ter speak-ing to-day.
Lead-ing them forth in ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev-er-more.
Cheer-ing the faint, and raising the fall-en; Pointing the lost to Je-sus the Way.

CHORUS.

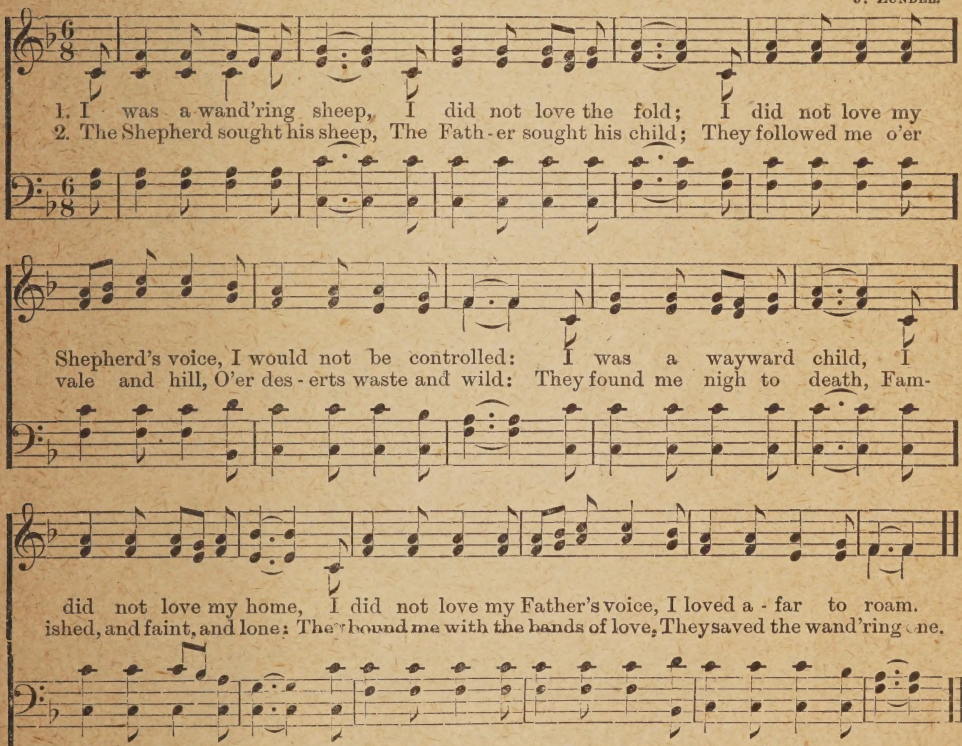

Go-ing a-far up-on the mountain,
Go-ing a-far . . . . . up-on the moun-tain, . . Bringing the
Bringing the wand'rer back again, back again. In-to the fold
wan . . . d'rer back a-gain . . . In-to the fold . . . . of my Re-

Seeking the Lost—*Concluded.*



34 I Was a Wandering Sheep. (6s & 8s.)

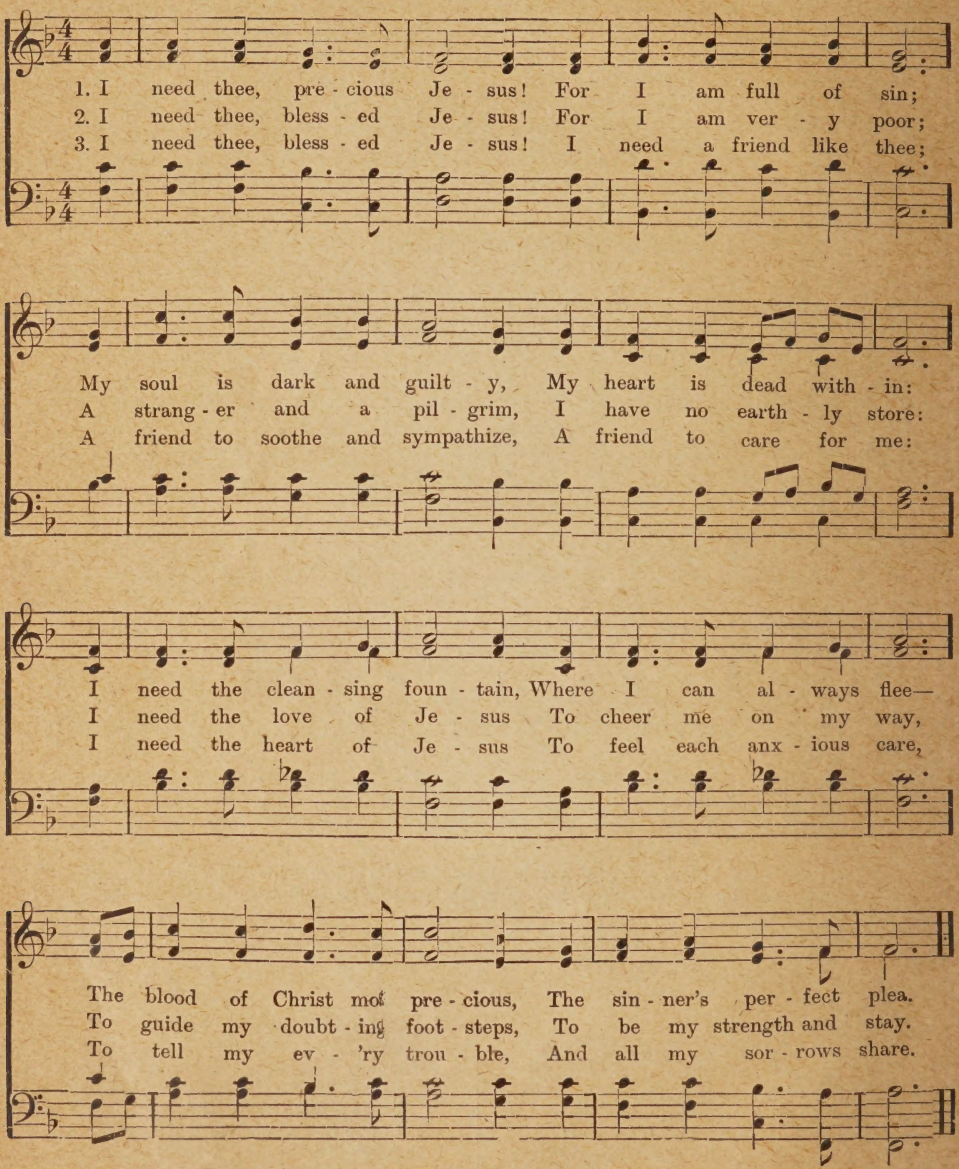
J. ZUNDEL.

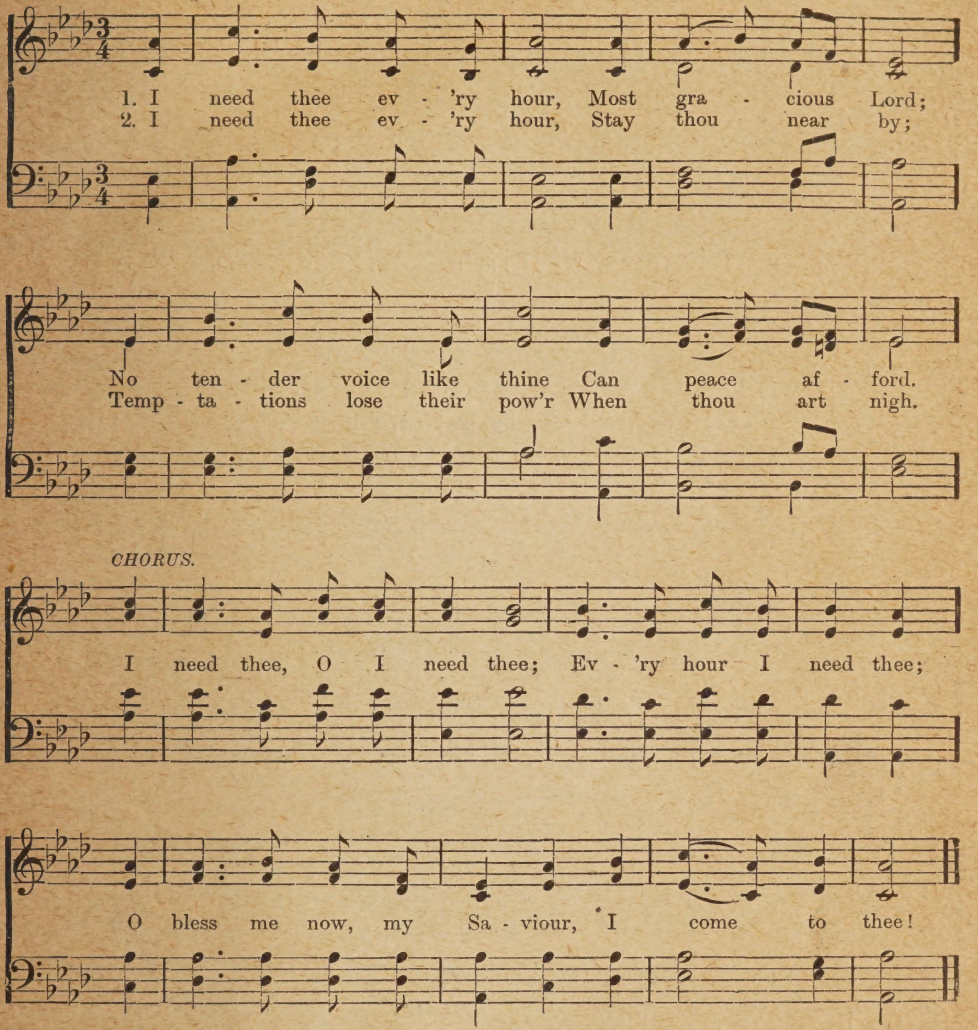

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold; I did not love my
2. The Shepherd sought his sheep, The Father sought his child; They followed me o'er
Shepherd's voice, I would not be controlled: I was a wayward child, I
vale and hill, O'er deserts waste and wild: They found me nigh to death, Famished, and faint, and lone: They bound me with the bands of love, They saved the wand'ring one.
did not love my home, I did not love my Father's voice, I loved a-far to roam.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is,
'Twas he that loved my soul;
'Twas he that washed me in his blood,
'Twas he that made me whole:
'Twas he that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas he that brought me to the fold.
'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 I was a wandering sheep,
I would not be controlled;
But now I love my Saviour's voice,
I love, I love the fold:
I was a wayward child,
I once preferred to roam;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home. —*H. Bonar.*

35 I Need Thee, Precious Jesus. (RUTHERFORD.—7s & 6s.)

Words by H. BONAR. RIMBAULT.

1. I need thee, pre - cious Je - sus! For I am full of sin;
2. I need thee, bless - ed Je - sus! For I am ver - y poor;
3. I need thee, bless - ed Je - sus! I need a friend like thee;
My soul is dark and guilt - y, My heart is dead with - in:
A strang - er and a pil - grim, I have no earth - ly store:
A friend to soothe and sympathize, A friend to care for me:
I need the clean - sing foun - tain, Where I can al - ways flee—
I need the love of Je - sus To cheer me on my way,
I need the heart of Je - sus To feel each anx - ious care,
The blood of Christ mo pre - cious, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
To guide my doubt - ing foot - steps, To be my strength and stay.
To tell my ev - 'ry trou - ble, And all my sor - rows share.

36 I Need Thee Every Hour. (6s & 4s.)

1. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
2. I need thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay thou near by;
No ten - der voice like thine Can peace af - ford.
Temp - ta - tions lose their pow'r When thou art nigh.
CHORUS.
I need thee, O I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I need thee;
O bless me now, my Sa - viour, I come to thee!

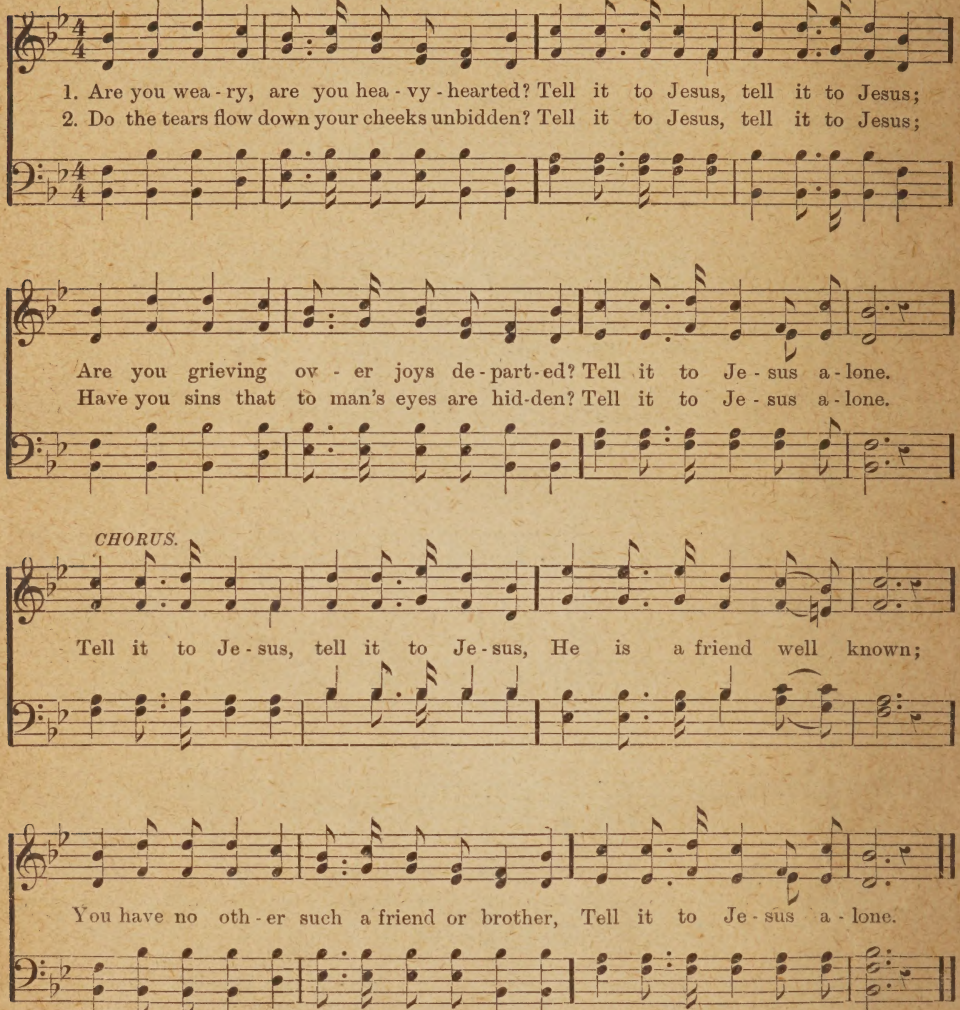
3 I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

4 I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

5 I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
O make me thine indeed,
Thou blessèd Son.

—*Mrs. Hawkes.*

37 Are You Weary, Are You Heavy-Hearted? (LORENZ.—10s & 7s.)

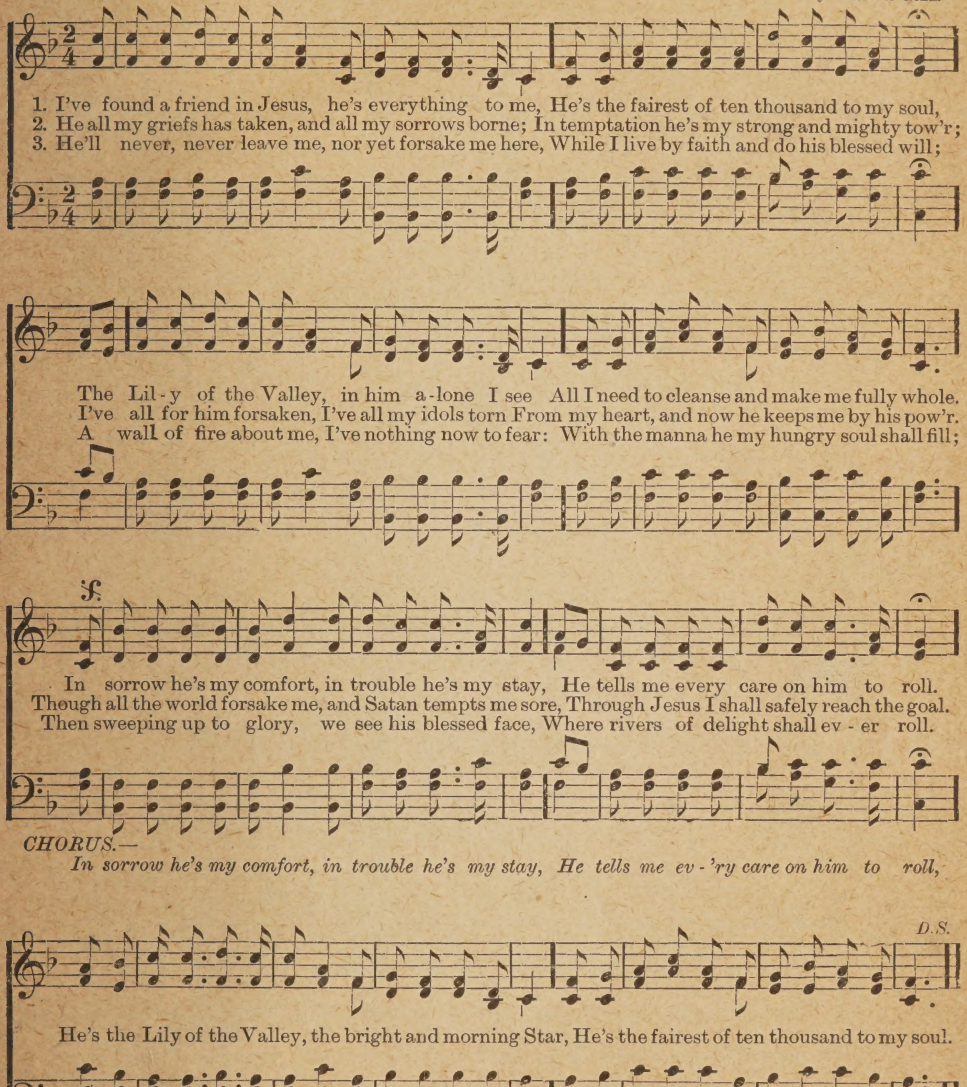
E. S. LORENZ.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you hea - vy - hearted? Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you grieving ov - er joys de - part - ed? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid-den? Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.
CHORUS.
Tell it to Je - sus, tell it to Je - sus, He is a friend well known;
You have no oth - er such a friend or brother, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

3 Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
Are you anxious what shall be to-morrow?
Tell it to Jesus alone.

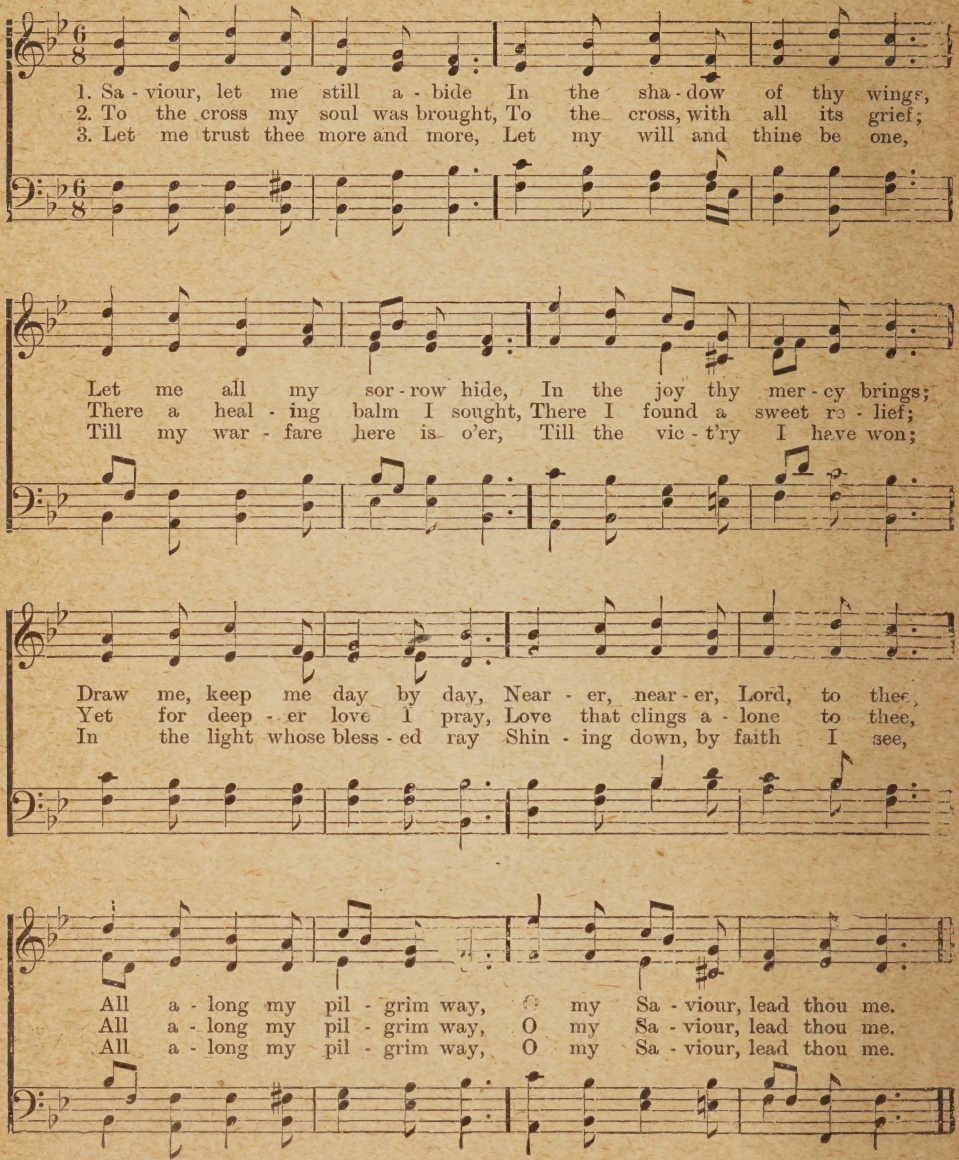
4 Are you troubled at the thought of dying?
Tell it to Jesus, tell it to Jesus;
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing
Tell it to Jesus alone.

—*J. E. Rankin.*

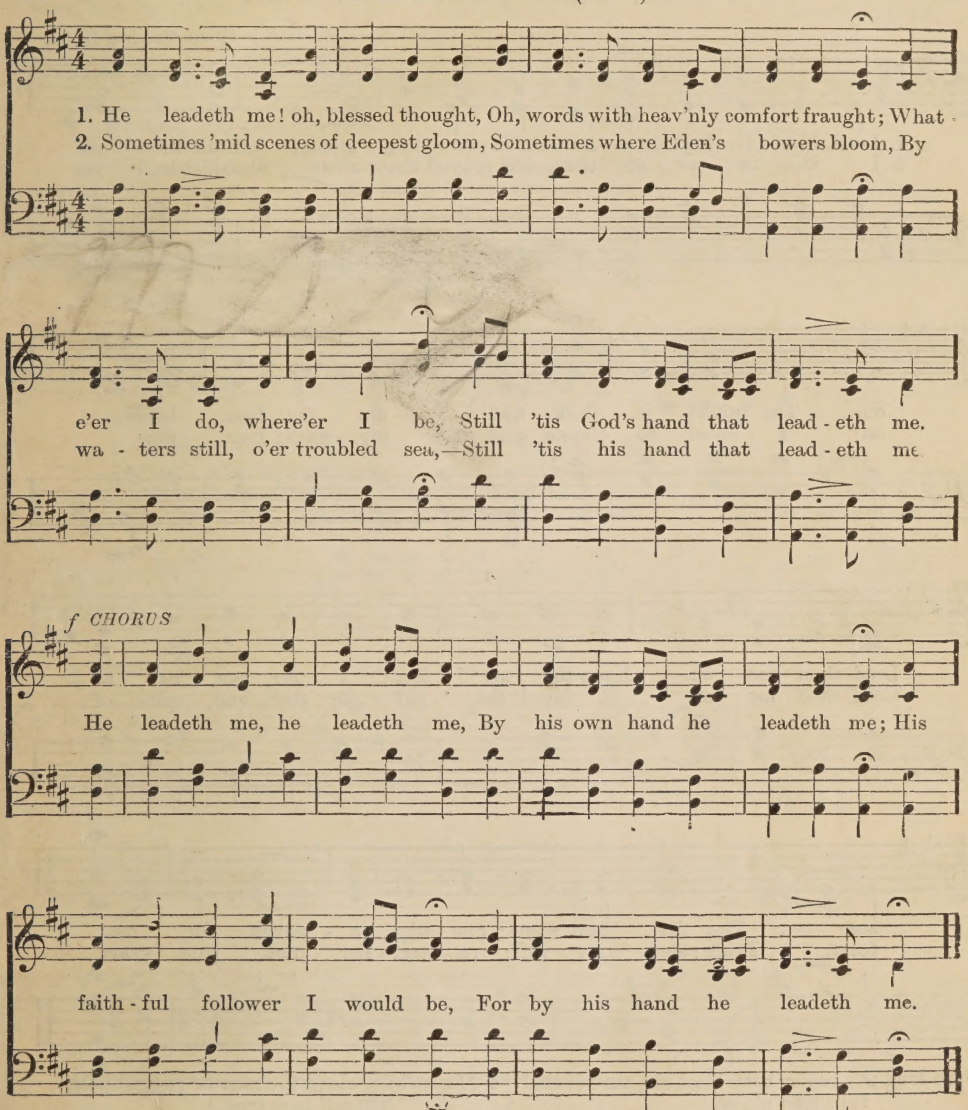
38 I've Found a Friend in Jesus. (13s, 11s & 10s.)

Words by J. GILL. Arr. by JOSHUA GILL.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, he's everything to me, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul,
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r;
3. He'll never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his blessed will;
The Lil-y of the Valley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me fully whole.
I've all for him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r.
A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear: With the manna he my hungry soul shall fill;
f.
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me every care on him to roll.
Though all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Through Jesus I shall safely reach the goal.
Then sweeping up to glory, we see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-er roll.
CHORUS.—
In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on him to roll,
D.S.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.
He's the Lily of the Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

39 Saviour, Let Me Still Abide. (8-7s.)

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. JAMES A. SMITH.

1. Sa - viour, let me still a - bide In the sha - dow of thy wings,
2. To the cross my soul was brought, To the cross, with all its grief;
3. Let me trust thee more and more, Let my will and thine be one,
Let me all my sor - row hide, In the joy thy mer - cy brings;
There a heal - ing balm I sought, There I found a sweet re - lief;
Till my war - fare here is o'er, Till the vic - t'ry I have won;
Draw me, keep me day by day, Near - er, near - er, Lord, to thee,
Yet for deep - er love I pray, Love that clings a - lone to thee,
In the light whose bless - ed ray Shin - ing down, by faith I see,
All a - long my pil - grim way, O my Sa - viour, lead thou me.
All a - long my pil - grim way, O my Sa - viour, lead thou me.
All a - long my pil - grim way, O my Sa - viour, lead thou me.

40 He Leadeth Me. (4–8s.)

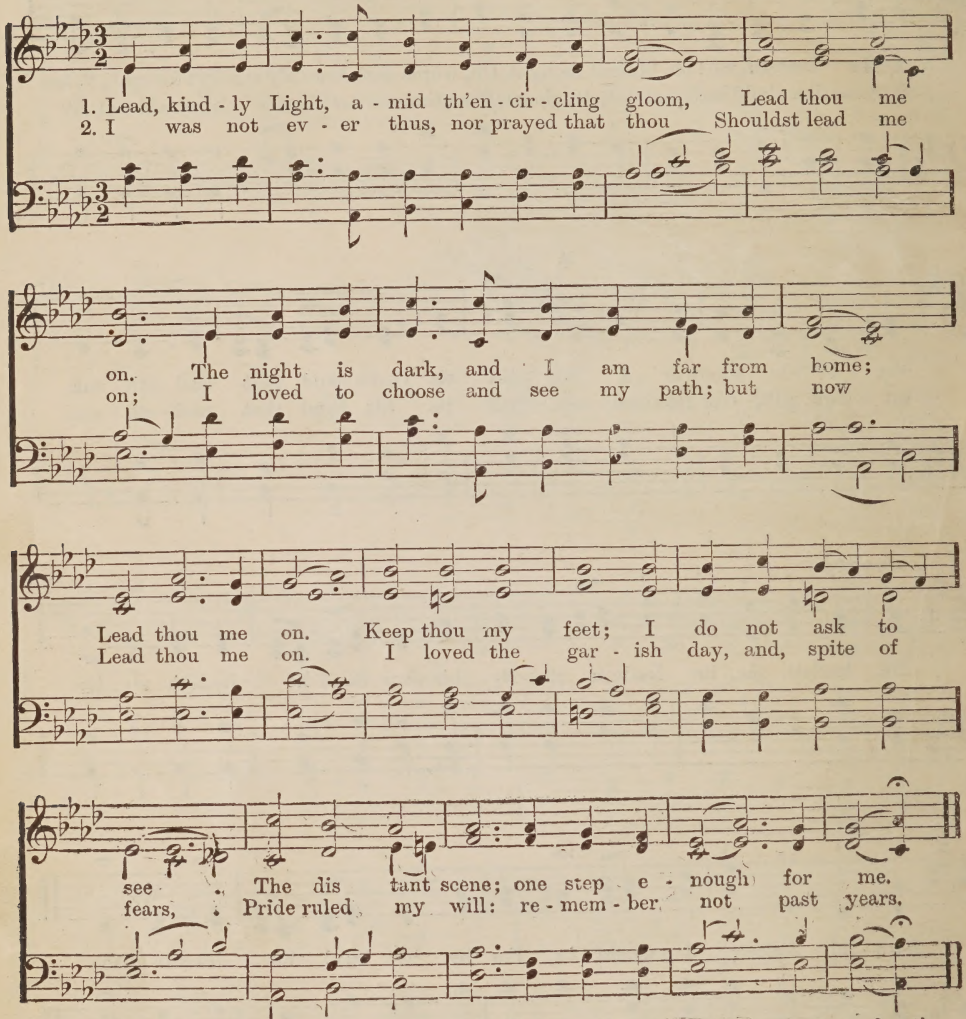

1. He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought, Oh, words with heav'nly comfort fraught; What
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By
e'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
wa - ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that lead - eth me
f CHORUS
He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me; His
faith - ful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace, the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.

—*J. H. Gilmore.*

41 Lead, Kindly Light. (Lux Benigna.—10s & 4s.)

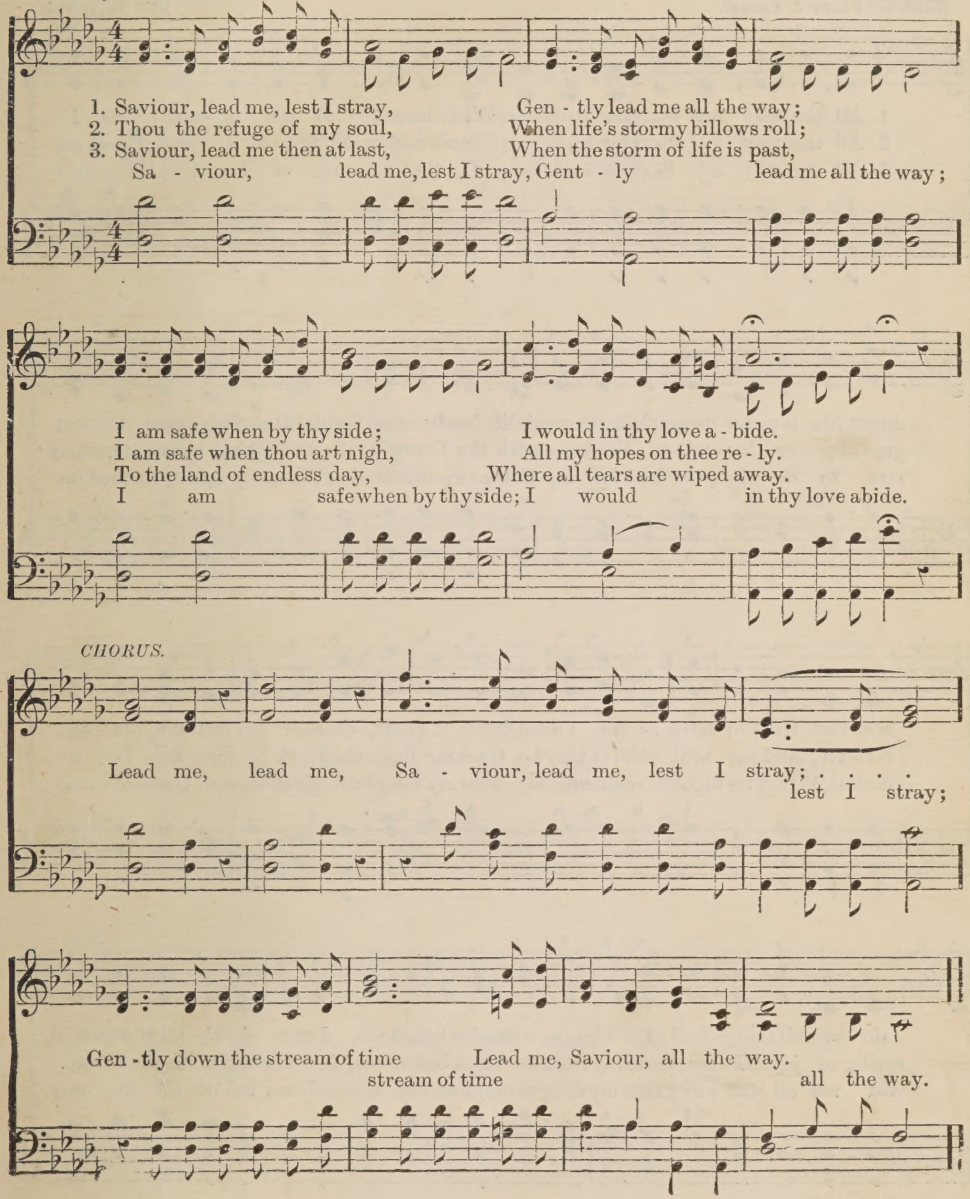
John Bacchus Dykes.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom, Lead thou me on. The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead thou me on. Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see The dis tant scene; one step e - nough for me.
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now Lead thou me on. I loved the gar - ish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: re - mem - ber not past years.

3 So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

4 Meanwhile, along the narrow rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

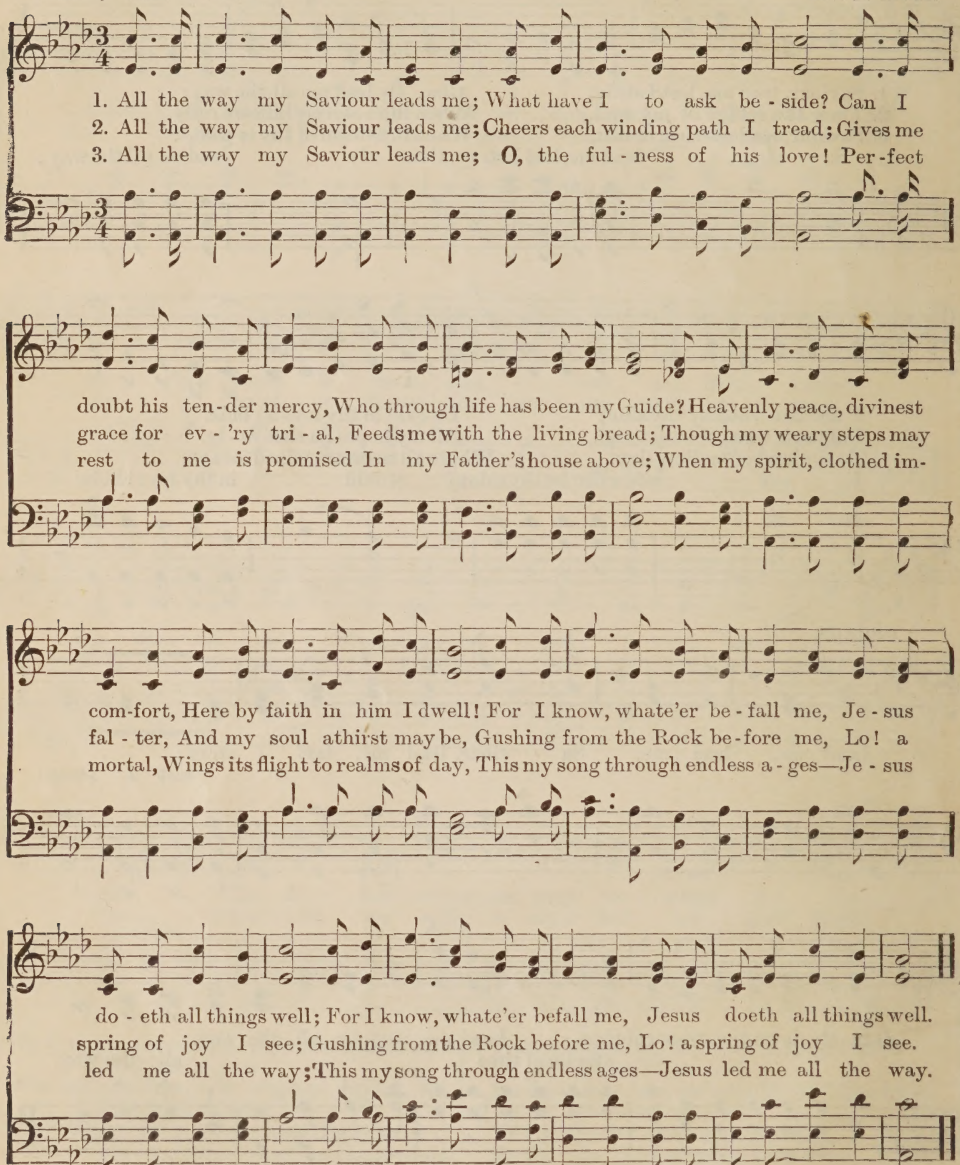
—*John H. Newman.*

42 Saviour, Lead Me, Lest I Stray. (4–7s.)

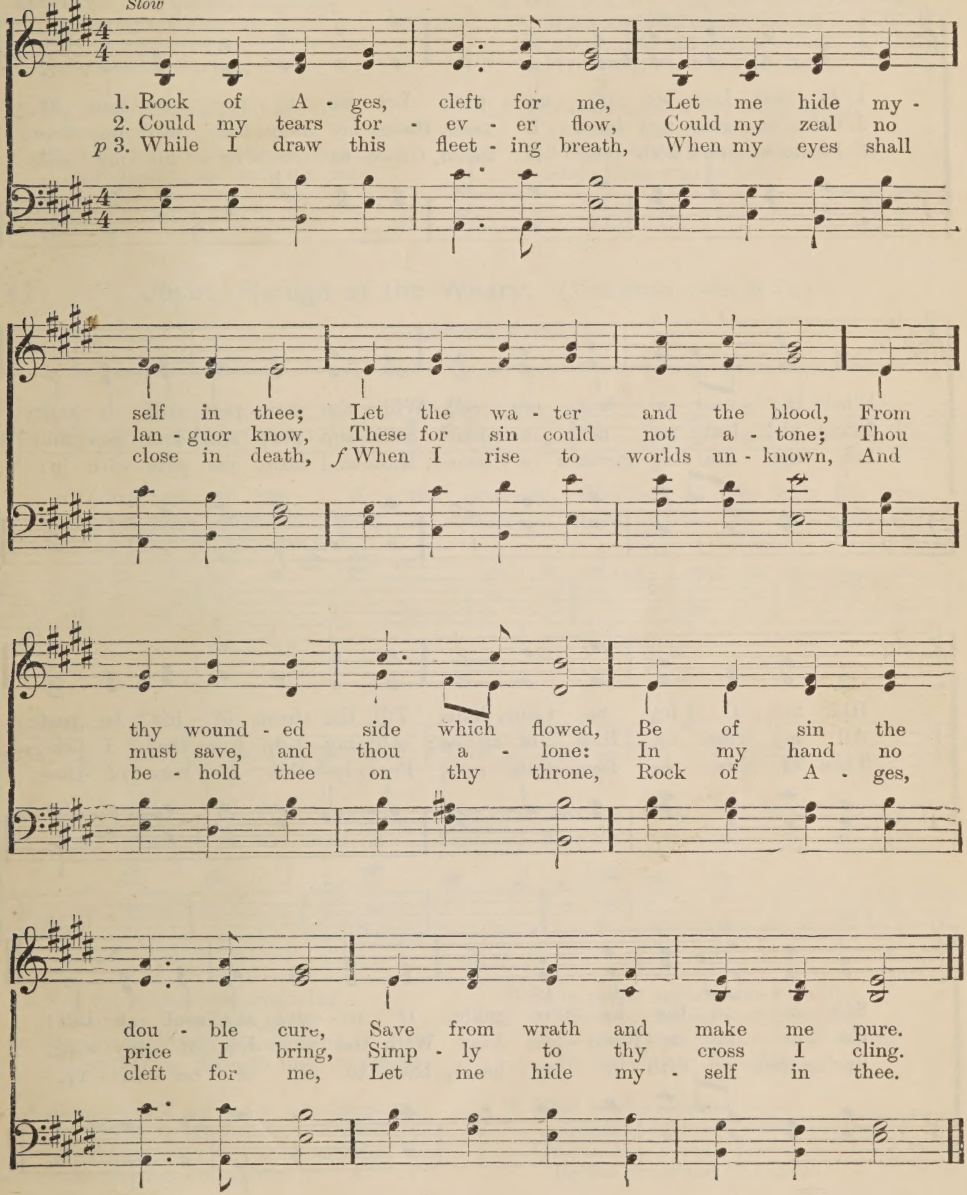
Words by F. M. Davidson. Frank M. Davis.

1. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roll;
3. Saviour, lead me then at last, When the storm of life is past,
Sa - viour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent - ly lead me all the way;
I am safe when by thy side; I would in thy love a - bide.
I am safe when thou art nigh, All my hopes on thee re - ly.
To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.
I am safe when by thy side; I would in thy love abide.
CHORUS.
Lead me, lead me, Sa - viour, lead me, lest I stray; . . . .
lest I stray;
Gen - tly down the stream of time Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
stream of time all the way.

43 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me. (8s & 7s.)

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. R. LOWRY.

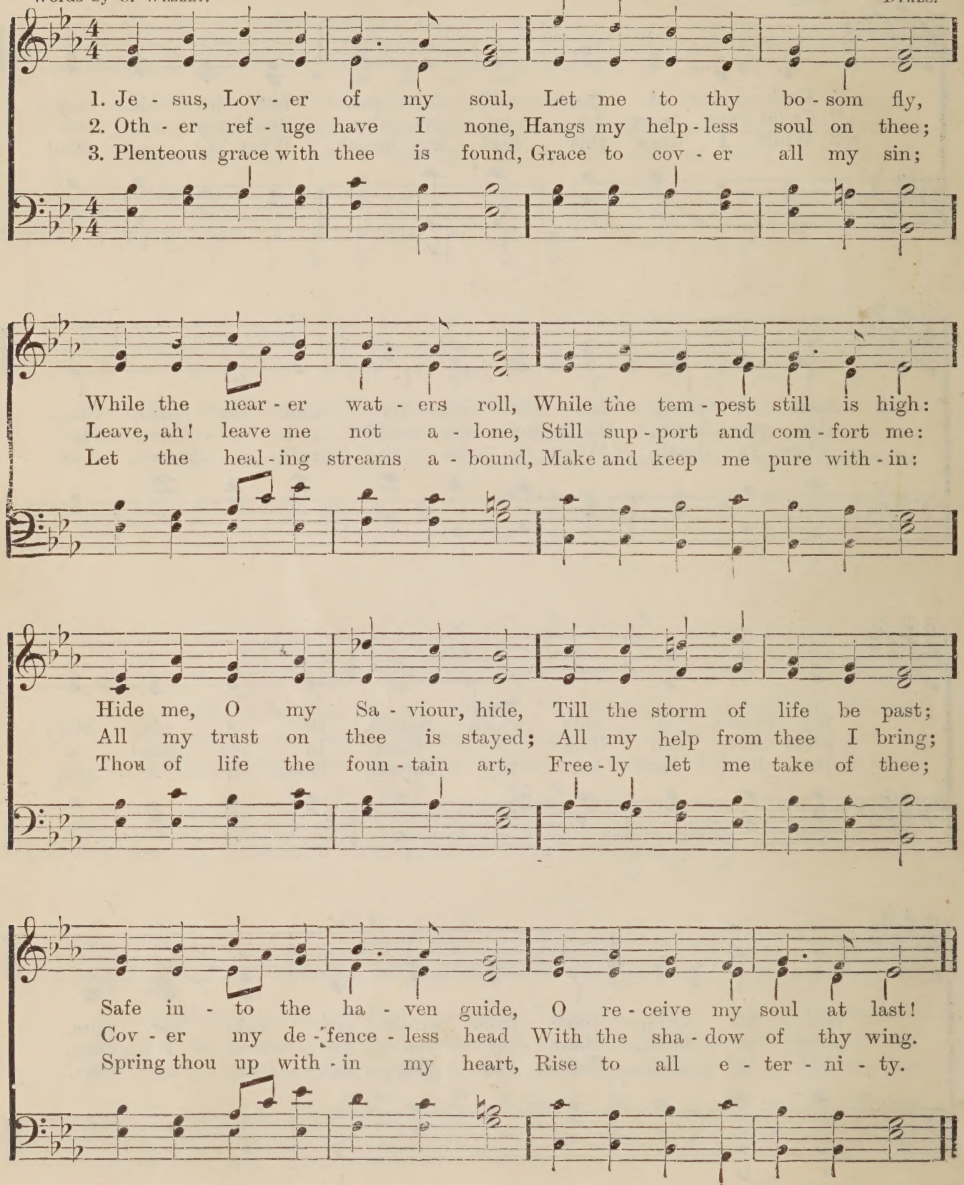

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be - side? Can I
2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread; Gives me
3. All the way my Saviour leads me; O, the ful - ness of his love! Per - fect
doubt his ten - der mercy, Who through life has been my Guide? Heavenly peace, divinest
grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the living bread; Though my weary steps may
rest to me is promised In my Father's house above; When my spirit, clothed im-
com-fort, Here by faith in him I dwell! For I know, whate'er be - fall me, Je - sus
fal - ter, And my soul athirst may be, Gushing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo! a
mortal, Wings its flight to realms of day, This my song through endless a - ges—Je - sus
do - eth all things well; For I know, whate'er befall me, Jesus doeth all things well.
spring of joy I see; Gushing from the Rock before me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
led me all the way; This my song through endless ages—Jesus led me all the way.

44 Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me. (AJALON.—6–7s.)

Words by TOPLADY. *Slow* R. REDHEAD.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my -
2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no
p 3. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When my eyes shall
self in thee; Let the wa - ter and the blood, From
lan - guor know, These for sin could not a - tone; Thou
close in death, f When I rise to worlds un - known, And
thy wound - ed side which flowed, Be of sin the
must save, and thou a - lone: In my hand no
be - hold thee on thy throne, Rock of A - ges,
dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
price I bring, Simp - ly to thy cross I cling.
cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee.

45 Jesus, Lover of My Soul. (Hollingside.—8–7s.)

Words by C. Wesley. Dykes.


1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bo - som fly,
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on thee;
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin;
While the near - er wat - ers roll, While the tem - pest still is high:
Leave, ah! leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me:
Let the heal - ing streams a - bound, Make and keep me pure with - in:
Hide me, O my Sa - viour, hide, Till the storm of life be past;
All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring;
Thou of life the foun - tain art, Free - ly let me take of thee;
Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the sha - dow of thy wing.
Spring thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

46 Forever Here My Rest Shall Be. (BELMONT.—C.M.—TUNE No. 14.)

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side;
This all my hope, and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died!

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
Wash me, and mine thou art;
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.

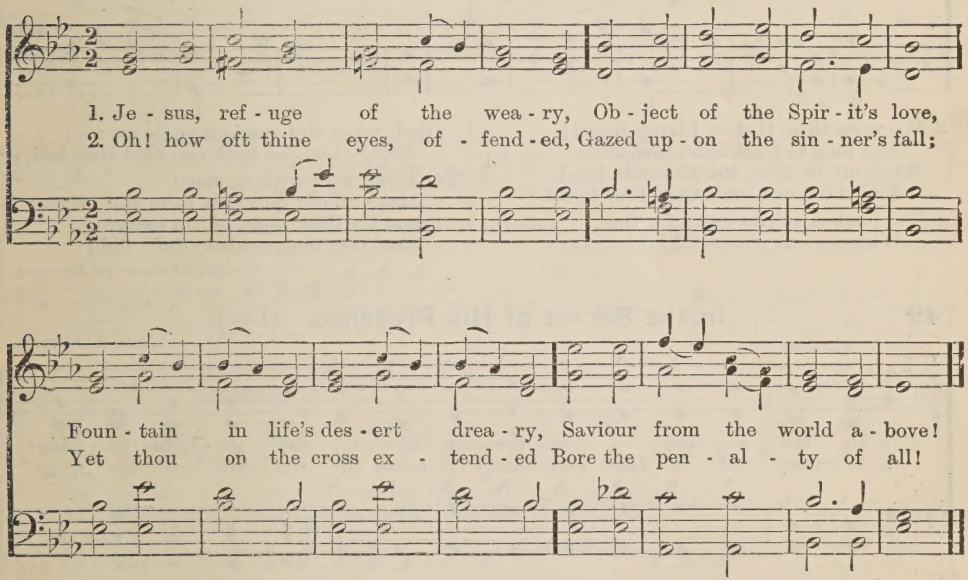
4 The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

—*C. Wesley.*

47 Jesus, Refuge of the Weary. (VERMONT.—8s & 7s.)

A MARTYR'S HYMN.

By GIROLAMO SAVONAROLA, who was burned at the stake as a witness for Jesus, in Florence, in 1489.


1. Je - sus, ref - uge of the wea - ry, Ob - ject of the Spir - it's love,
2. Oh! how oft thine eyes, of - fend - ed, Gazed up - on the sin - ner's fall;
Foun - tain in life's des - ert drea - ry, Saviour from the world a - bove!
Yet thou on the cross ex - tend - ed Bore the pen - al - ty of all!

3 For our human sake enduring
Tortures infinite in pain,
By thy death our life assuring,
Conquerors, through thee we reign!

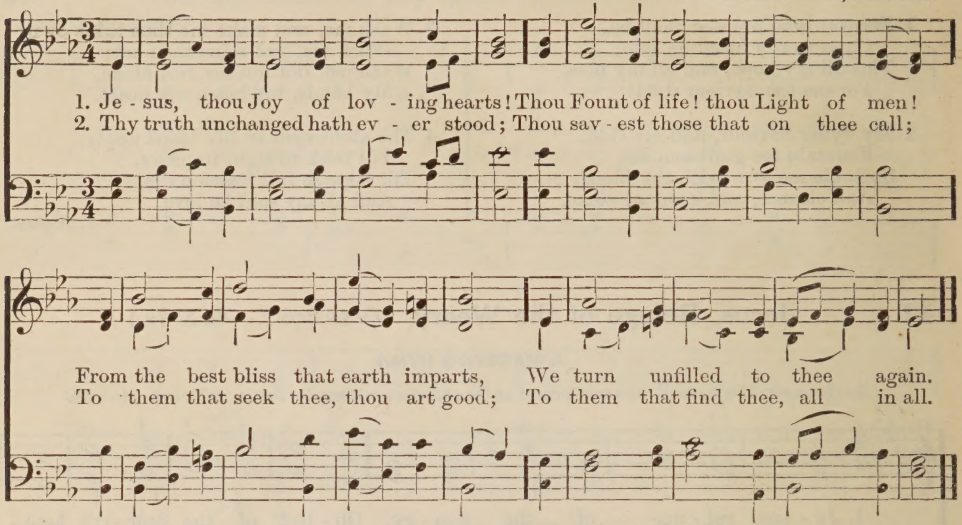
4 Jesus, would my heart were burning
With more vivid love for thee!
Would my eyes were ever turning
To thy cross of agony!

5 So in praise and rapture blending,
Might my fading eyes grow dim,
While the freed heart rose, ascending
To the circling Seraphim.

6 Then in glory parted never
From the blessed Saviour's side,
Graven on my heart forever,
Be the Cross and Crucified.

48 Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts. (COMMUNION.—L.M.)

EDWARD MILLER, Mus. Doc.


1. Je - sus, thou Joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on thee call;
From the best bliss that earth imparts, We turn unfilled to thee again.
To them that seek thee, thou art good; To them that find thee, all in all.

3 We taste thee, O thou Living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

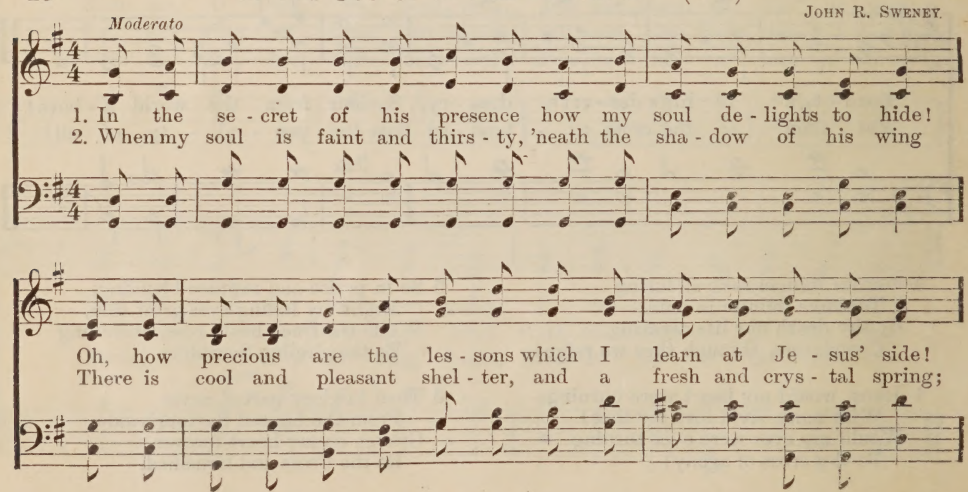
4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

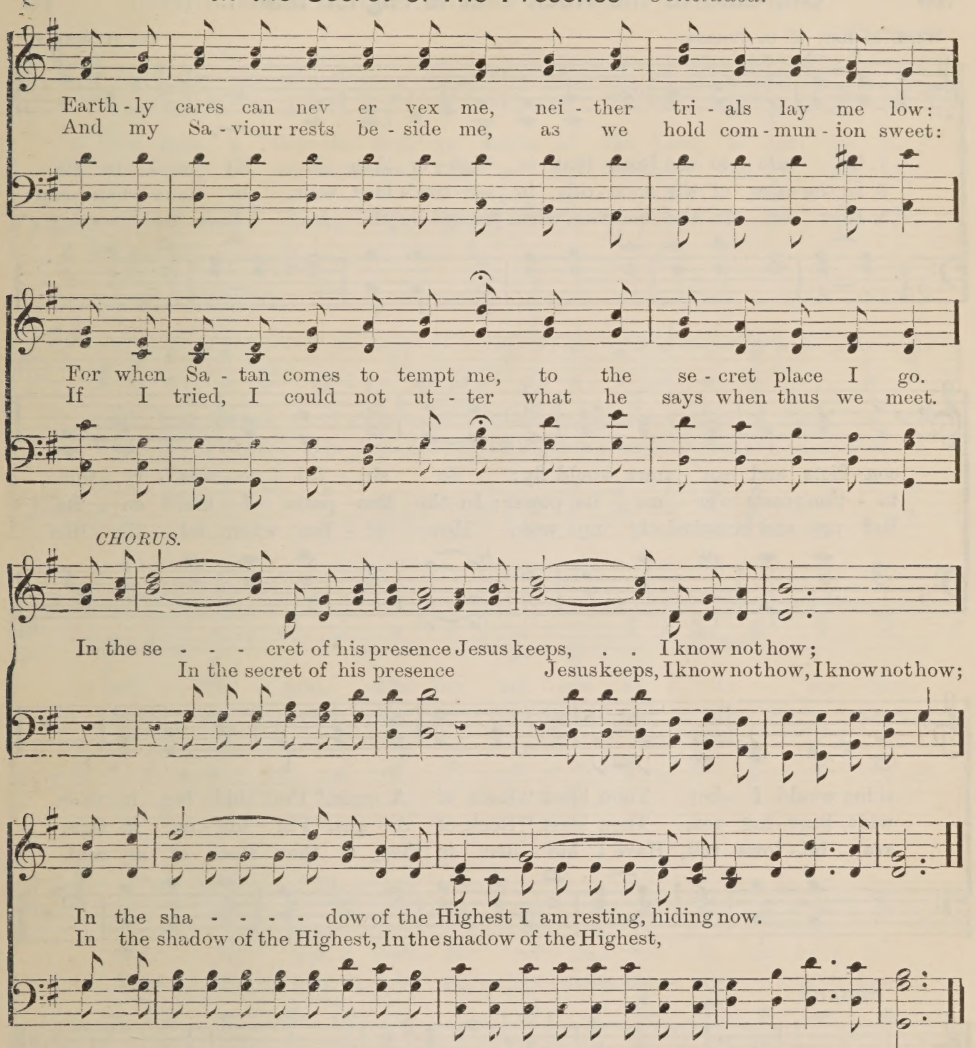
5 O Jesus, ever with us stay!
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light!

—Ray Palmer or Bernard.

49 In the Secret of His Presence. (15s.)

JOHN R. SWENEY.


Moderato
1. In the se - cret of his presence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirs - ty, 'neath the sha - dow of his wing
Oh, how precious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side!
There is cool and pleasant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring;

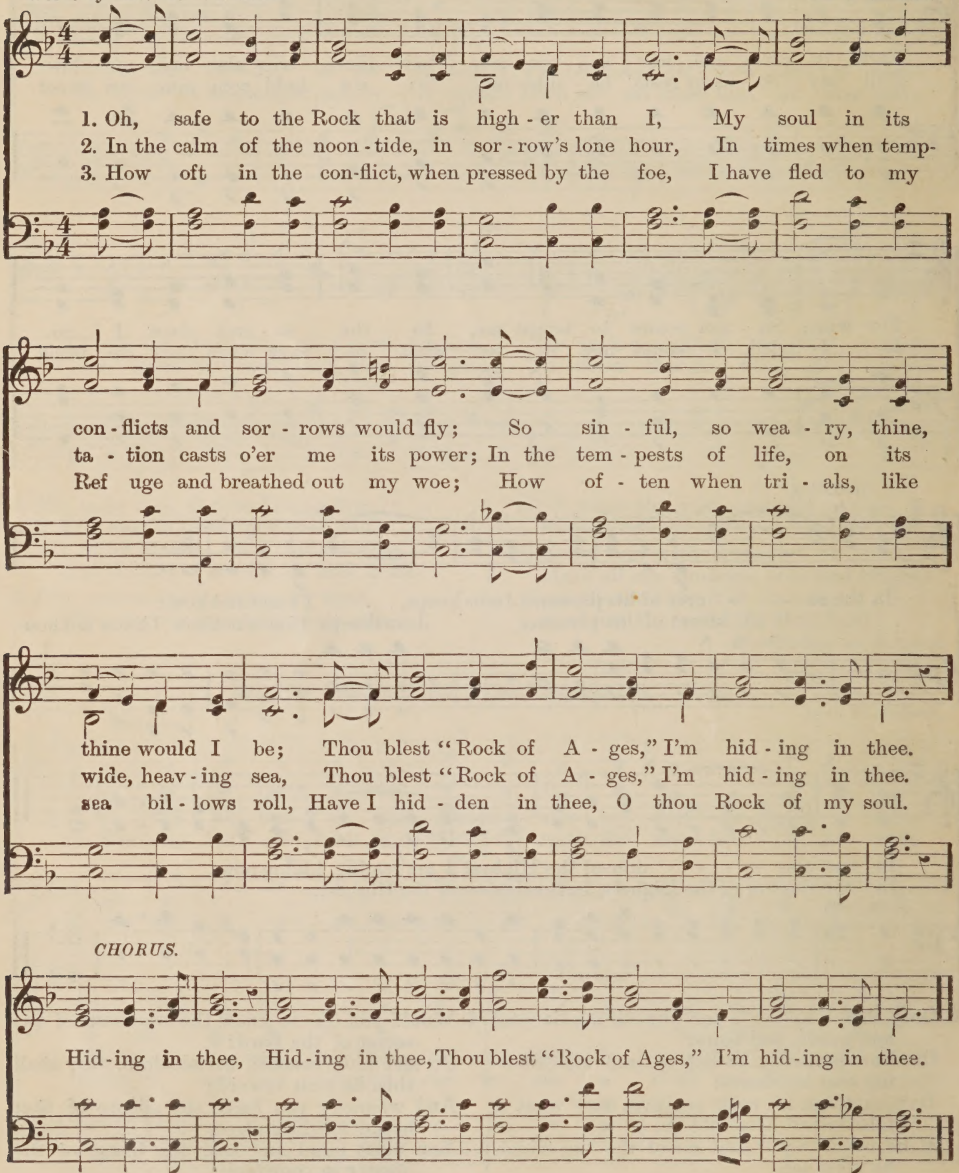
In the Secret of His Presence—*Concluded.*

Earth-ly cares can nev er vex me, nei-ther tri-als lay me low:
And my Sa-viour rests be-side me, as we hold com-mun-ion sweet:
For when Sa-tan comes to tempt me, to the se-cret place I go.
If I tried, I could not ut-ter what he says when thus we meet.
CHORUS.
In the se - - - cret of his presence Jesus keeps, . . I know not how;
In the secret of his presence Jesus keeps, I know not how, I know not how;
In the sha - - - - dow of the Highest I am resting, hiding now.
In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the Highest,

3 Only this I know: I tell him all my doubts, and griefs, and fears;
Oh, how patiently he listens! and my drooping soul he cheers:
Do you think he ne'er reproves me? what a false friend he would be,
If he never, never told me of the sins which he must see.

4 Would you like to know the sweetness of the secret of the Lord?
Go and hide beneath his shadow: this shall then be your reward;
And whene'er you leave the silence of that happy meeting place,
You must mind and bear the image of the Master in your face.

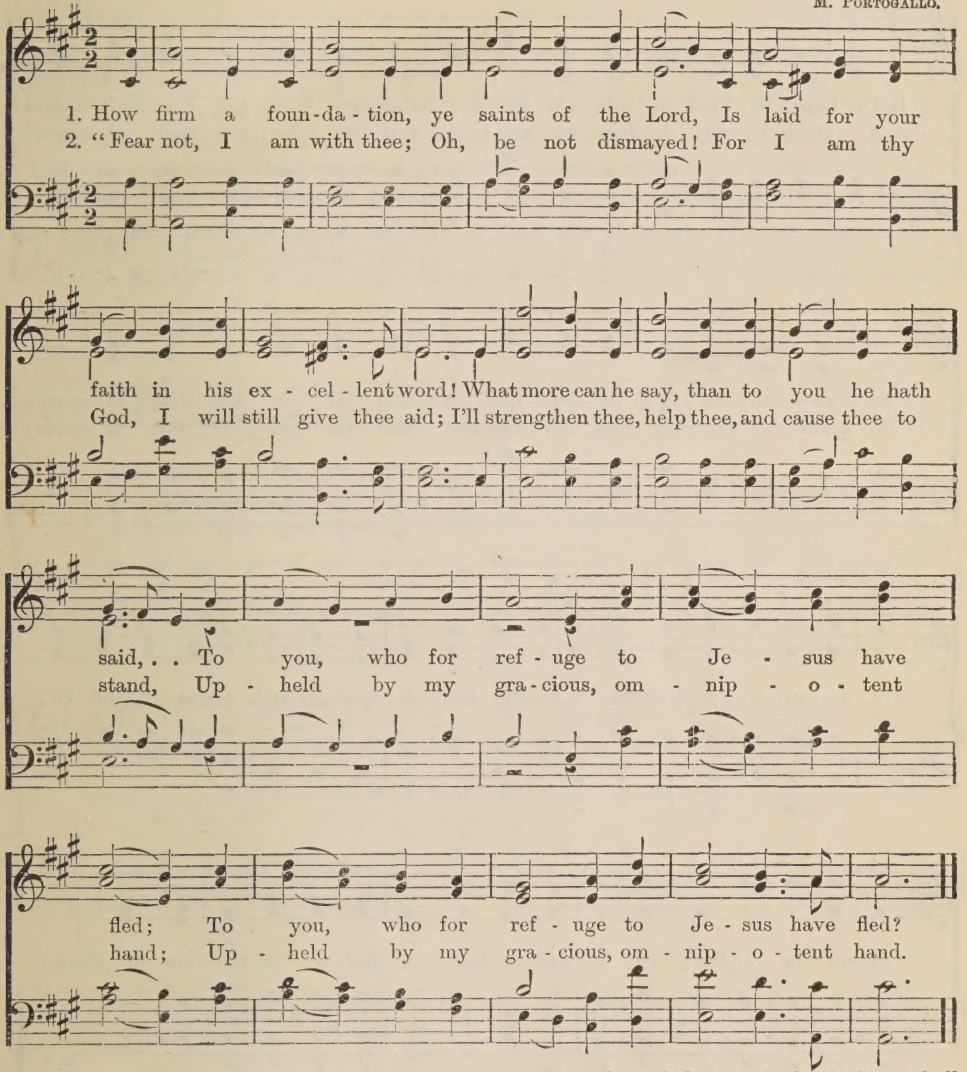
—*Ellen Lakshmi Goreh.*

50 Oh, Safe to the Rock that is Higher than I. (11s.)

Words by Rev. W. O. Cushing. Ira D. Sankey.

1. Oh, safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its
2. In the calm of the noon - tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp-
3. How oft in the con-flict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled to my
con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, thine,
ta - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tem - pests of life, on its
Ref uge and breathed out my woe; How of - ten when tri - als, like
thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in thee.
wide, heav - ing sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in thee.
sea bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in thee, O thou Rock of my soul.
CHORUS.
Hid - ing in thee, Hid - ing in thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in thee.

51 How Firm a Foundation. (ADESTE FIDELES.—11s.)

M. PORTOGALLO.

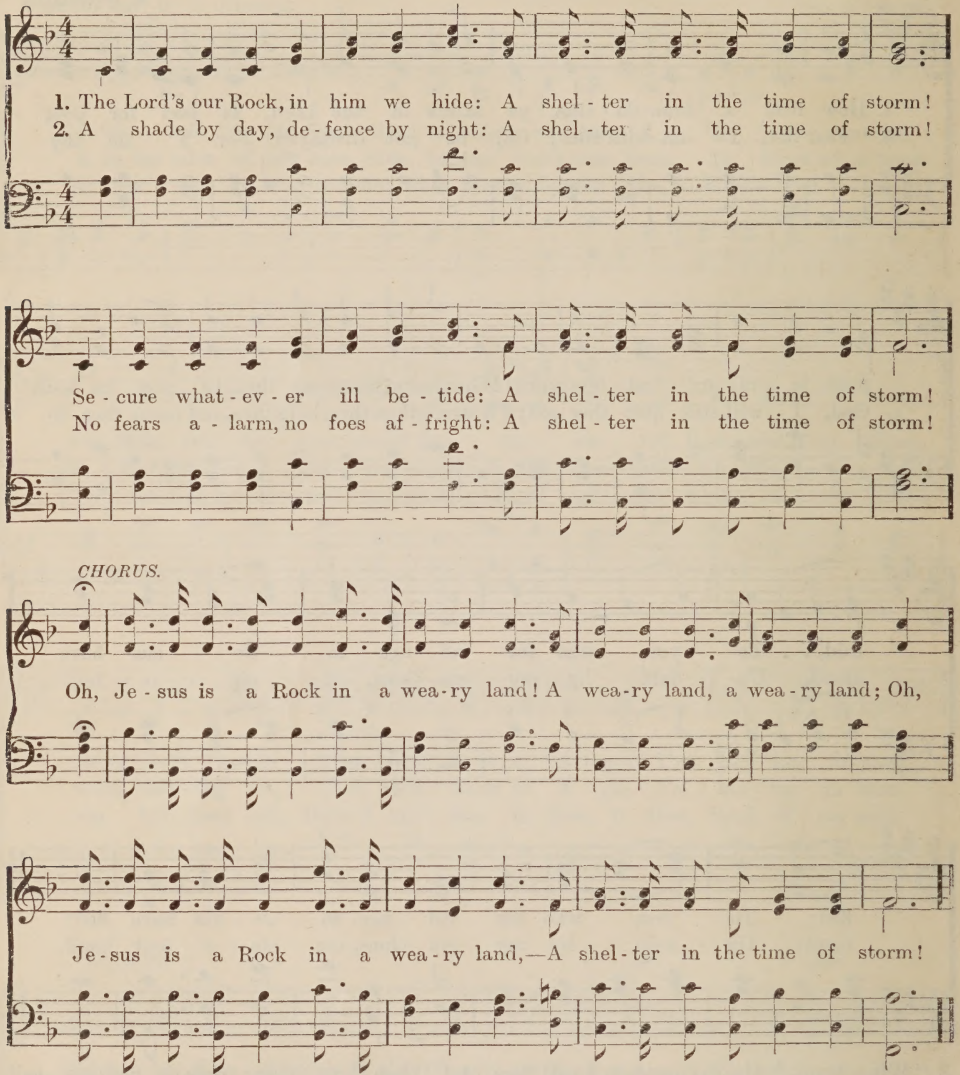

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
2. "Fear not, I am with thee; Oh, be not dismayed! For I am thy
faith in his ex-cel-lent word! What more can he say, than to you he hath
God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to
said, . . To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have
stand, Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent
fled; To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
hand; Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.

3 "When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
For I will be with thee thy trials to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine."

—*G. Keith.*

52 The Lord's Our Rock, in Him We Hide. (L.M.)

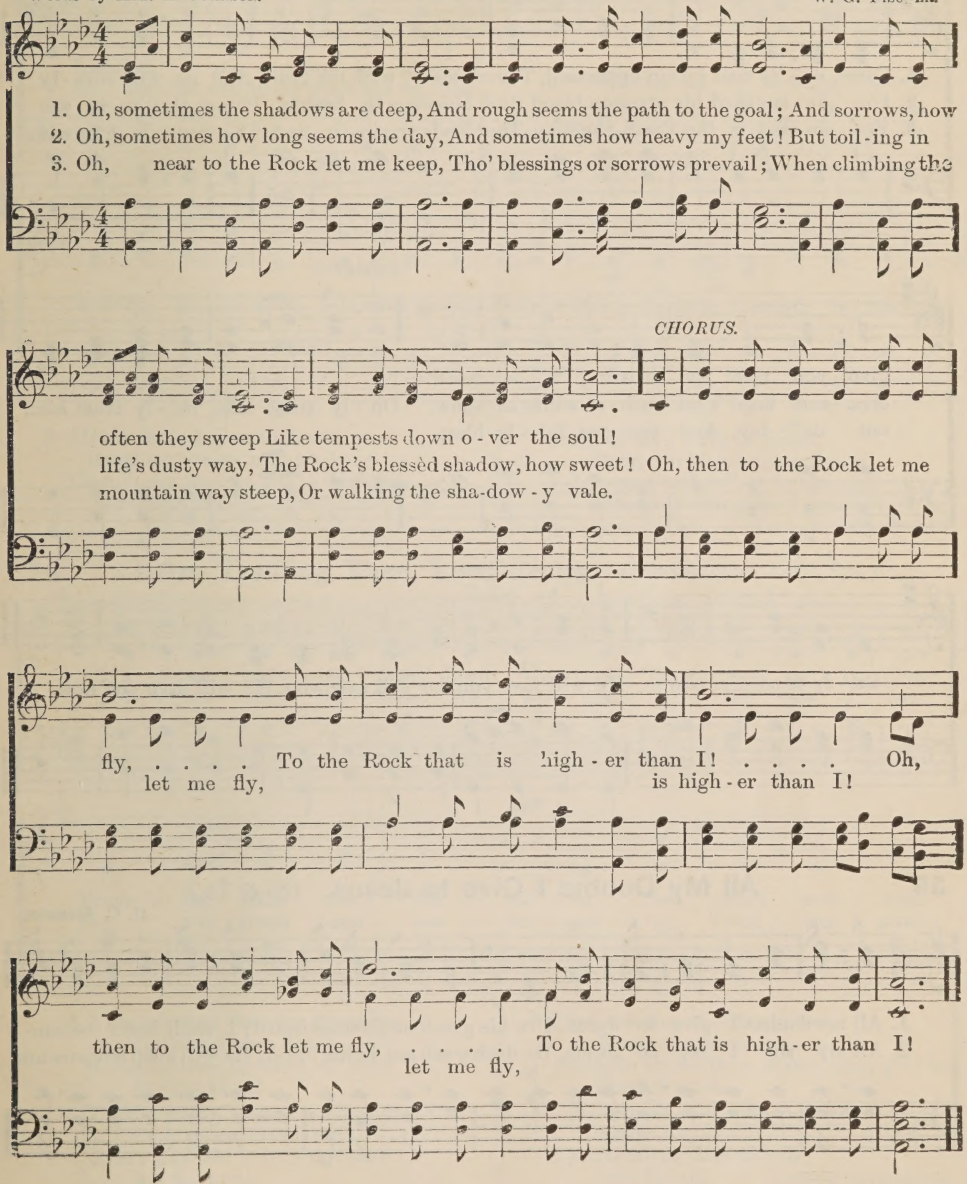
IRA D. SANKEY.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide: A shel - ter in the time of storm!
2. A shade by day, de - fence by night: A shel - ter in the time of storm!
Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide: A shel - ter in the time of storm!
No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright: A shel - ter in the time of storm!
CHORUS.
Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land! A wea - ry land, a wea - ry land; Oh,
Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land,—A shel - ter in the time of storm!

3 The raging storms may round us beat:
A shelter in the time of storm!
We'll never leave our safe retreat,
A shelter in the time of storm!

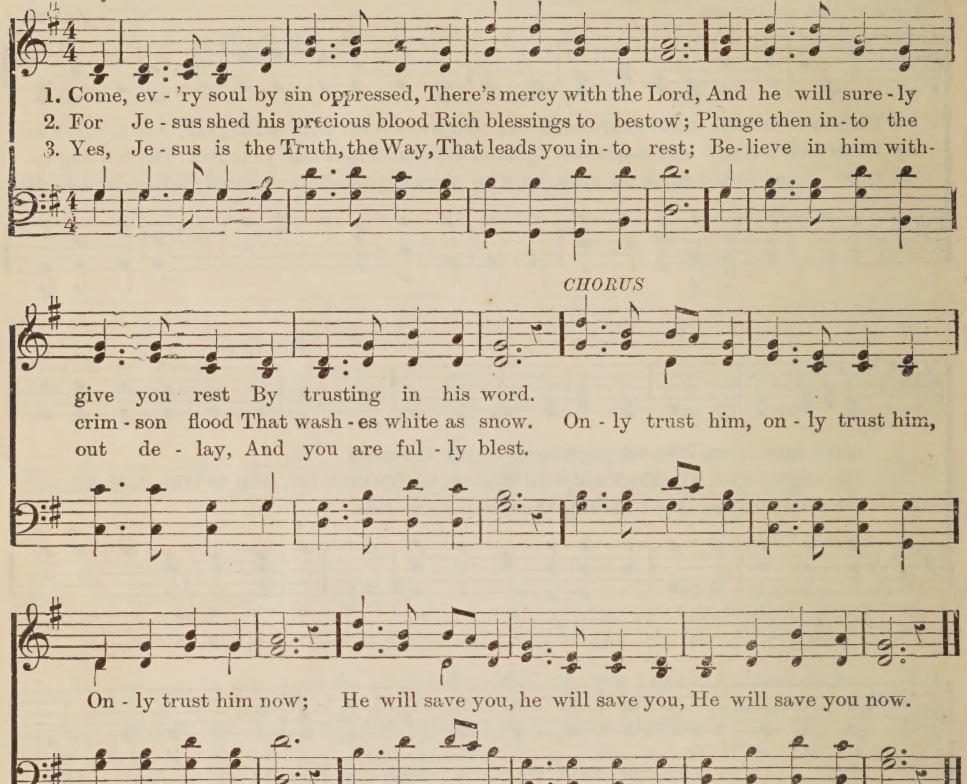
4 O Rock divine, O Refuge dear:
A shelter in the time of storm!
Be thou our helper ever near,
A shelter in the time of storm!

—*V. J. C.*

53 Oh, Sometimes the Shadows are Deep. (4–8s.)

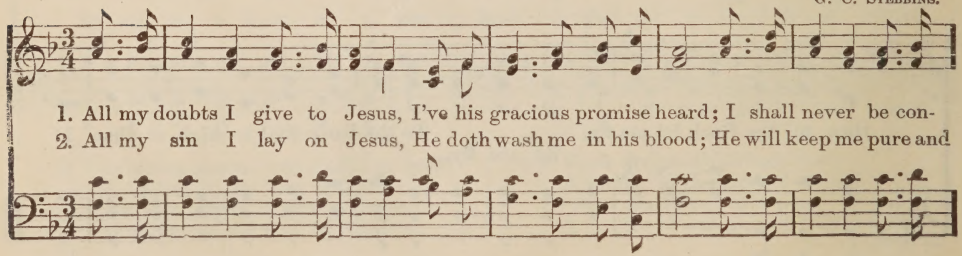
Words by MRS. E. JOHNSON. W. G. FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal; And sorrows, how
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heavy my feet! But toil-ing in
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Tho' blessings or sorrows prevail; When climbing the
CHORUS.
often they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul!
life's dusty way, The Rock's blessèd shadow, how sweet! Oh, then to the Rock let me
mountain way steep, Or walking the sha-dow-y vale.
fly, ... To the Rock that is high-er than I! . . . . Oh,
let me fly, is high-er than I!
then to the Rock let me fly, ... To the Rock that is high-er than I!
let me fly,

54 Come, Every Soul by Sin Oppressed. (C.M.)

Words by Rev. J. H. Stockton. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will sure - ly
2. For Je - sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge then in - to the
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be - lieve in him with-
CHORUS
give you rest By trusting in his word.
crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow. On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him,
out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
On - ly trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

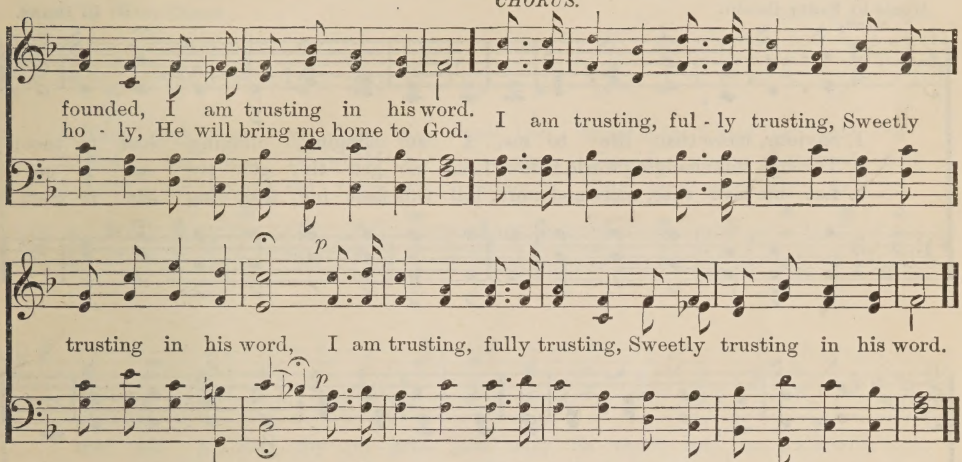
55 All My Doubts I Give to Jesus. (8s & 7s.)

G. C. Stebbins.


1. All my doubts I give to Jesus, I've his gracious promise heard; I shall never be con-
2. All my sin I lay on Jesus, He doth wash me in his blood; He will keep me pure and

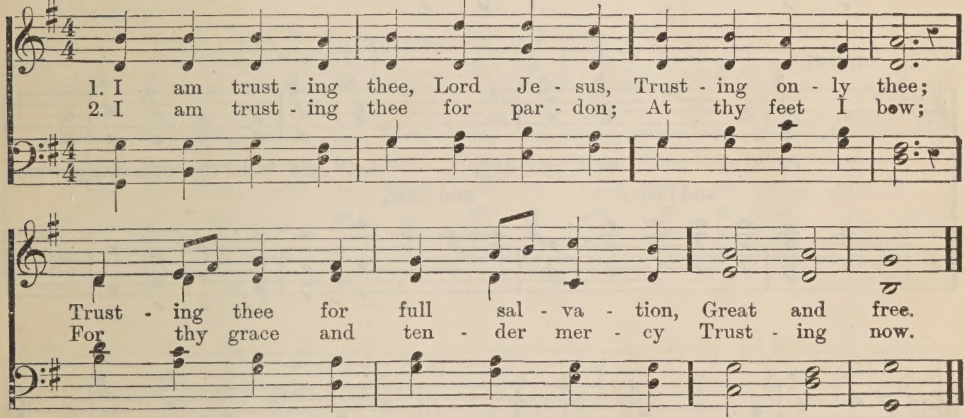
All My Doubts I Give to Jesus—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


founded, I am trusting in his word.
ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.
I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweetly
p
trusting in his word, I am trusting, fully trusting, Sweetly trusting in his word.
p

3 All my fears I give to Jesus,
Rests my weary soul on him;
Though my way be hid in darkness,
Never can my light grow dim.

4 All in all I have in Jesus,
Poor, yet rich as cherubim;
Ignorant and full of weakness,
Heaven's own store I find in him.
—*Dr. Morgan.*

56 I Am Trusting Thee, Lord Jesus. (STEPHANOS.—8,5,8,3.)

1. I am trust - ing thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust - ing on - ly thee;
2. I am trust - ing thee for par - don; At thy feet I bow;
Trust - ing thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.
For thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust - ing now.

3 I am trusting thee for cleansing
In the crimson flood;
Trusting thee to make me holy
By thy blood.

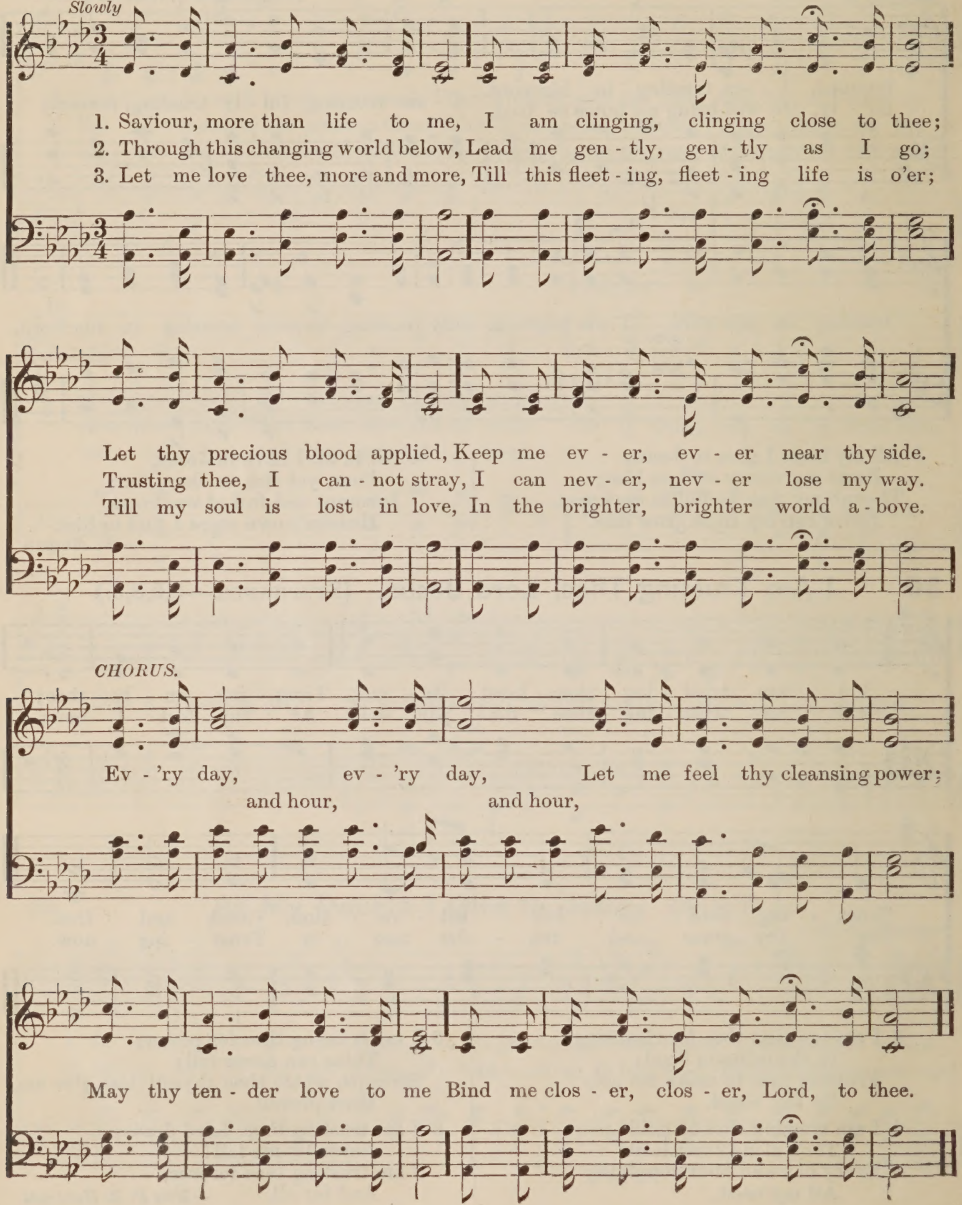
4 I am trusting thee to guide me;
Thou alone canst lead;
Every day and hour supplying
All my need.

5 I am trusting thee for power;
Thine can never fail;
Strength which thou thyself dost give me,
Must prevail.

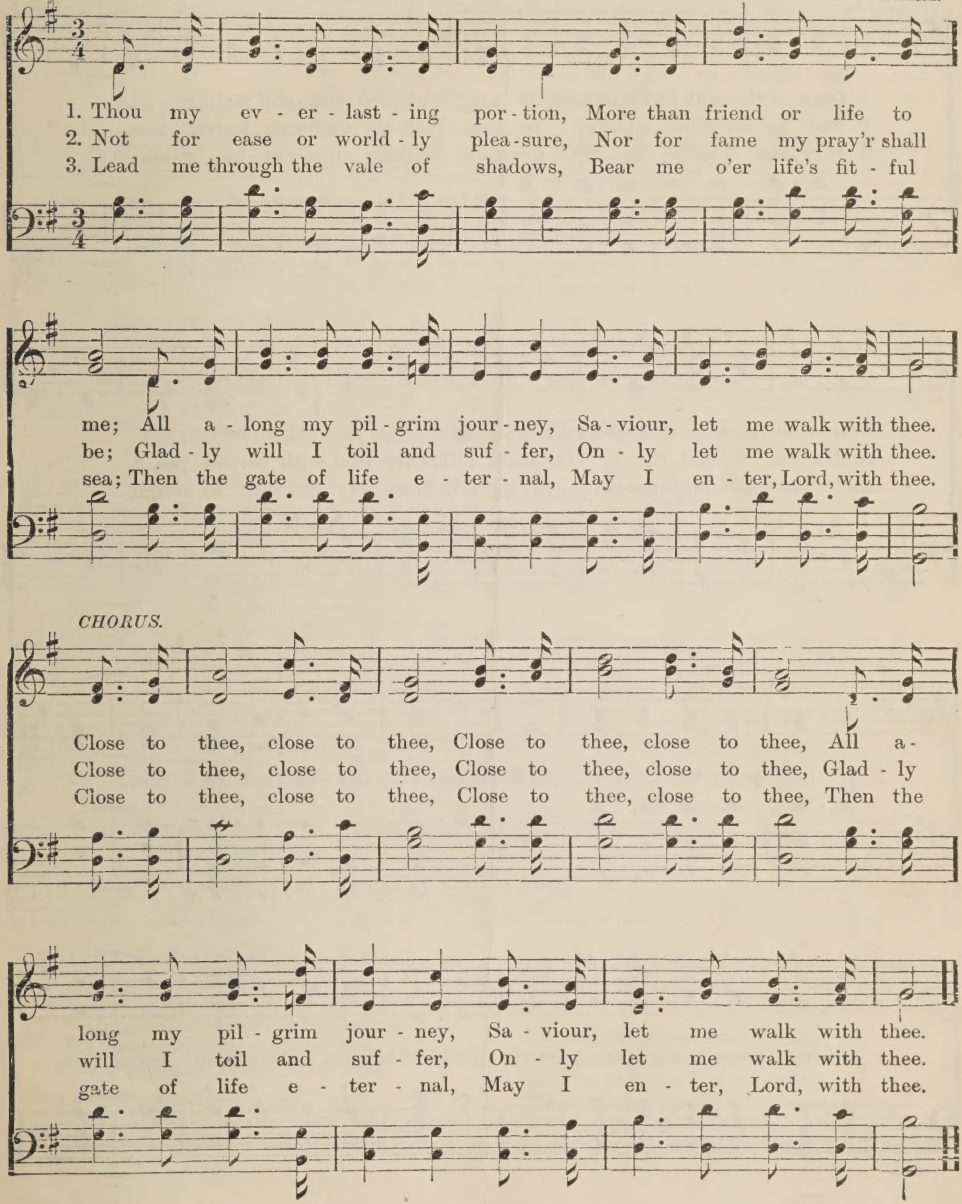
6 I am trusting thee, Lord Jesus;
Never let me fall!
I am trusting thee forever,
And for all. —*Miss F. R. Havergal.*

57 Saviour, More than Life to Me. (7s & 9s.)

Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.

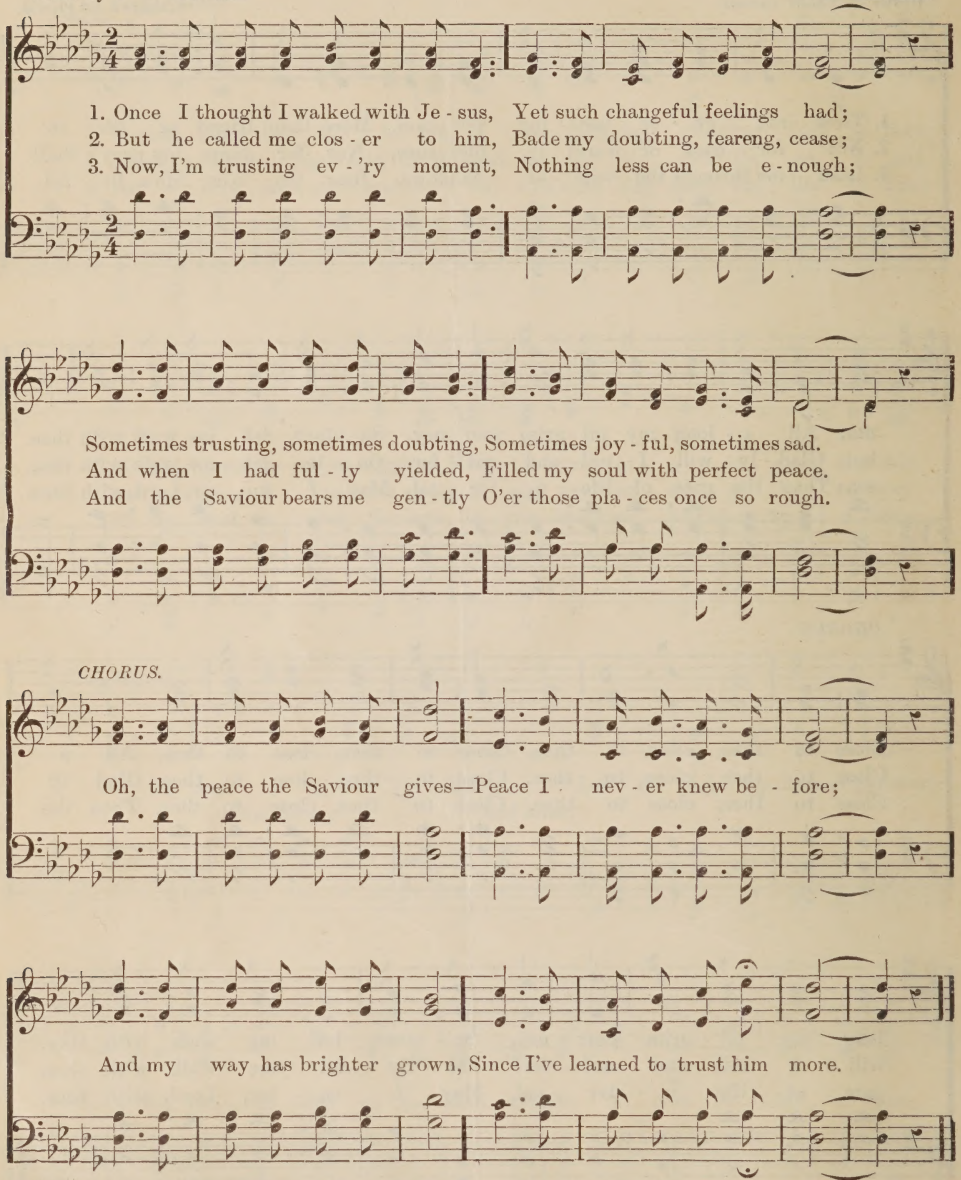

Slowly
1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Through this changing world below, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly as I go;
3. Let me love thee, more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;
Let thy precious blood applied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near thy side.
Trusting thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In the brighter, brighter world a - bove.
CHORUS.
Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, Let me feel thy cleansing power;
and hour, and hour,
May thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to thee.

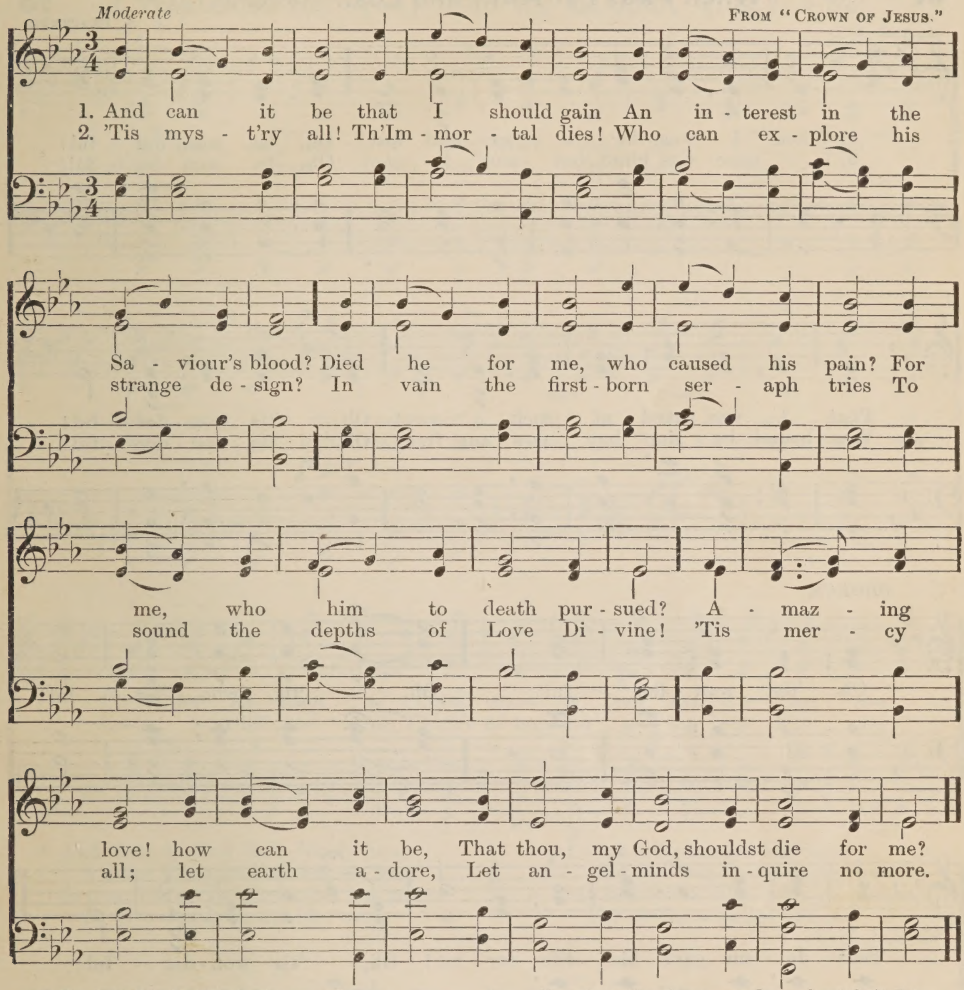
58 Thou My Everlasting Portion. (8s & 7s.)

Words by FANNY CROSBY. GARLAND OF PRAISE.

1. Thou my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to
2. Not for ease or world - ly plea - sure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall
3. Lead me through the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful
me; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.
be; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
sea; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.
CHORUS.
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, All a -
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, Glad - ly
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee, Then the
long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sa - viour, let me walk with thee.
will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with thee.
gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with thee.

59 Once I Thought I Walked with Jesus. (8s & 7s.)

Words by F. A. BLACKMER. F. A. BLACKMER.


1. Once I thought I walked with Je - sus, Yet such changeful feelings had;
2. But he called me clos - er to him, Bade my doubting, fearing, cease;
3. Now, I'm trusting ev - 'ry moment, Nothing less can be e - nough;
Sometimes trusting, sometimes doubting, Sometimes joy - ful, sometimes sad.
And when I had ful - ly yielded, Filled my soul with perfect peace.
And the Saviour bears me gen - tly O'er those pla - ces once so rough.
CHORUS.
Oh, the peace the Saviour gives—Peace I nev - er knew be - fore;
And my way has brighter grown, Since I've learned to trust him more.

60 And Can It Be That I Should Gain. (STELLA.—6–8s.)

Moderate
FROM "CROWN OF JESUS."
1. And can it be that I should gain An in - terest in the
2. 'Tis mys - t'ry all! Th'Im - mor - tal dies! Who can ex - plore his
Sa - viour's blood? Died he for me, who caused his pain? For
strange de - sign? In vain the first - born ser - aph tries To
me, who him to death pur - sued? A - maz - ing
sound the depths of Love Di - vine! 'Tis mer - cy
love! how can it be, That thou, my God, shouldst die for me?
all; let earth a - dore, Let an - gel - minds in - quire no more.

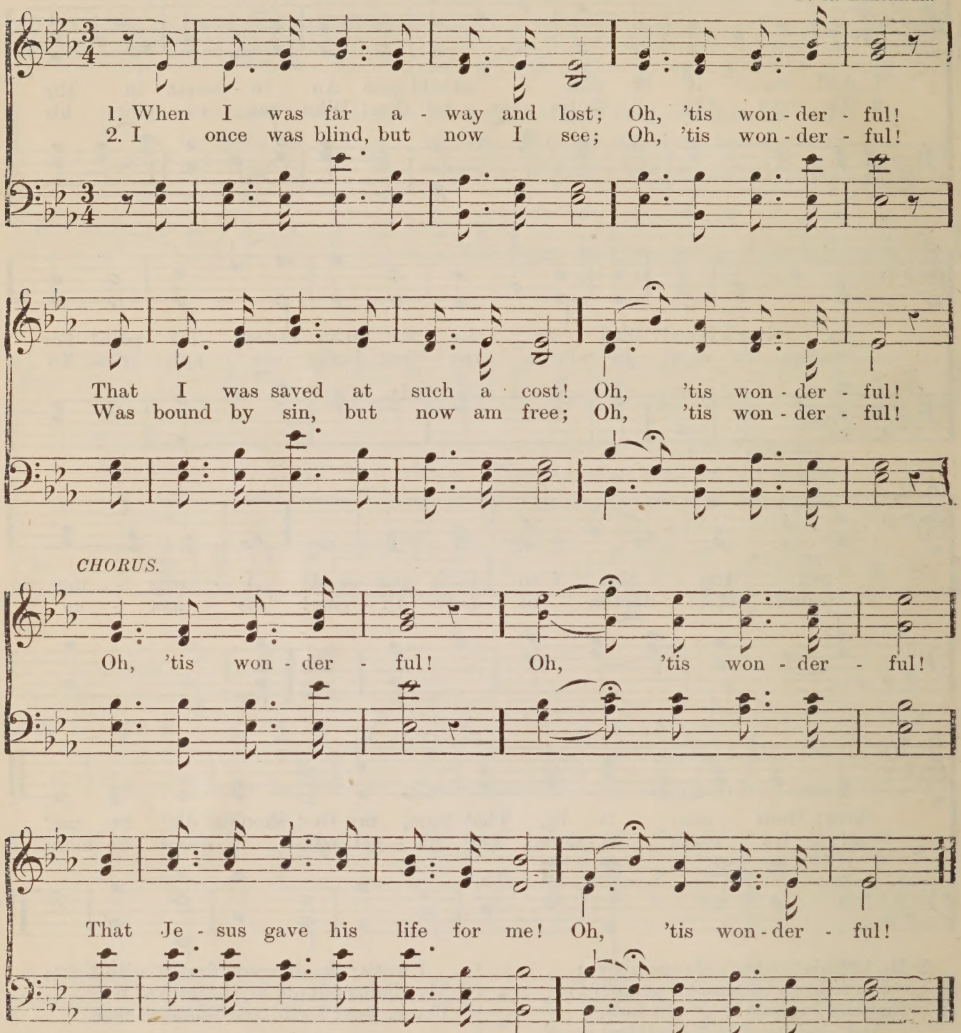
3 He left his Father's throne above;
(So free, so infinite his grace!)
Emptied himself of all but love,
And bled for Adam's helpless race;
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,
For, O my God, it found out *me!*

4 Long my imprisoned spirit lay
Fast bound in sin and nature's night;
Thine eye diffused a quickening ray;
I woke; the dungeon flamed with light;
My chains fell off, my heart was free,
I rose, went forth, and followed thee.

5 No condemnation now I dread;
Jesus, and all in him, is mine!
Alive in him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach the eternal throne,
And claim the crown through Christ my own.

—*C. Wesley.*

61 When I was Far Away and Lost. (8s & 5s.)

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When I was far a - way and lost; Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!
2. I once was blind, but now I see; Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!
That I was saved at such a cost! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!
Was bound by sin, but now am free; Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!
CHORUS.
Oh, 'tis won - der - ful! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!
That Je - sus gave his life for me! Oh, 'tis won - der - ful!

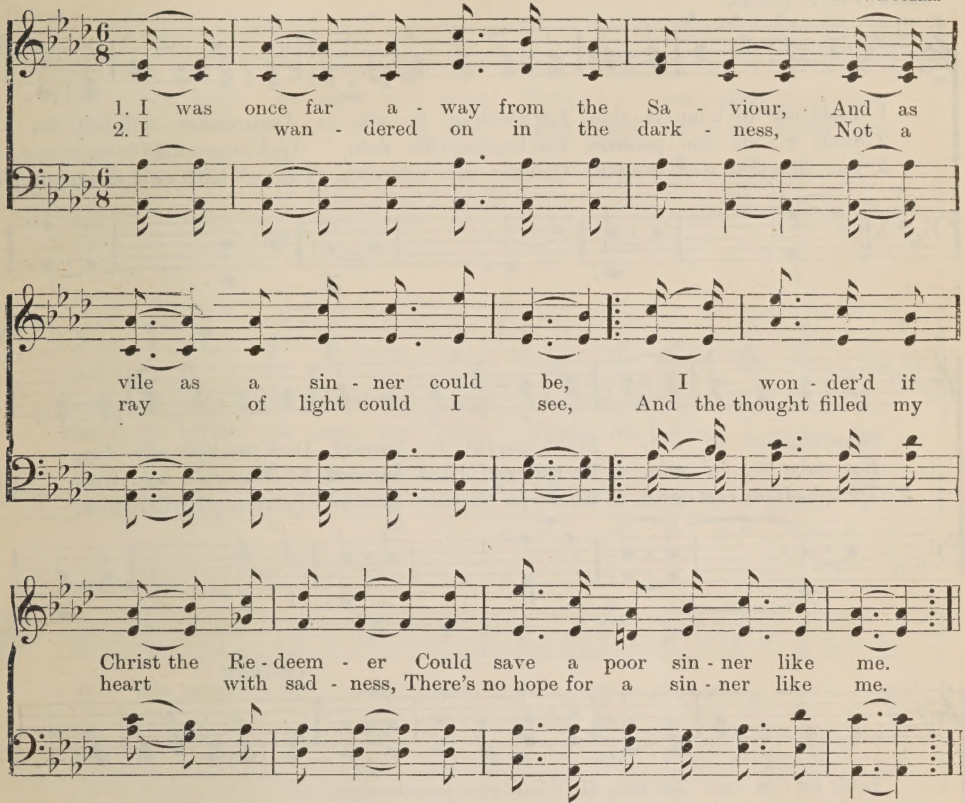
3 My guilt was all I had to bring;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Yet I was made his love to sing;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

4 This great salvation all may share;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
Throughout the world the message bear;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

5 Come, sinner, now and seek his grace;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!
And find in him a resting-place;
Oh, 'tis wonderful!

—*I. I. Lesslie.*

62 I Was Once Far Away from the Saviour. (10s, 9s & 8s.)

C. J. BUTLER.

1. I was once far a - way from the Sa - viour, And as
2. I wan - dered on in the dark - ness, Not a
vile as a sin - ner could be, I won - der'd if
ray of light could I see, And the thought filled my
Christ the Re - deem - er Could save a poor sin - ner like me.
heart with sad - ness, There's no hope for a sin - ner like me.

3 And then, in that dark, lonely hour,
A voice whispered sweetly to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh! what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

—*C. J. Butler.*

63 Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs. (TALLIS—C.M.—TUNE NO. 4.)

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply;
"For he was slain for us."

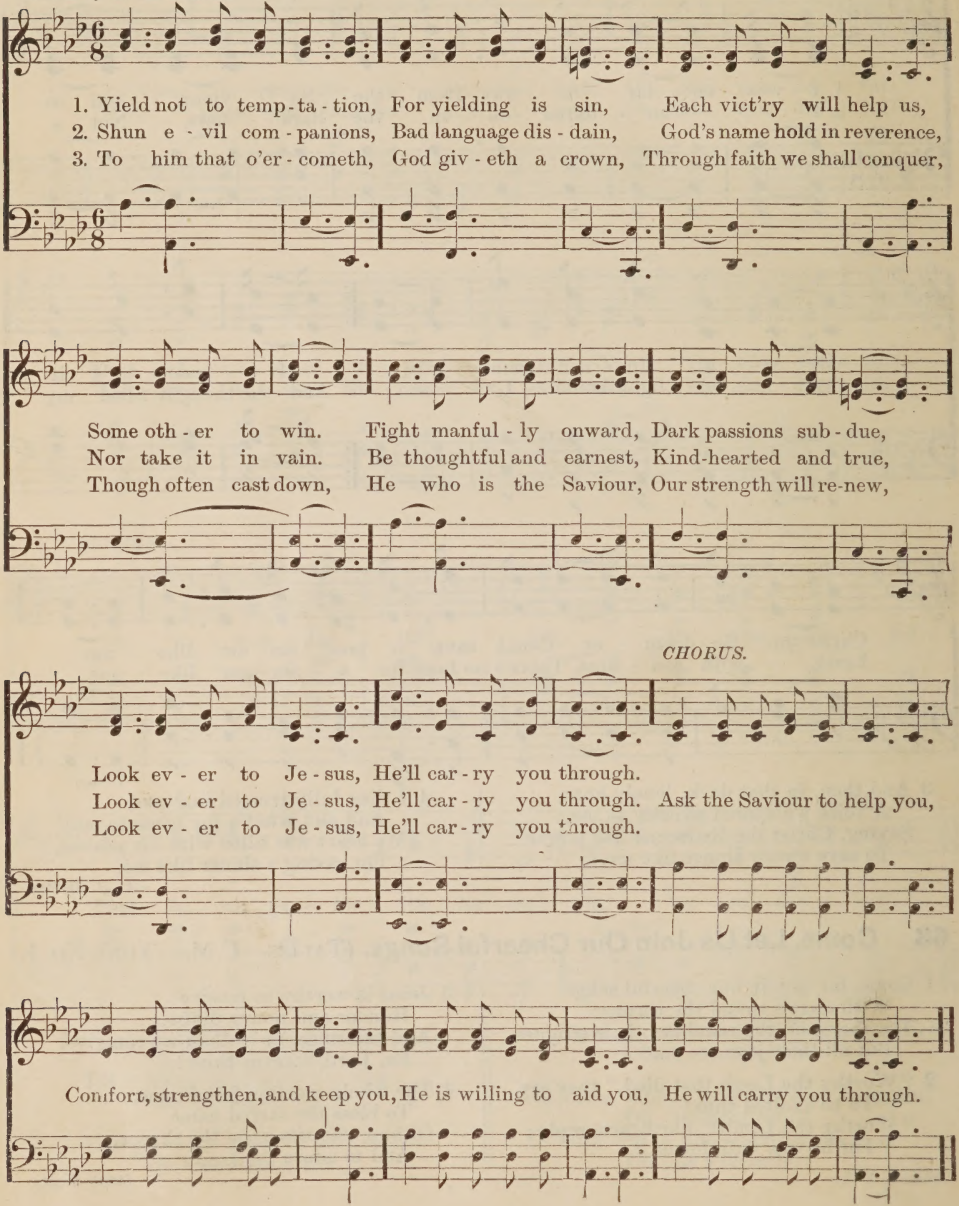
3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honour and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine!

4 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred name
Of him who sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb!

—*Isaac Watts.*

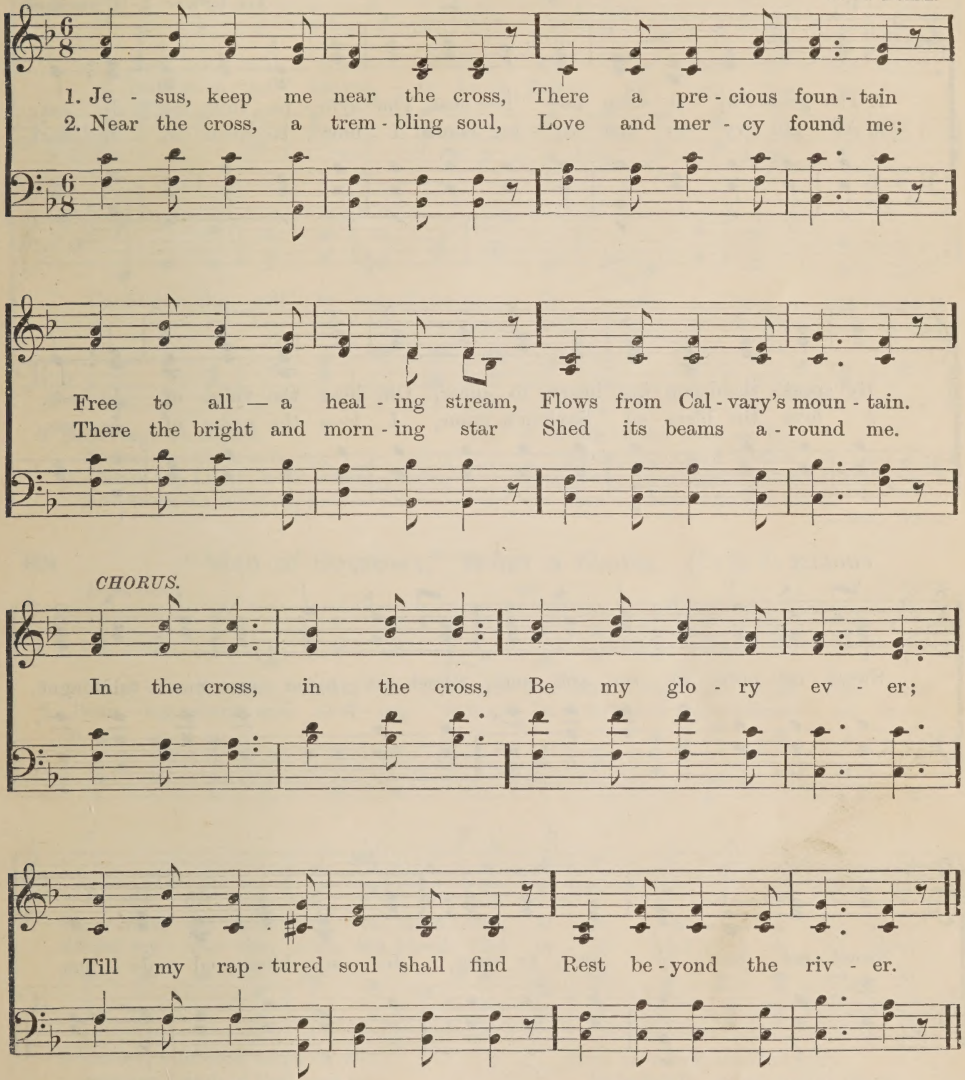
64 Yield Not to Temptation.

Words by H. R. PALMER.


1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help us,
2. Shun e-vil com-panions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in reverence,
3. To him that o'er-cometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer,
Some oth-er to win. Fight manful-ly onward, Dark passions sub-due,
Nor take it in vain. Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true,
Though often cast down, He who is the Saviour, Our strength will re-new,
CHORUS.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through. Ask the Saviour to help you,
Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you, He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

65 Jesus, Keep Me Near the Cross. (6s & 7s.)

W. H. DOANE.


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
2. Near the cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
Free to all — a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - vary's moun - tain.
There the bright and morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.
CHORUS.
In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;
Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

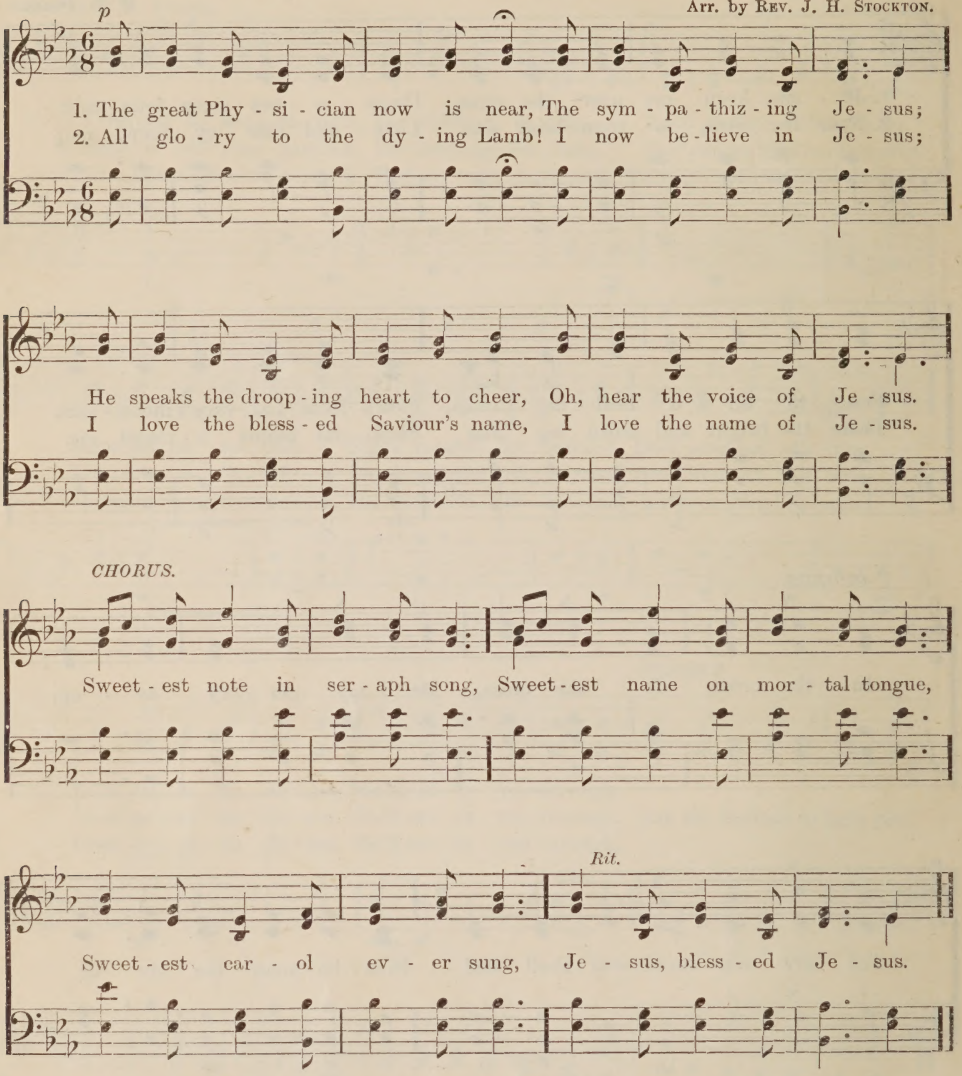
3 Near the cross! O Lamb of God,
Bring its scenes before me;
Help me walk from day to day,
With its shadows o'er me.

4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

66 The Great Physician Now is Near. (8s & 7s.)

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.


p
1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
2. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
I love the bless - ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,
Rit.
Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.

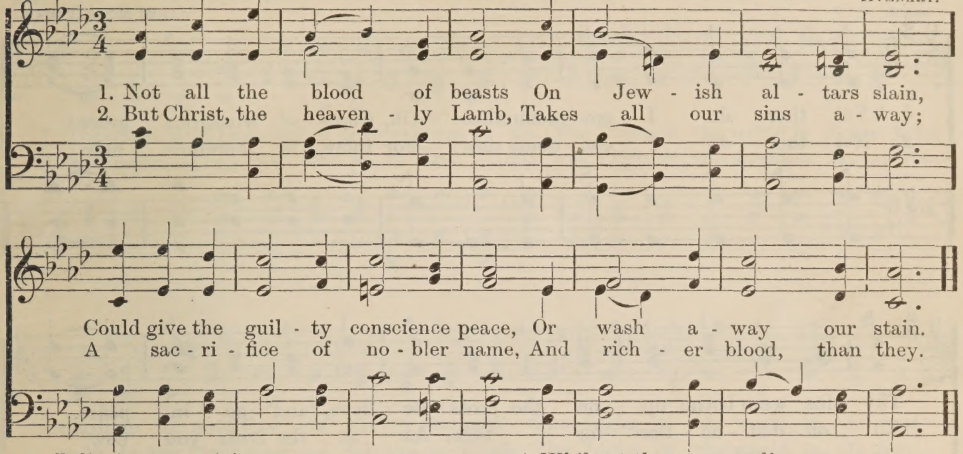
3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear
The precious name of Jesus.

4 And when to that bright world above
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love
His name, the name of Jesus

—*W. Hunter.*

67 Not All the Blood of Beasts. (BANKFIELD.—S.M.)

HYMNARY.


1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew - ish al - tars slain,
2. But Christ, the heaven - ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a - way;
Could give the guil - ty conscience peace, Or wash a - way our stain.
A sac - ri - fice of no - bler name, And rich - er blood, than they.

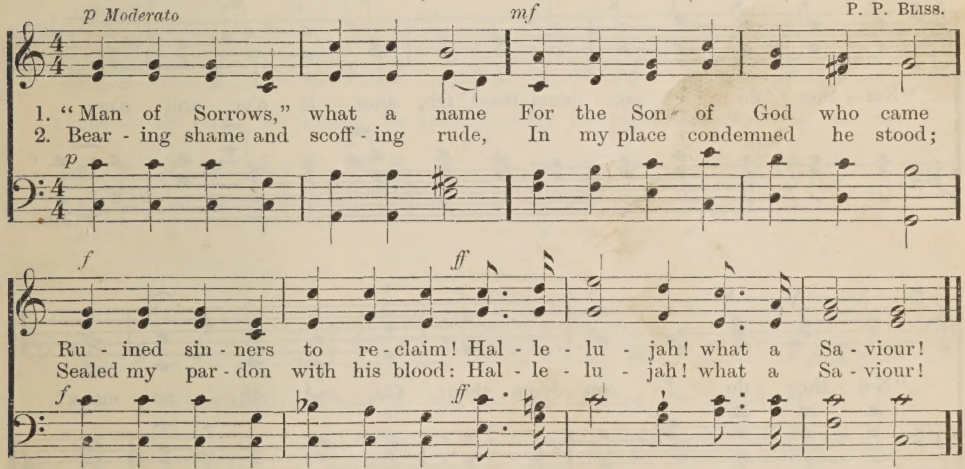
3 Believing, we rejoice
To feel the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb, with cheerful voice,
And trust his bleeding love.

4 While at thy cross we lie,
Jesus, thy grace bestow,
And thy all-cleansing blood apply,
And wash us white as snow.

—*Isaac Watts.*

68 "Man of Sorrows," What a Name. (7s & 8s.)

P. P. BLISS.


p Moderato
mf
1. "Man of Sorrows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude, In my place condemned he stood;
p
f
ff
Ru - ined sin - ners to re - claim! Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
Sealed my par - don with his blood: Hal - le - lu - jah! what a Sa - viour!
f
ff

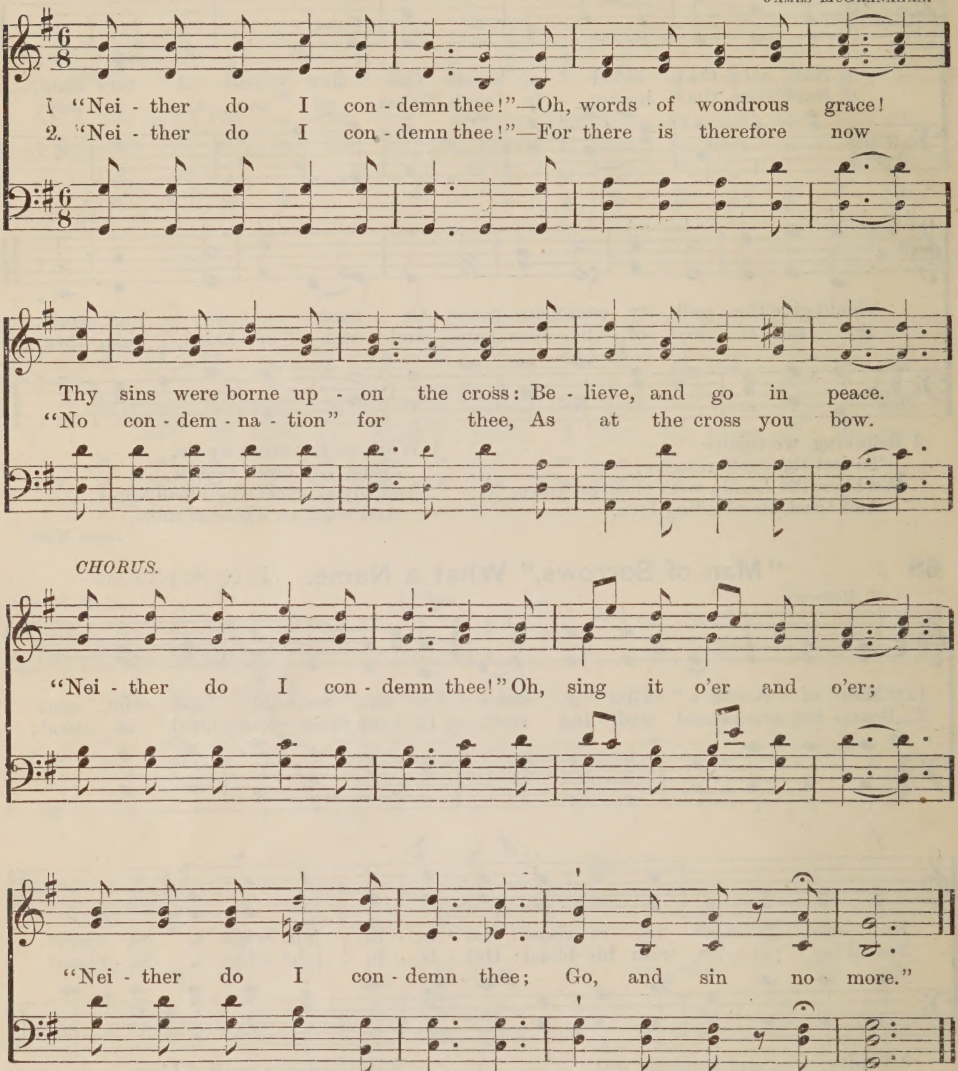
3 Guilty, vile, and helpless, we;
Spotless Lamb of God was he:
"Full atonement!"—can it be?
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

4 "Lifted up" was he to die,
"It is finished," was his cry;
Now in heaven exalted high:
Hallelujah! what a Saviour!

5 When he comes, our glorious King,
All his ransomed home to bring,
Then anew this song we'll sing:
"Hallelujah! what a Saviour!"

—*P. P. Bliss.*

69 "Neither Do I Condemn Thee." (7s & 6s.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1 "Nei - ther do I con - demn thee!"—Oh, words of wondrous grace!
2. "Nei - ther do I con - demn thee!"—For there is therefore now
Thy sins were borne up - on the cross: Be - lieve, and go in peace.
"No con - dem - na - tion" for thee, As at the cross you bow.
CHORUS.
"Nei - ther do I con - demn thee!" Oh, sing it o'er and o'er;
"Nei - ther do I con - demn thee; Go, and sin no more."

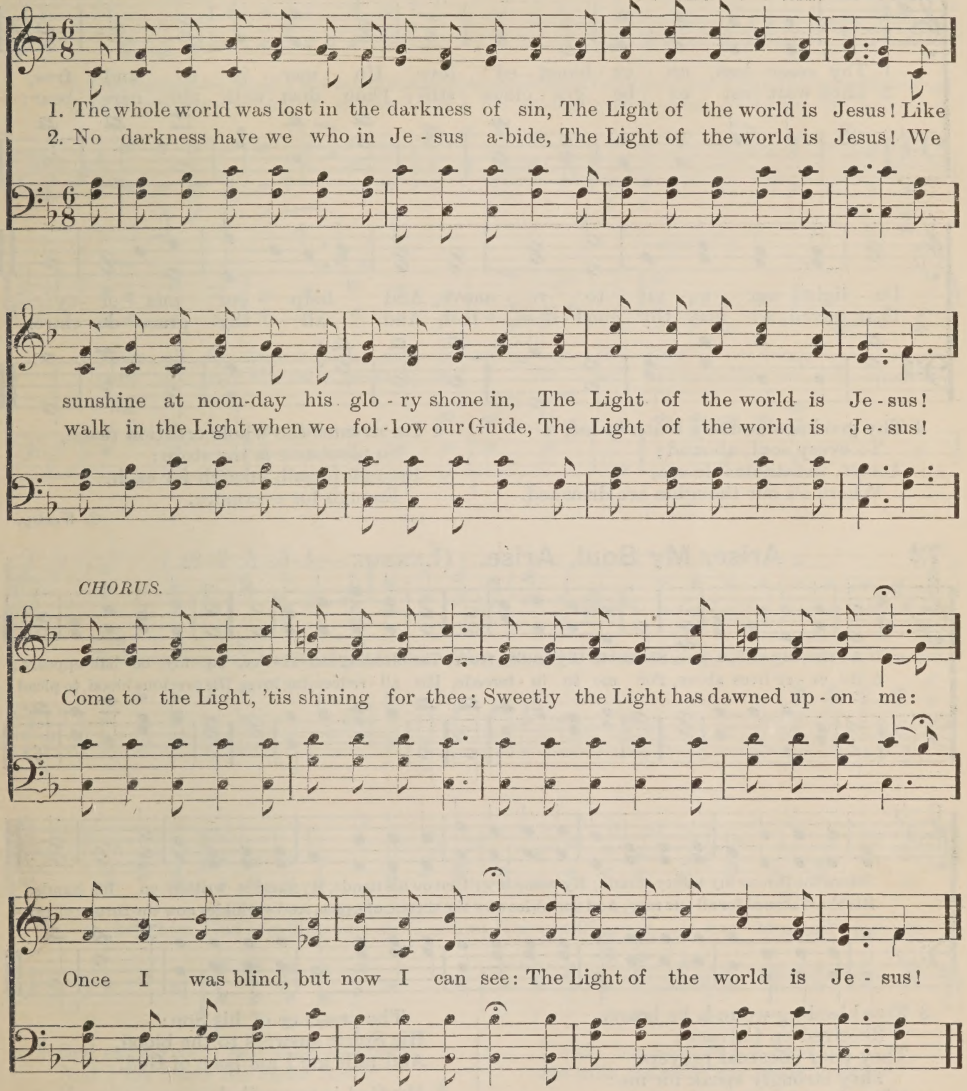
3 "Neither do I condemn thee!—
I came not to condemn:
I came from God to save thee,
And turn thee from thy sin."

4 "Neither do I condemn thee!"—
Oh, praise the God of grace!
Oh, praise his Son, our Saviour,
For this his word of peace!

—*Dr. Nathan.*

70 The Whole World Was Lost in the Darkness of Sin.

P. P. Bliss.


1. The whole world was lost in the darkness of sin, The Light of the world is Jesus! Like
2. No darkness have we who in Je - sus a-bide, The Light of the world is Jesus! We
sunshine at noon-day his glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus!
walk in the Light when we fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus!
CHORUS.
Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawned up - on me:
Once I was blind, but now I can see: The Light of the world is Je - sus!

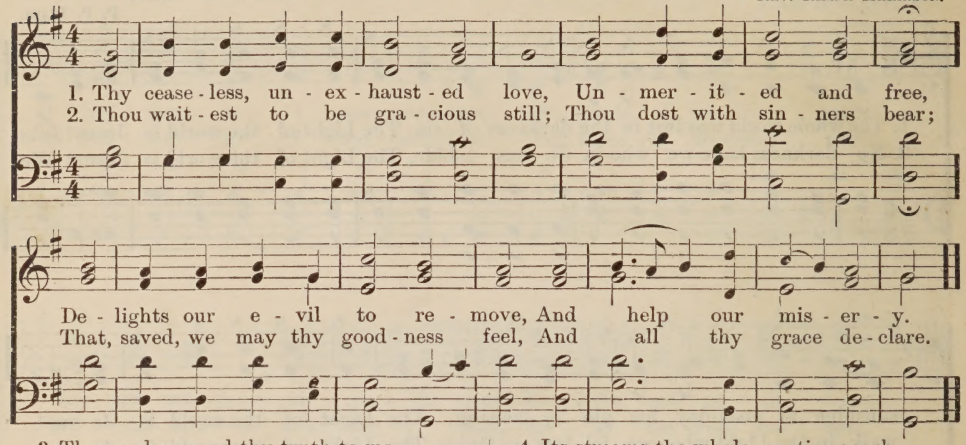
3 Ye dwellers in darkness, with sin-blinded eyes,
The Light of the world is Jesus!
Go wash at his bidding, and light will arise,
The Light of the world is Jesus!

4 No need of the sunlight in heaven, we're told,
The Light of that world is Jesus!
The Lamb is the Light in the City of Gold,
The Light of that world is Jesus!

—*P. P. Bliss.*

71 Thy Ceaseless, Unexhausted Love. (PETERBOROUGH.—C.M.)

REV. RALPH HARRISON.

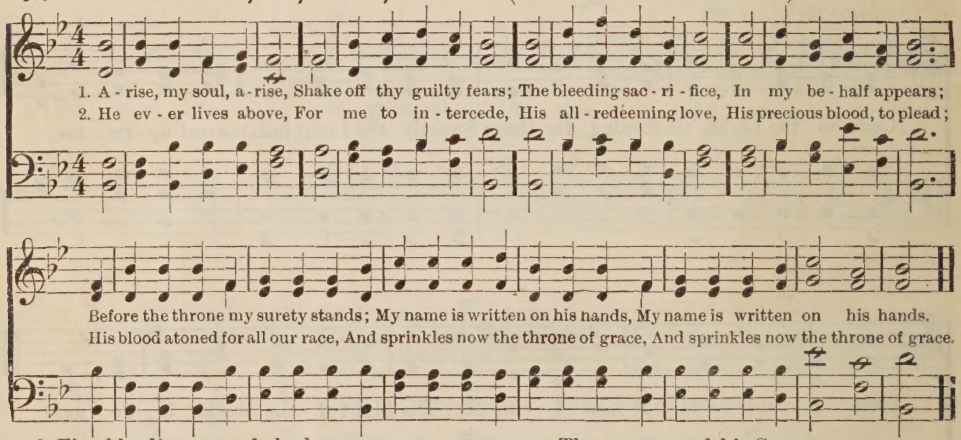

1. Thy cease - less, un - ex - haust - ed love, Un - mer - it - ed and free,
2. Thou wait - est to be gra - cious still; Thou dost with sin - ners bear;
De - lights our e - vil to re - move, And help our mis - er - y.
That, saved, we may thy good - ness feel, And all thy grace de - clare.

3 Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

4 Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

—*C. Wesley.*

72 Arise, My Soul, Arise. (LENNOX.—4–6s & 2–8s.)


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding sac - ri - fice, In my be - half appears;
2. He ev - er lives above, For me to in - tercede, His all - redeeming love, His precious blood, to plead;
Before the throne my surety stands; My name is written on his hands, My name is written on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die!"

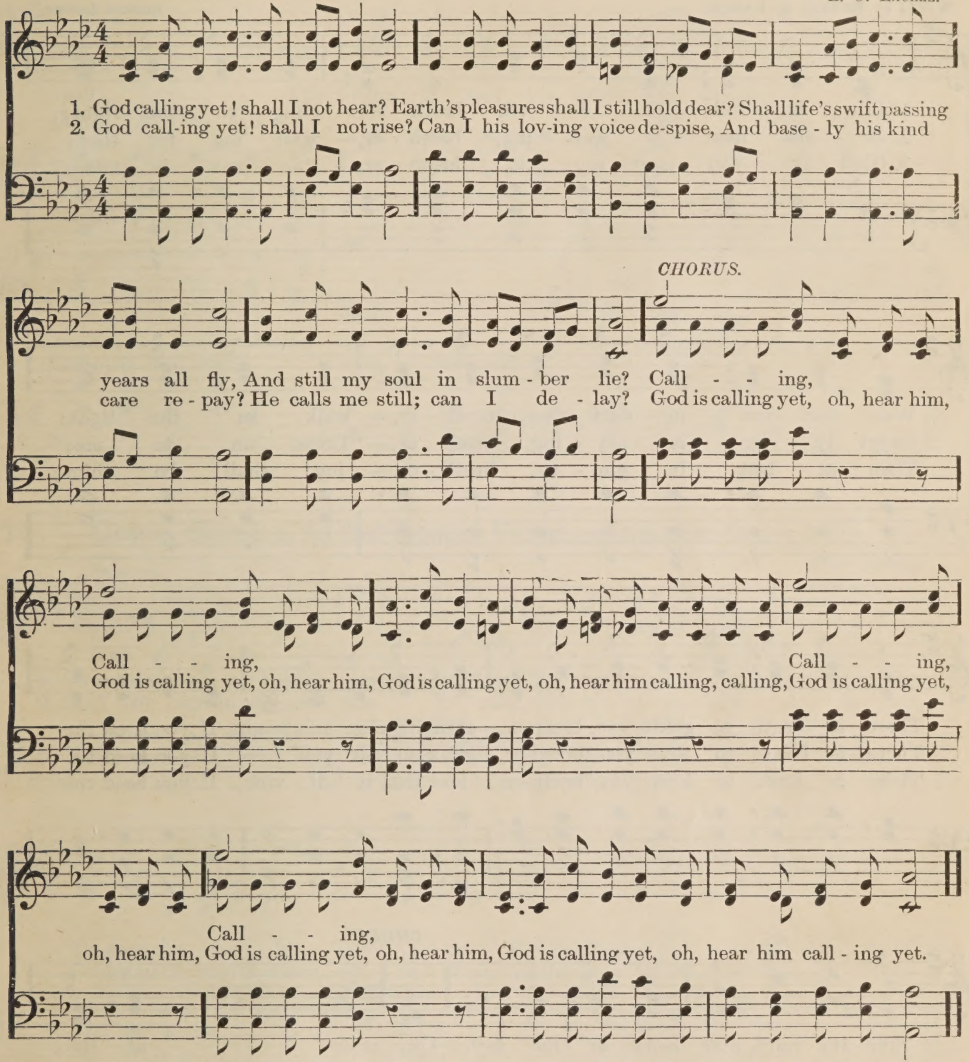
4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry!

—*C. Wesley*

73 God Calling Yet! Shall I Not Hear?

E. O. Excell.


1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his lov-ing voice de-spise, And base - ly his kind
CHORUS.
years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie? Call - - ing,
care re - pay? He calls me still; can I de - lay? God is calling yet, oh, hear him,
Call - - ing, Call - - ing,
God is calling yet, oh, hear him, God is calling yet, oh, hear him calling, calling, God is calling yet,
Call - - ing,
oh, hear him, God is calling yet, oh, hear him, God is calling yet, oh, hear him call - ing yet.

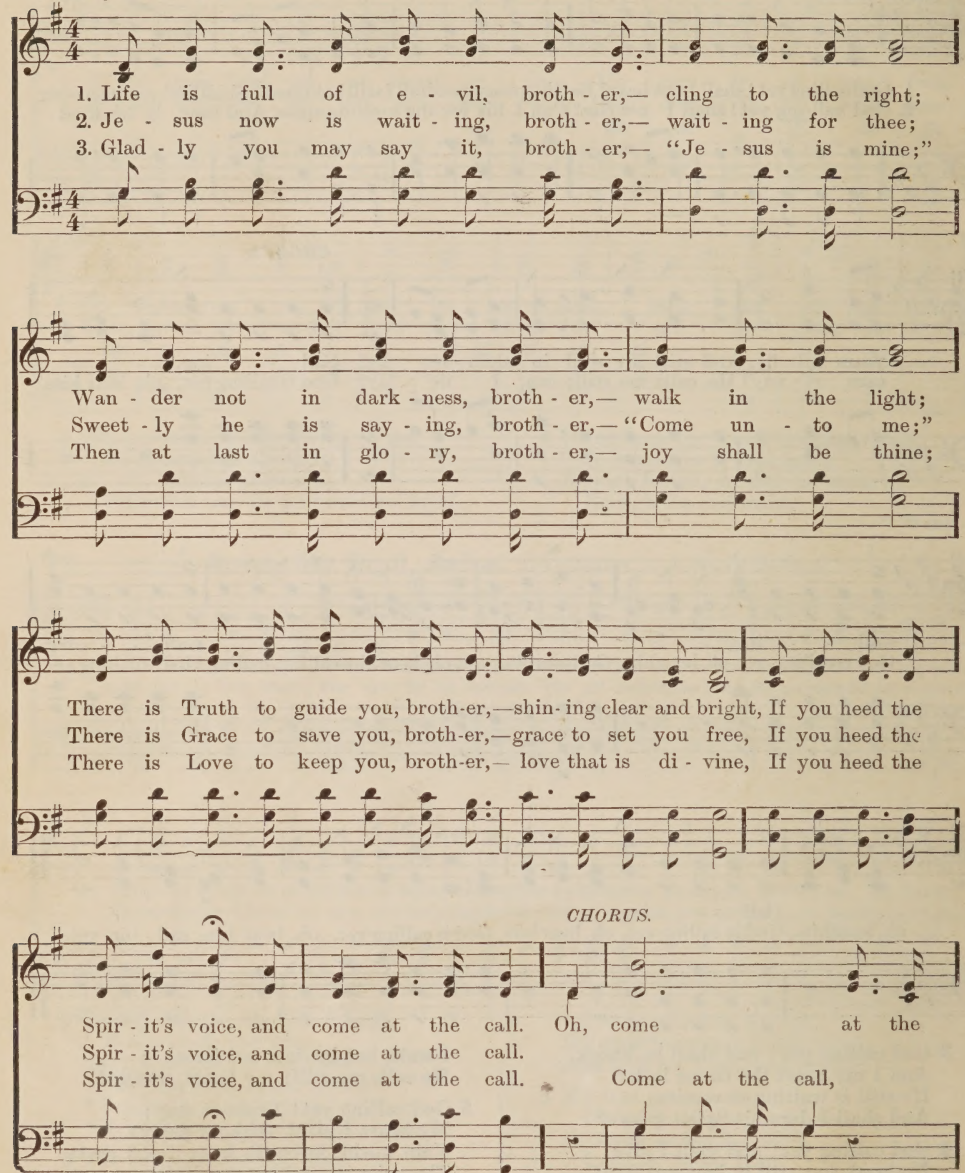
3 God calling yet! and shall he knock,
And I my heart the closer lock?
He still is waiting to receive,
And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4 God calling yet! and shall I give
No heed, but still in bondage live?
I wait, but he does not forsake;
He calls me still; my heart, awake!

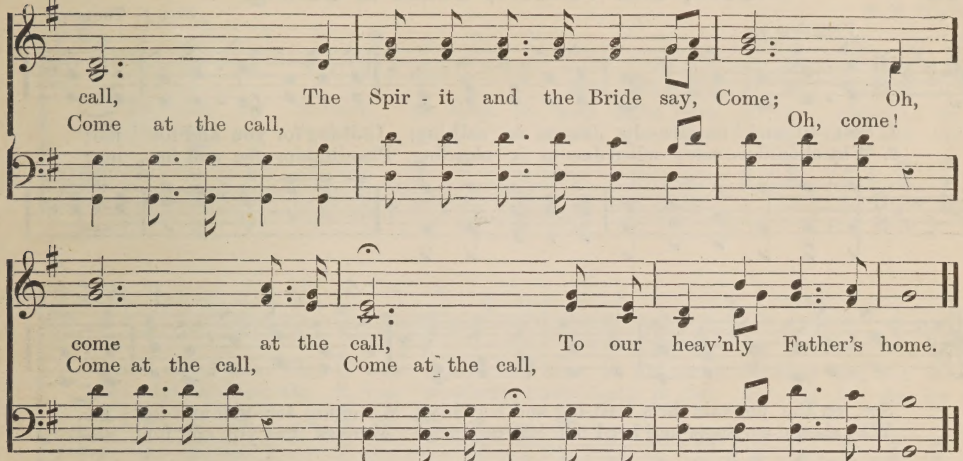
5 God calling yet! I cannot stay;
My heart I yield, without delay:
Vain world, farewell, from thee I part;
The voice of God has reached my heart.

—*G. Tersteegen.*

74 Life is Full of Evil, Brother.

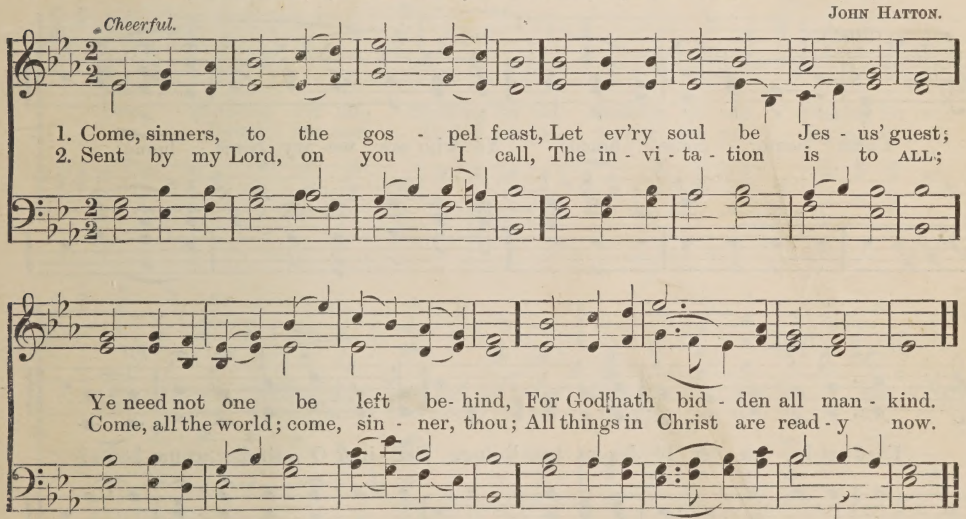
Words by EDWARD A. BARNES. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Life is full of e - vil, broth - er,— cling to the right;
2. Je - sus now is wait - ing, broth - er,— wait - ing for thee;
3. Glad - ly you may say it, broth - er,— "Je - sus is mine;"
Wan - der not in dark - ness, broth - er,— walk in the light;
Sweet - ly he is say - ing, broth - er,— "Come un - to me;"
Then at last in glo - ry, broth - er,— joy shall be thine;
There is Truth to guide you, broth-er,—shin- ing clear and bright, If you heed the
There is Grace to save you, broth-er,—grace to set you free, If you heed the
There is Love to keep you, broth-er,— love that is di - vine, If you heed the
CHORUS.
Spir - it's voice, and come at the call. Oh, come at the
Spir - it's voice, and come at the call.
Spir - it's voice, and come at the call. Come at the call,

Life is Full of Evil, Brother—*Concluded.*


call, The Spir - it and the Bride say, Come; Oh,
Come at the call, Oh, come!
come at the call, To our heav'nly Father's home.
Come at the call, Come at the call,

75 Come, Sinners, to the Gospel Feast.—(DUKE STREET.—L.M.)

JOHN HATTON.


Cheerful.
1. Come, sinners, to the gos - pel feast, Let ev'ry soul be Jes - us' guest;
2. Sent by my Lord, on you I call, The in - vi - ta - tion is to ALL;
Ye need not one be left be- hind, For God hath bid - den all man - kind.
Come, all the world; come, sin - ner, thou; All things in Christ are read - y now.

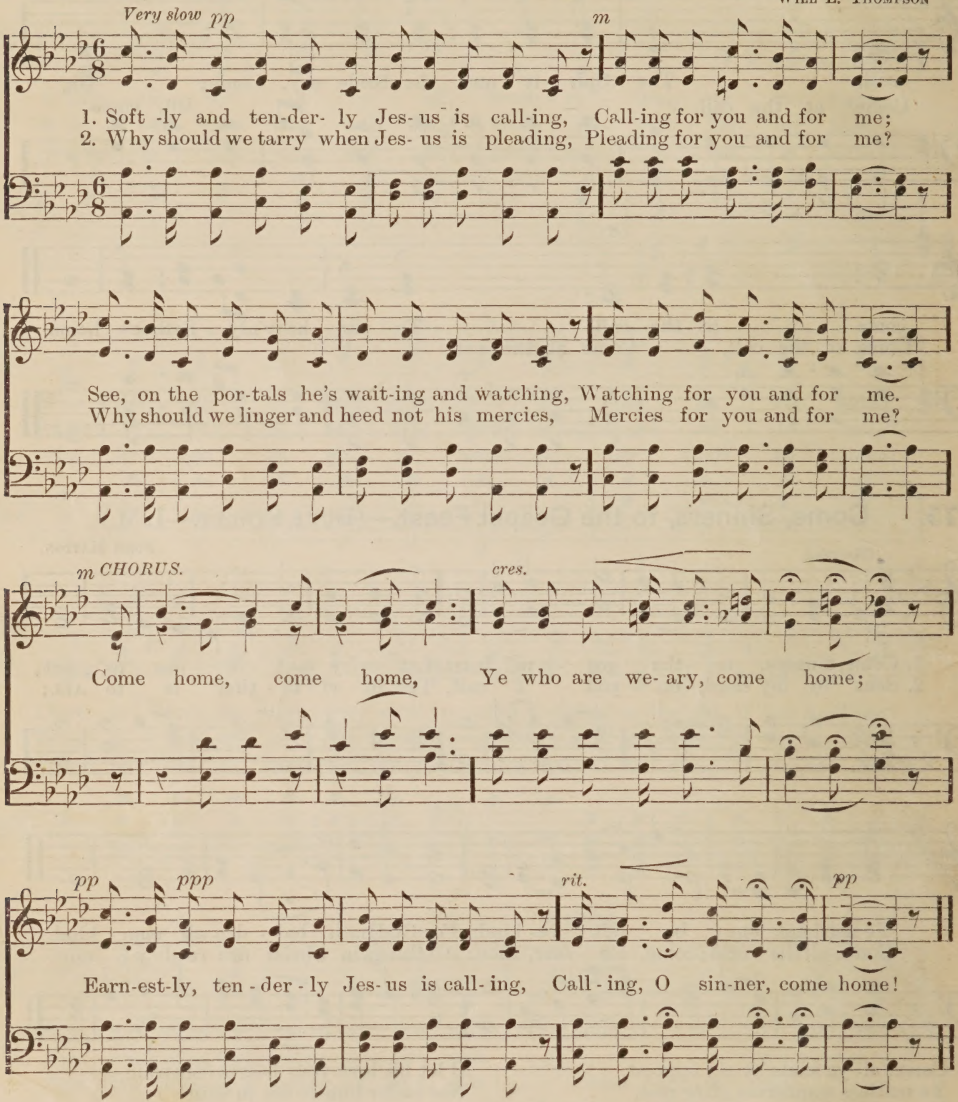
3 Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

4 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ, and live;
O let his love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain!

5 This is the time, no more delay;
This is the acceptable day;
Come in this moment, at his call,
And live for him who died for all.

—*C. Wesley.*

76 Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

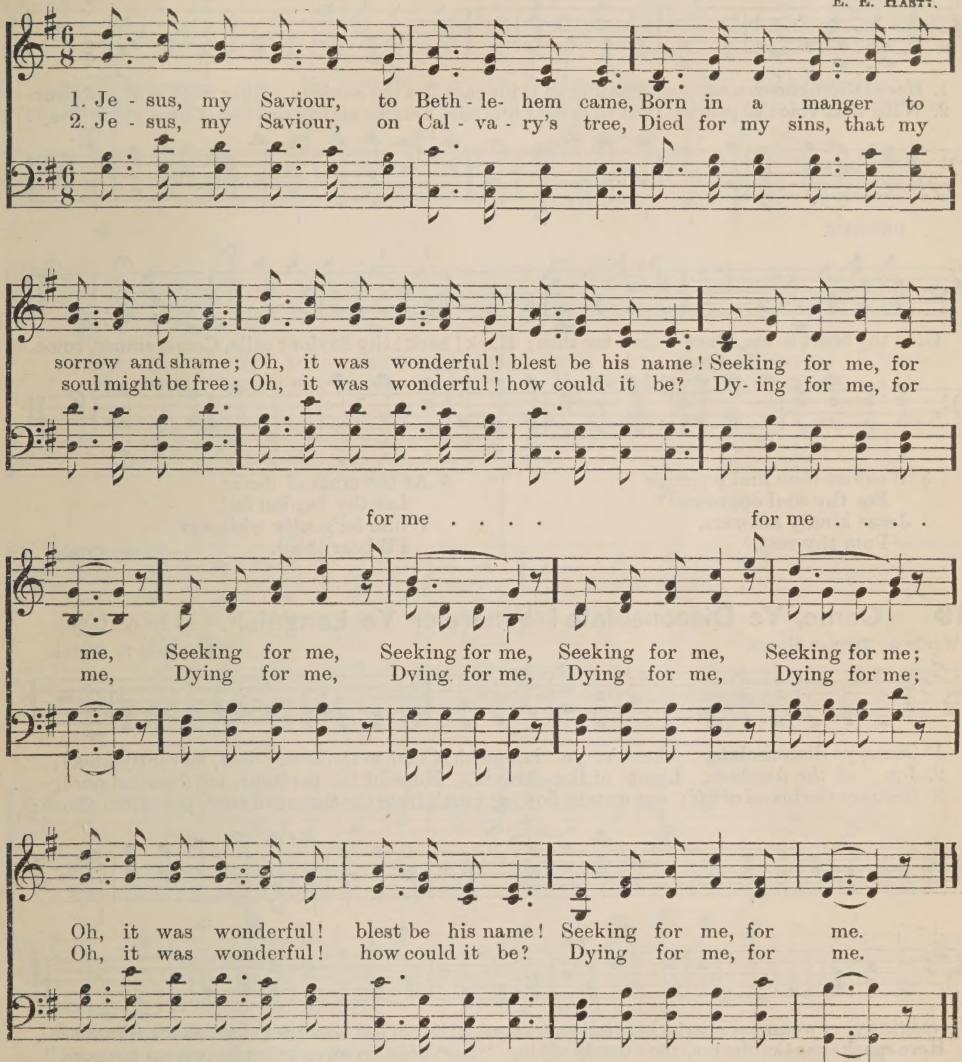
WILL L. THOMPSON

Very slow pp
m
1. Soft -ly and ten-der- ly Jes- us is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jes- us is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
See, on the por-tals he's wait-ing and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
m CHORUS.
cres.
Come home, come home, Ye who are we- ary, come home;
pp
ppp
rit.
pp
Earn-est-ly, ten - der - ly Jes- us is call- ing, Call - ing, O sin-ner, come home!

3 Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing,
Passing from you and from me;
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming,
Coming for you and for me.

4 Oh! for the wonderful love he has promised,
Promised for you and for me;
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon,
Pardon for you and for me.

—*Will L. Thompson.*

77 Jesus, My Saviour, to Bethlehem Came.

E. E. Hasty.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, to Beth - le- hem came, Born in a manger to
2. Je - sus, my Saviour, on Cal - va - ry's tree, Died for my sins, that my
sorrow and shame; Oh, it was wonderful! blest be his name! Seeking for me, for
soul might be free; Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dy- ing for me, for
for me . . . . for me . . . .
me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me, Seeking for me;
me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me, Dying for me;
Oh, it was wonderful! blest be his name! Seeking for me, for me.
Oh, it was wonderful! how could it be? Dying for me, for me.

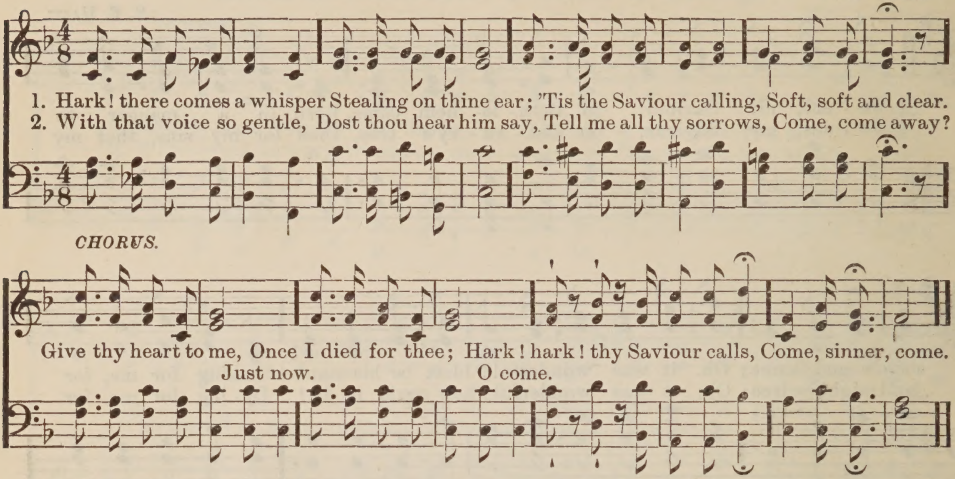
3 Jesus, my Saviour, the same as of old,
While I did wander afar from the fold,
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
‖: Calling for me, for me, :‖
Gently and long he hath plead with my soul,
Calling for me, for me.

4 Jesus, my Saviour, shall come from on high,
Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
‖: Coming for me, for me, :‖
Oh, I shall see him descending the sky,
Coming for me, for me.

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

78 Hark! There Comes a Whisper.

W. H. DOANE.


1. Hark! there comes a whisper Stealing on thine ear; 'Tis the Saviour calling, Soft, soft and clear.
2. With that voice so gentle, Dost thou hear him say, Tell me all thy sorrows, Come, come away?
CHORUS.
Give thy heart to me, Once I died for thee; Hark! hark! thy Saviour calls, Come, sinner, come.
Just now.
O come.

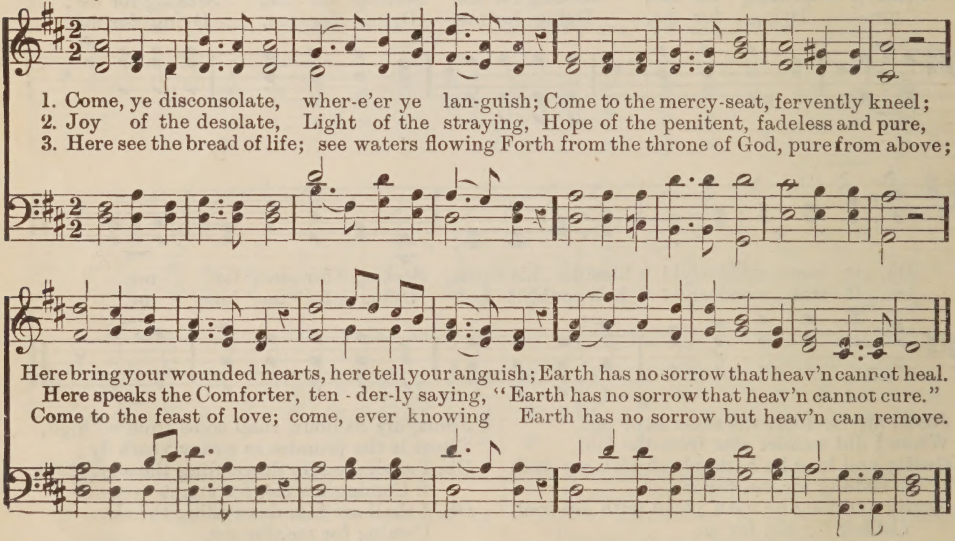
3 Wouldst thou find a refuge
For thy soul oppressed?
Jesus kindly answers,
I am thy rest.

4 At the cross of Jesus
Let thy burden fall,
While he gently whispers,
I'll bear it all.

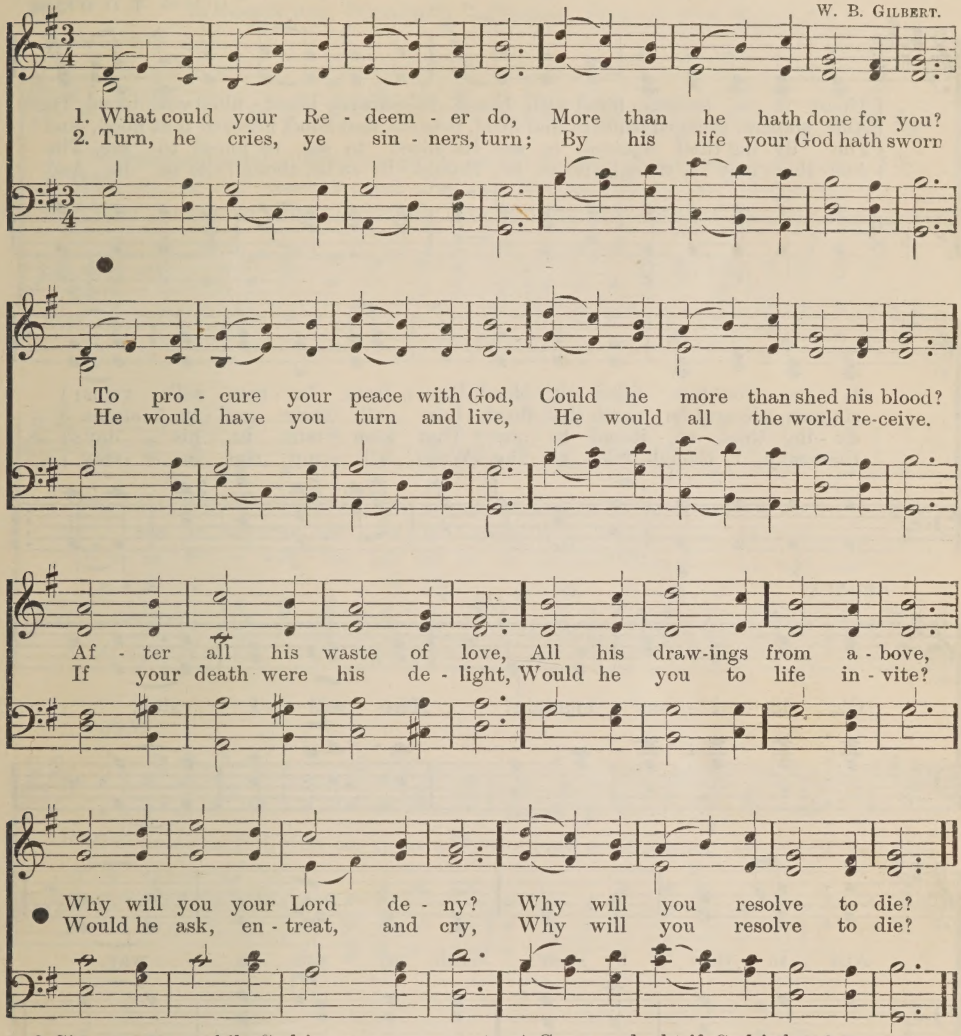
—*Fanny Crosby.*

79 Come, Ye Disconsolate! Where'er Ye Languish. (11s & 10s.)

Words by THOMAS MOORE. Arr. from S. WEBBE.


1. Come, ye disconsolate, wher-e'er ye lan-guish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
2. Joy of the desolate, Light of the straying, Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
3. Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish; Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.
Here speaks the Comforter, ten - der-ly saying, "Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot cure."
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing Earth has no sorrow but heav'n can remove.

80 What Could Your Redeemer Do? (MAIDSTONE.—7S.)

W. B. GILBERT.

1. What could your Re - deem - er do, More than he hath done for you?
2. Turn, he cries, ye sin - ners, turn; By his life your God hath sworn
To pro - cure your peace with God, Could he more than shed his blood?
He would have you turn and live, He would all the world re-ceive.
Af - ter all his waste of love, All his draw-ings from a - bove,
If your death were his de - light, Would he you to life in - vite?
Why will you your Lord de - ny? Why will you resolve to die?
Would he ask, en - treat, and cry, Why will you resolve to die?

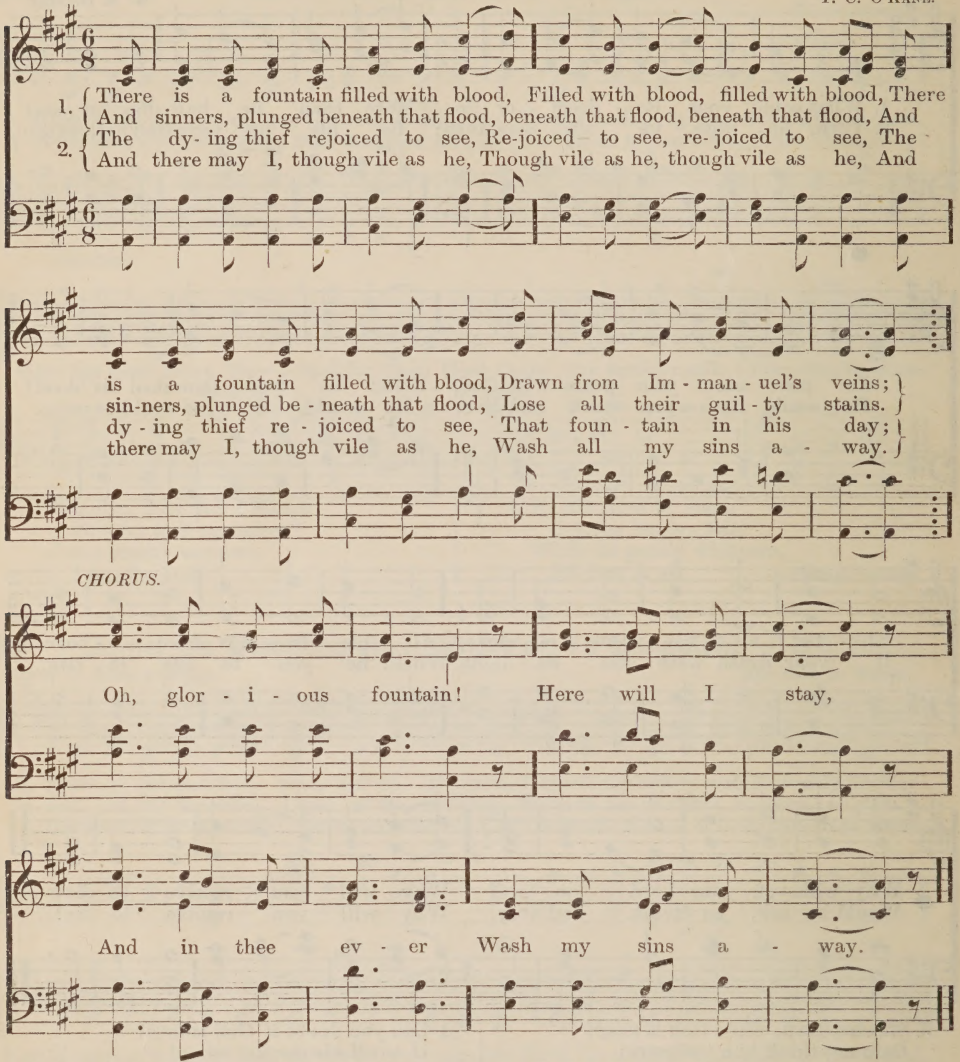
3 Sinners, turn, while God is near;
Dare not think him insincere:
Now, even now, your Saviour stands;
All day long he spreads his hands;
Cries, "Ye will not happy be!
No, ye will not come to me!
Me, who life to none deny:
Why will you resolve to die?"

4 Can you doubt if God is love?
If to all his mercies move?
Will you not his *word* receive?
Will you not his OATH believe?
See! the suffering God appears!
Jesus weeps; believe his tears!
Mingled with his blood, they cry,
"Why will you resolve to die?"

—*C. Wesley.*

81 There is a Fountain Filled With Blood.

T. C. O'KANE.


1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Filled with blood, filled with blood, There
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
2. The dy- ing thief rejoiced to see, Re-joiced to see, re- joiced to see, The
And there may I, though vile as he, Though vile as he, though vile as he, And
is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins;
sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guil - ty stains.
dy - ing thief re - joiced to see, That foun - tain in his day;
there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
CHORUS.
Oh, glor - i - ous fountain! Here will I stay,
And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

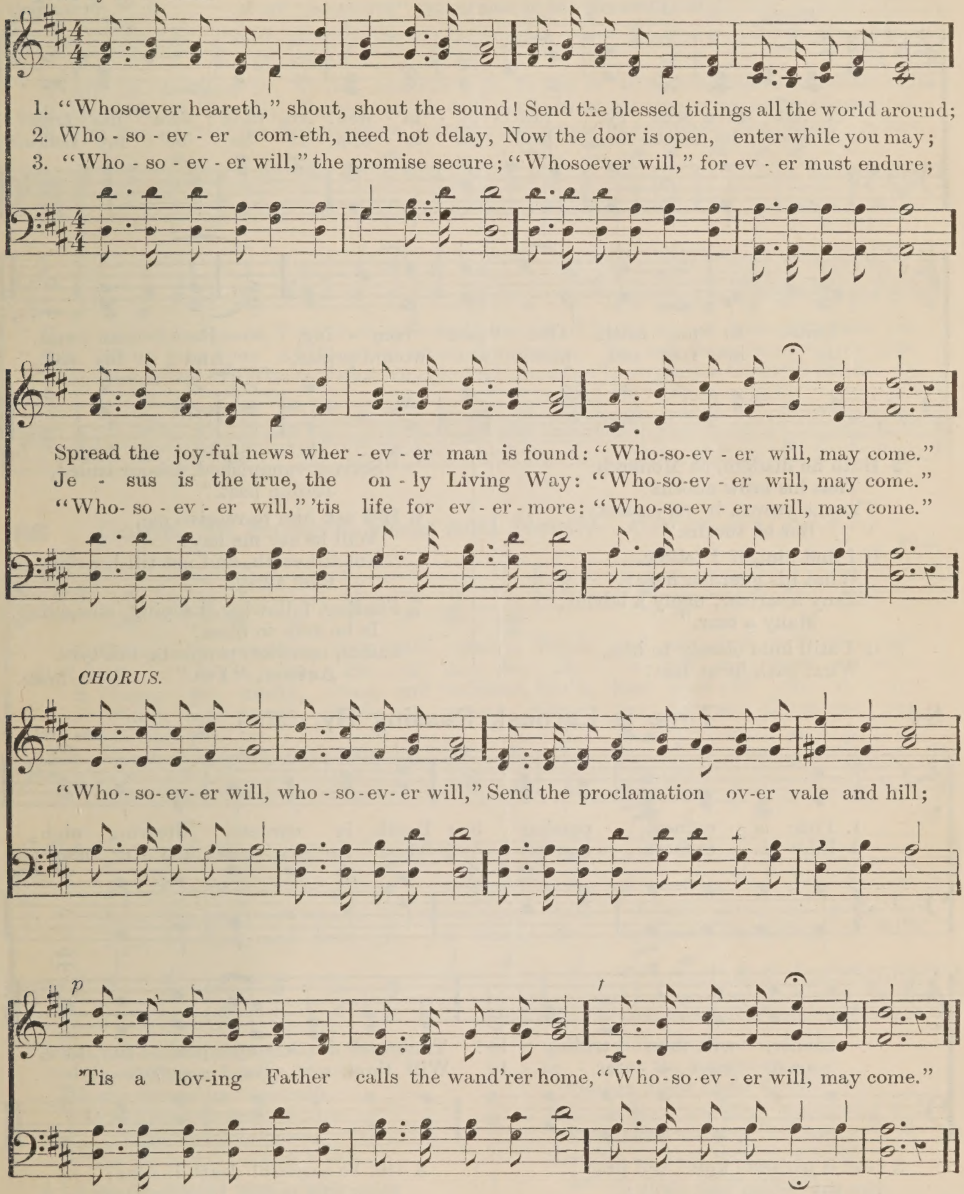
3 O dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save;
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

—*Cowper.*

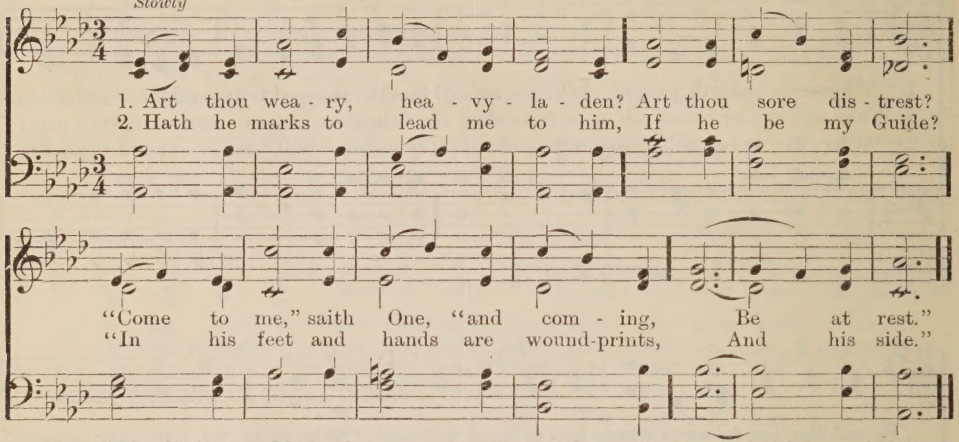
82 "Whosoever Heareth," Shout, Shout the Sound!

Words by P. P. Bliss.

1. "Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
2. Who - so - ev - er com-eth, need not delay, Now the door is open, enter while you may;
3. "Who - so - ev - er will," the promise secure; "Whosoever will," for ev - er must endure;
Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."
Je - sus is the true, the on - ly Living Way: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."
"Who- so - ev - er will," 'tis life for ev - er - more: "Who-so-ev - er will, may come."
CHORUS.
"Who - so- ev- er will, who - so - ev- er will," Send the proclamation ov-er vale and hill;
p
'Tis a lov-ing Father calls the wand'rer home, "Who - so-ev - er will, may come."

83 Art Thou Weary, Heavy-Laden? (8,5,8,3.)

This hymn may also be sung to tune "STEPHANOS," No. 56. E. W. BULLINGER.

Slowly


1. Art thou wea - ry, hea - vy - la - den? Art thou sore dis - trest?
2. Hath he marks to lead me to him, If he be my Guide?
"Come to me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest."
"In his feet and hands are wound-prints, And his side."

3 Hath he diadem, as Monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

4 If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

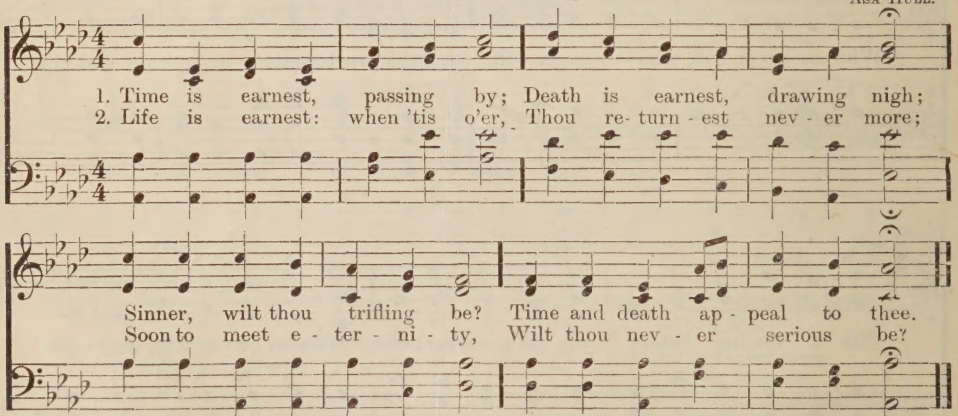
5 If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

6 If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth, and not till heaven
Pass away."

7 Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, "Yes." —*Dr. Neale.*

84 Time is Earnest, Passing By. (7s.)

ASA HULL.


1. Time is earnest, passing by; Death is earnest, drawing nigh;
2. Life is earnest: when 'tis o'er, Thou re- turn - est nev - er more;
Sinner, wilt thou trifling be? Time and death ap - peal to thee.
Soon to meet e - ter - ni - ty, Wilt thou nev - er serious be?

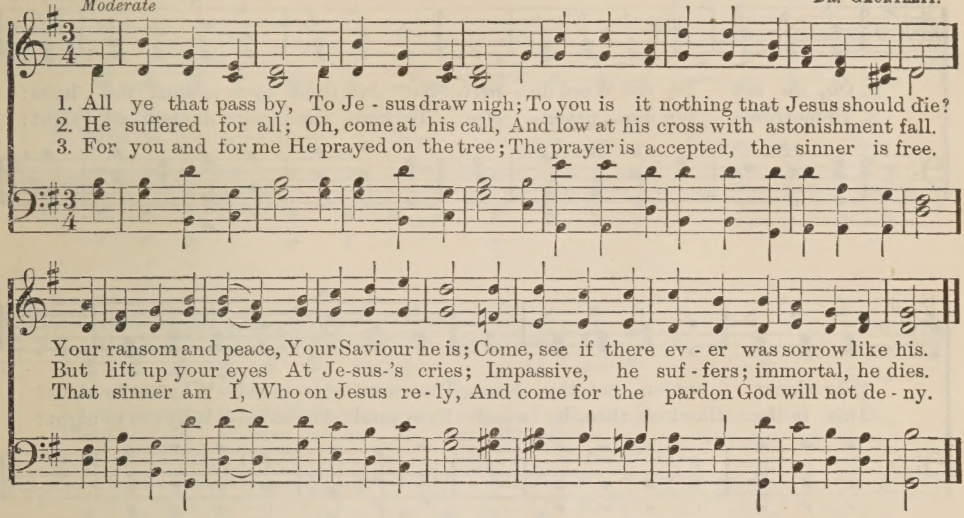
3 God is earnest: kneel and pray
Ere thy season pass away;
Ere he set his judgment throne—
Vengeance ready, mercy gone.

4 Oh, be earnest! death is near;
Thou wilt perish, lingering here:
Sleep no longer, rise and flee;
Lo, thy Saviour waits for thee!
—*Mrs. Knapp.*

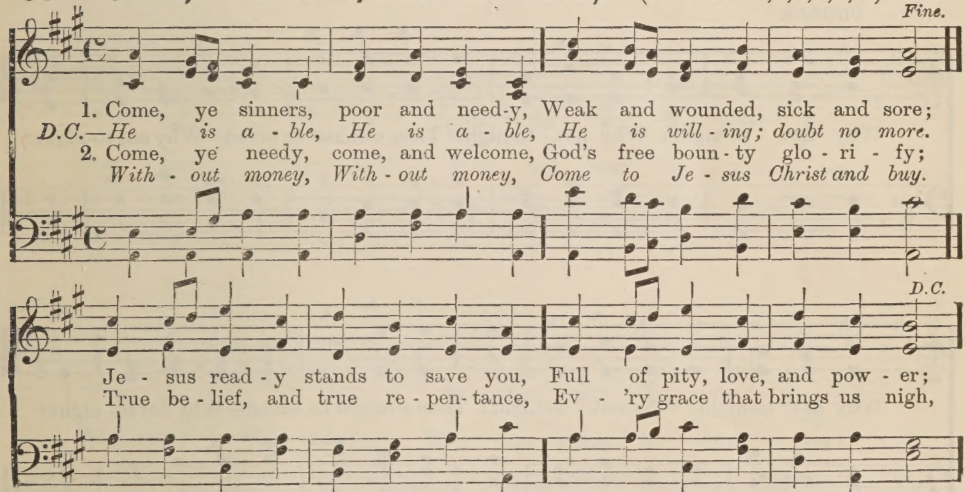
85 All Ye That Pass By. (HOUGHTON.—5,5,11,5,5,11.)

Words by C. WESLEY. *Moderate*

DR. GAUNTLETT.


1. All ye that pass by, To Je - sus draw nigh; To you is it nothing that Jesus should die?
2. He suffered for all; Oh, come at his call, And low at his cross with astonishment fall.
3. For you and for me He prayed on the tree; The prayer is accepted, the sinner is free.
Your ransom and peace, Your Saviour he is; Come, see if there ev - er was sorrow like his.
But lift up your eyes At Je-sus-'s cries; Impassive, he suf - fers; immortal, he dies.
That sinner am I, Who on Jesus re - ly, And come for the pardon God will not de - ny.

86 Come, Ye Sinners, Poor and Needy. (GUIDE.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

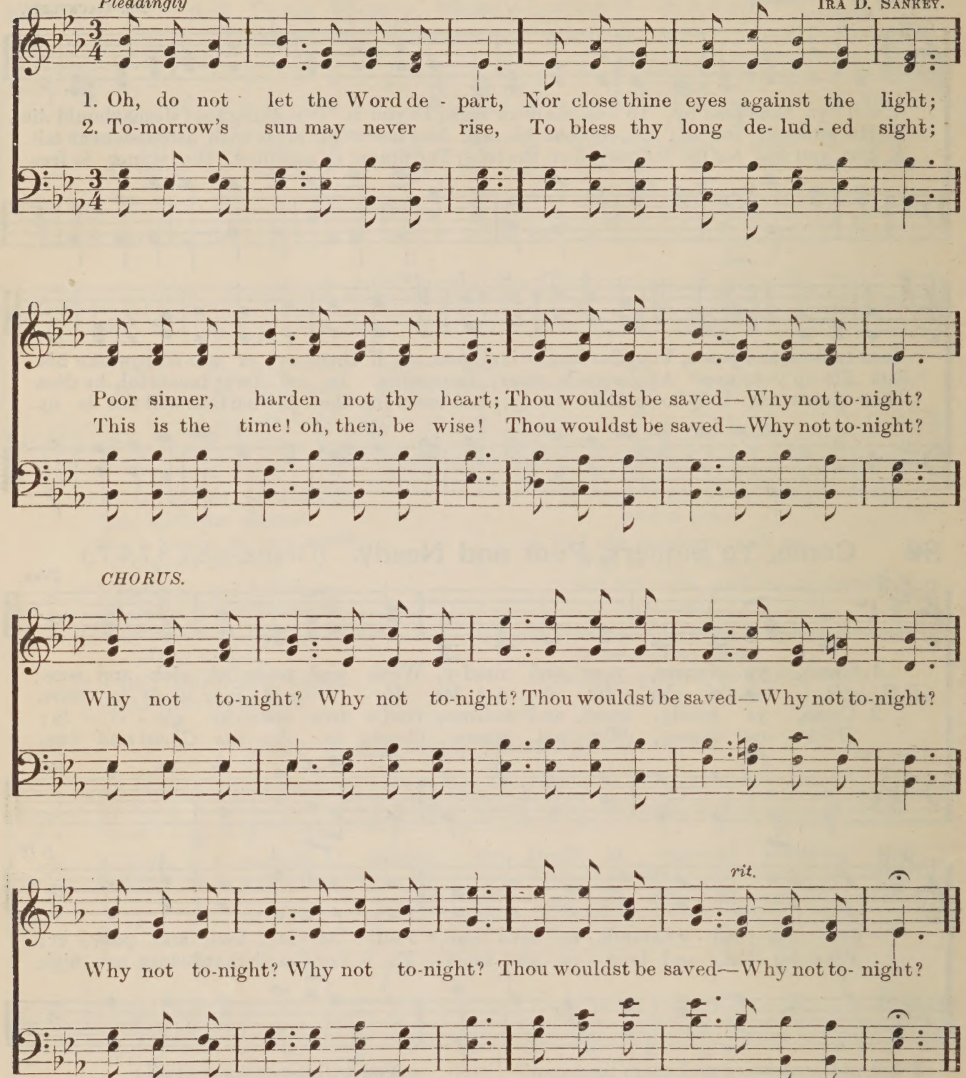

Fine.
1. Come, ye sinners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
D.C.—He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing; doubt no more.
2. Come, ye needy, come, and welcome, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
With - out money, With - out money, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
D.C.
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pity, love, and pow - er;
True be - lief, and true re - pen - tance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings us nigh,

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,
Sinners Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good. —*J. Hart.*

87 Oh, Do Not Let The Word Depart. (L.M.)

Pleadingly IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh, do not let the Word de - part, Nor close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may never rise, To bless thy long de- lud - ed sight;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
This is the time! oh, then, be wise! Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
CHORUS.
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
rit.
Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to- night?

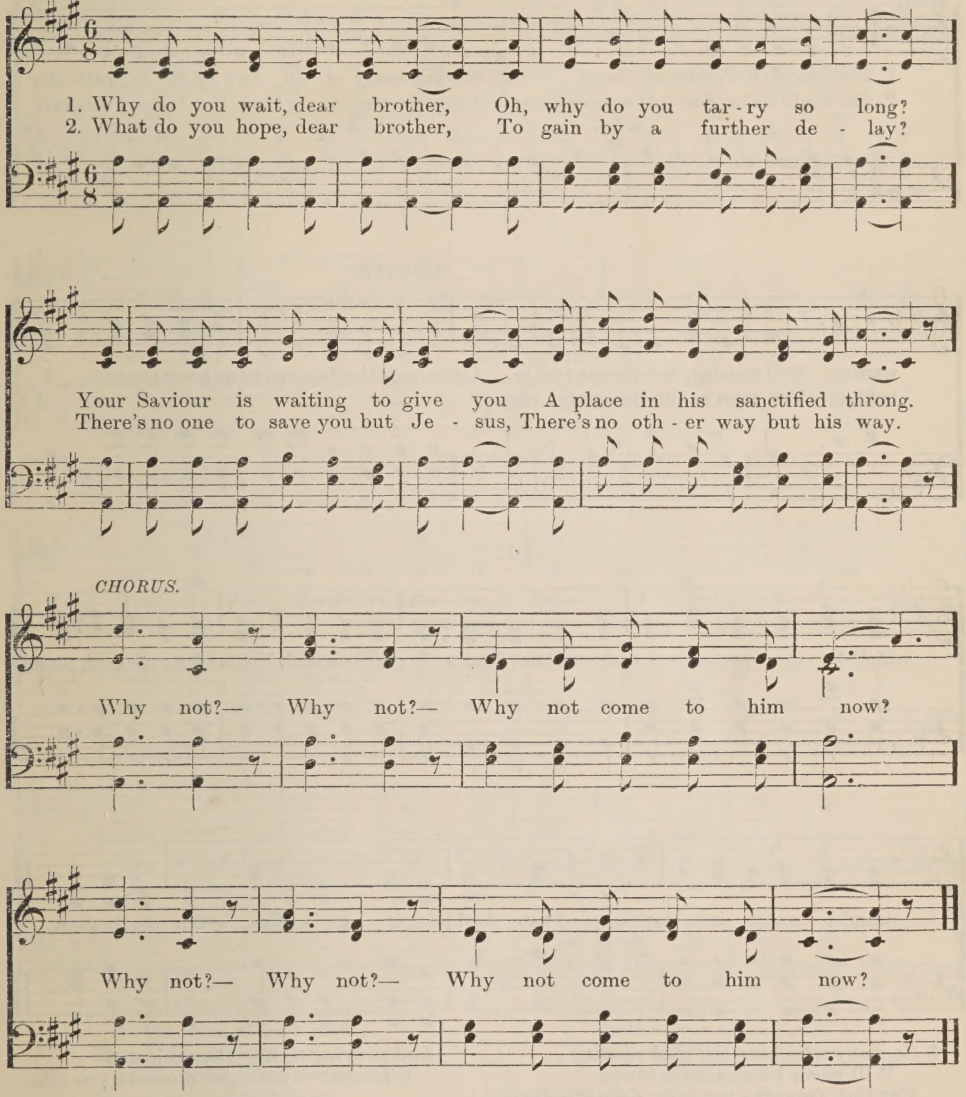
3 The world has nothing left to give—
It has no new, no pure delight:
Oh, try the life which Christians live!
Thou wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?

4 Our blessèd Lord refuses none
Who would to him their souls unite;
Then be the work of grace begun!
Thou wouldst be saved—*Why not to-night?*

—*Mrs. E. Reed.*

88 Why Do You Wait, Dear Brother?

G. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de - lay?
Your Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanctified throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but his way.
CHORUS.
Why not?— Why not?— Why not come to him now?
Why not?— Why not?— Why not come to him now?

3 Do you not feel, dear brother,
His Spirit now striving within?
Oh, why not accept his salvation,
And throw off thy burden of sin?

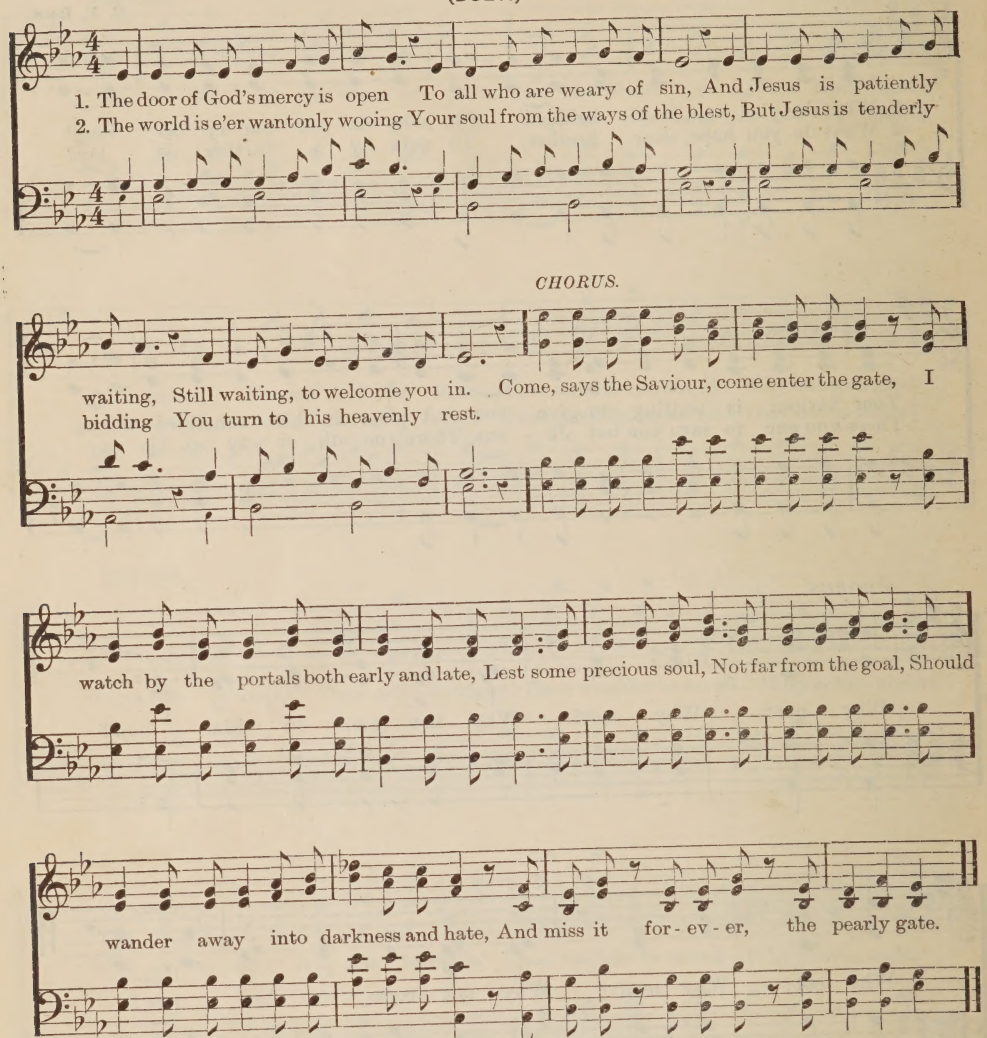
4 Why do you wait, dear brother?
The harvest is passing away,
Your Saviour is longing to bless you,
There's danger and death in delay.

—*G. F. Root.*

89 The Door of God's Mercy is Open.

(DUET.)

E. B. SMITH.


1. The door of God's mercy is open To all who are weary of sin, And Jesus is patiently
2. The world is e'er wantonly wooing Your soul from the ways of the blest, But Jesus is tenderly
CHORUS.
waiting, Still waiting, to welcome you in. Come, says the Saviour, come enter the gate, I
bidding You turn to his heavenly rest.
watch by the portals both early and late, Lest some precious soul, Not far from the goal, Should
wander away into darkness and hate, And miss it for-ev-er, the pearly gate.

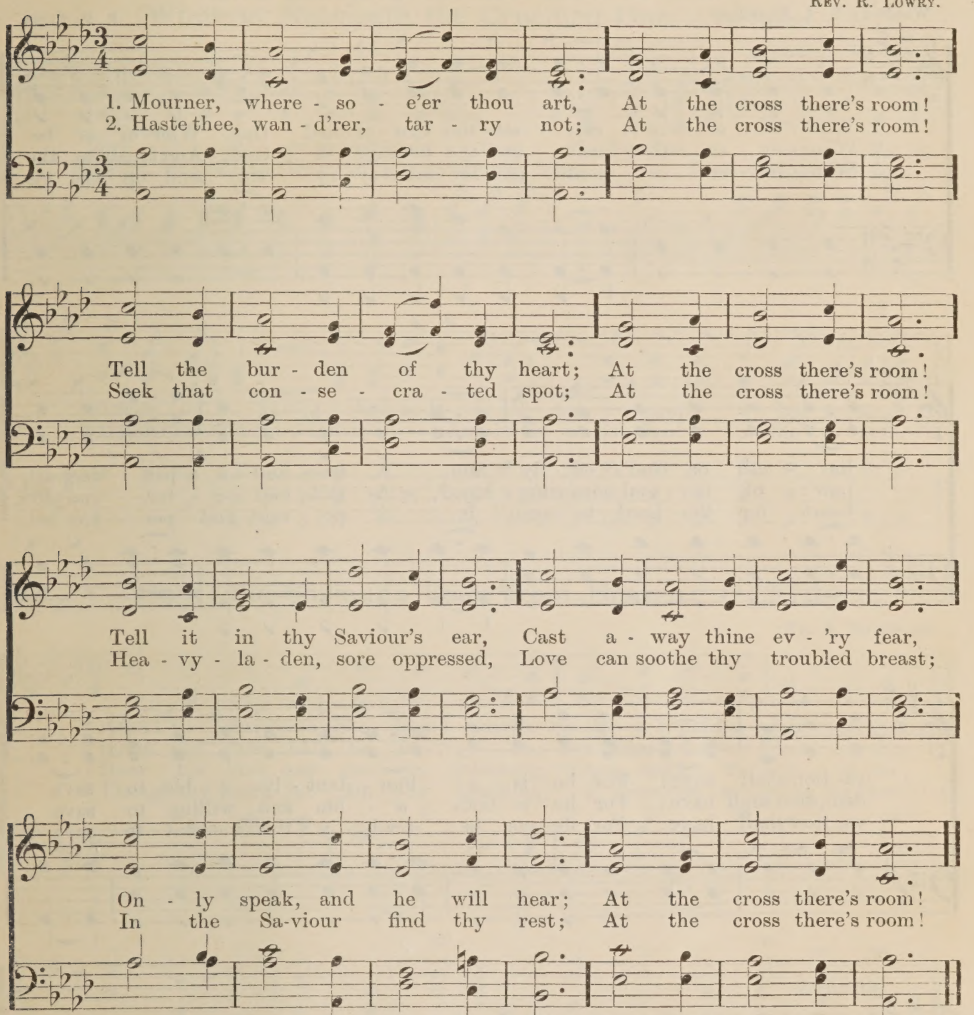
3 So many who hear the glad message,
Will never its mandates obey,
But turn from the precious, dear pleadings,
And wilfully wander away.

4 Sad hearts there will surely be moaning
Outside of the gateway of life,
And praying to him they rejected
When earth with gay pleasure was rife.

5 The door of God's mercy is open,
Invitingly open to all
Who list to the voice of the Master,
And hearing shall heed his sweet call.

—*Ellen Oliver.*

90 Mourner, Wheresoe'er Thou Art.

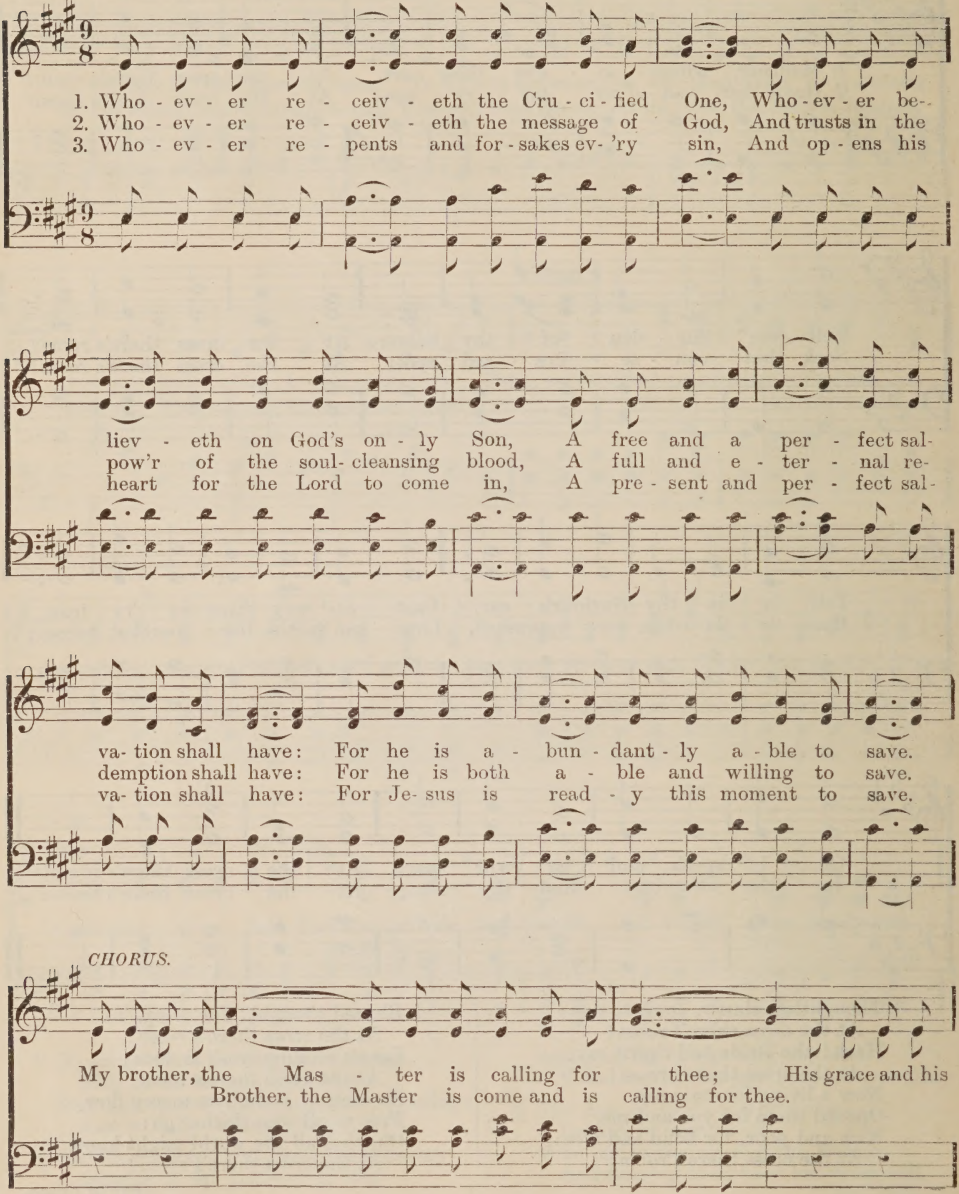
REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Mourner, where - so - e'er thou art, At the cross there's room!
2. Haste thee, wan - d'rer, tar - ry not; At the cross there's room!
Tell the bur - den of thy heart; At the cross there's room!
Seek that con - se - cra - ted spot; At the cross there's room!
Tell it in thy Saviour's ear, Cast a - way thine ev - 'ry fear,
Hea - vy - la - den, sore oppressed, Love can soothe thy troubled breast;
On - ly speak, and he will hear; At the cross there's room!
In the Sa-viour find thy rest; At the cross there's room!

3 Thoughtless sinner, come to-day;
At the cross there's room!
Hark! the Bride and Spirit say,
At the cross there's room!
Now a living fountain see,
Opened there for you and me,
Rich and poor, for bond and free:
At the cross there's room!

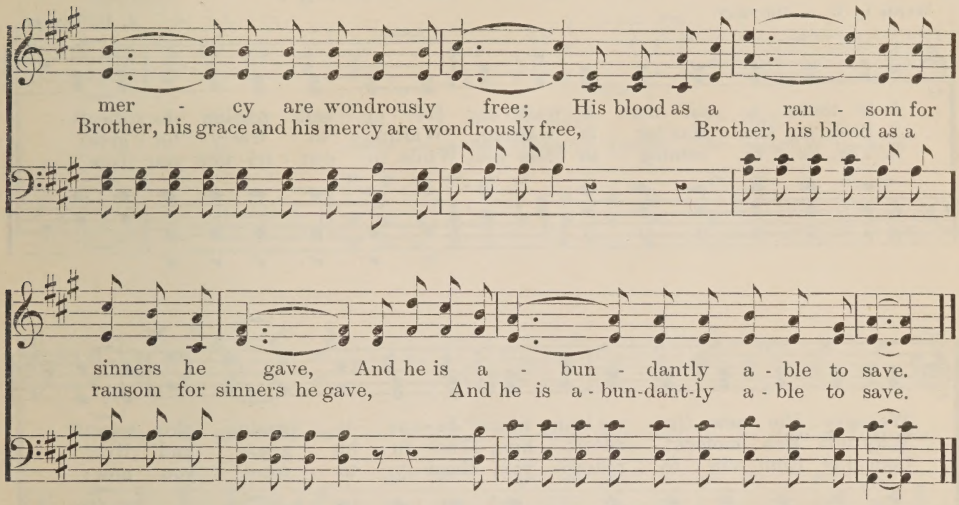
4 Blessèd thought! for every one
At the cross there's room!
Love's atoning work is done;
At the cross there's room!
Streams of boundless mercy flow,
Free to all who thither go:
Oh, that all the world might know
At the cross there's room!

—*Fanny Crosby.*

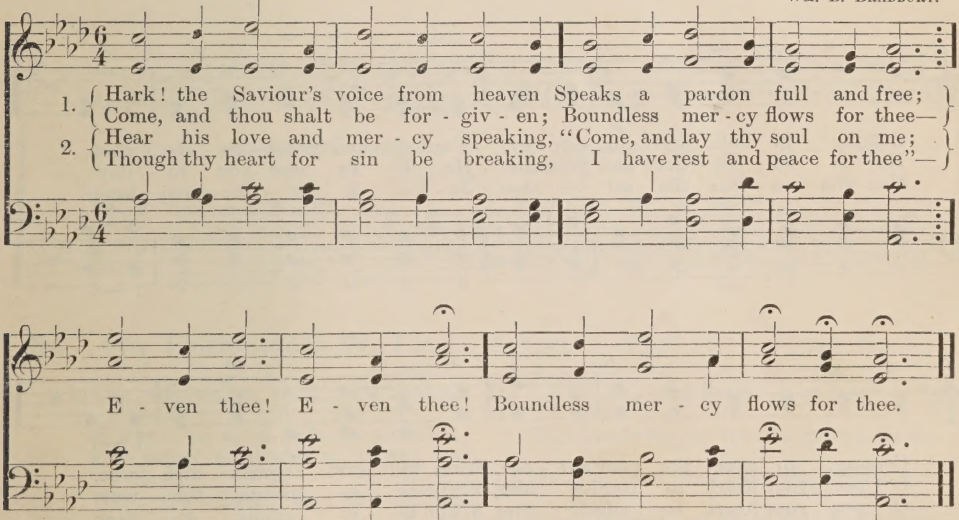
91 Whoever Receiveth the Crucified One.

Words by E. A. HOFFMAN. P. P. BLISS.

1. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the Cru - ci - fied One, Who - ev - er be-
2. Who - ev - er re - ceiv - eth the message of God, And trusts in the
3. Who - ev - er re - pents and for - sakes ev- 'ry sin, And op - ens his
liev - eth on God's on - ly Son, A free and a per - fect sal-
pow'r of the soul- cleansing blood, A full and e - ter - nal re-
heart for the Lord to come in, A pre - sent and per - fect sal-
va- tion shall have: For he is a - bun - dant - ly a - ble to save.
demption shall have: For he is both a - ble and willing to save.
va- tion shall have: For Je- sus is read - y this moment to save.
CHORUS.
My brother, the Mas - ter is calling for thee; His grace and his
Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee.

Whoever Receiveth the Crucified One—*Concluded.*


mer - cy are wondrously free; His blood as a ran - som for
Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free, Brother, his blood as a
sinners he gave, And he is a - bun - dantly a - ble to save.
ransom for sinners he gave, And he is a - bun-dant-ly a - ble to save.

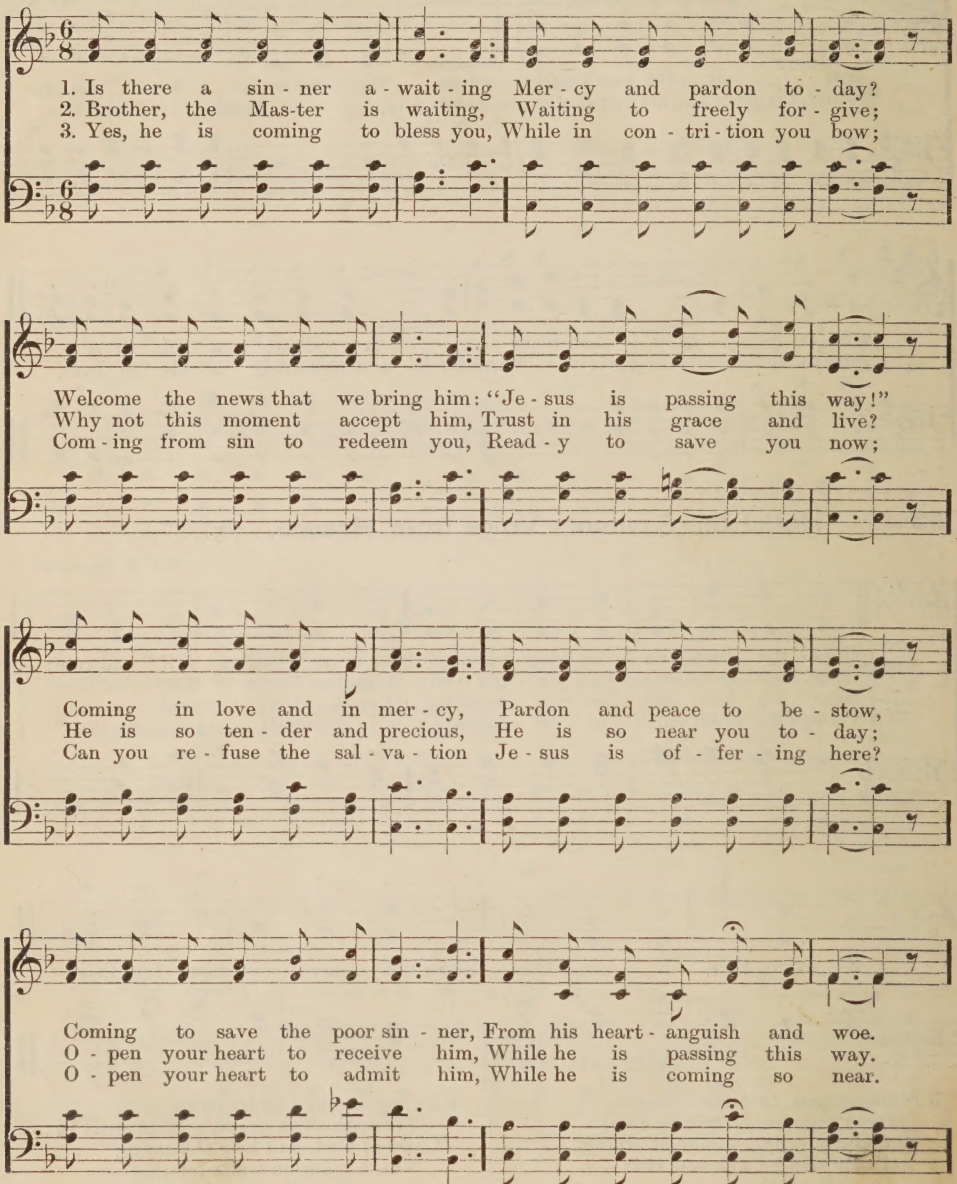
92 Hark! the Saviour's Voice from Heaven. (8,7,8,7,3.)

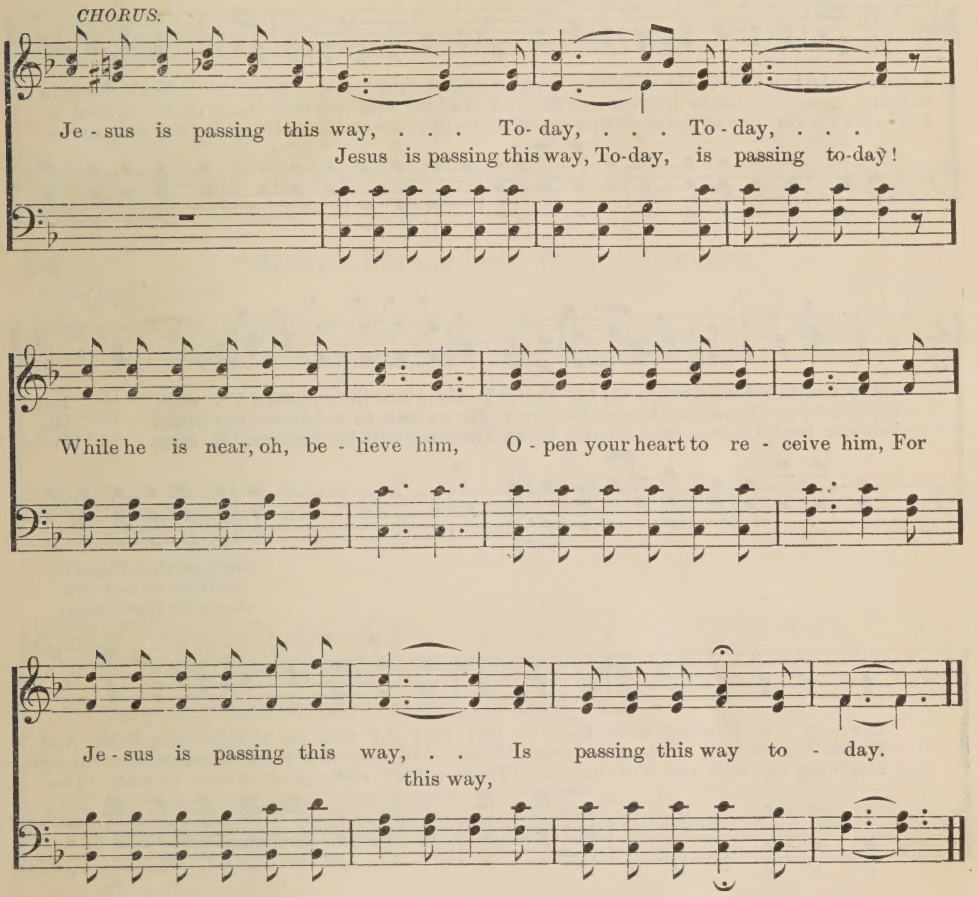
WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Hark! the Saviour's voice from heaven Speaks a pardon full and free;
Come, and thou shalt be for - giv - en; Boundless mer - cy flows for thee—
2. Hear his love and mer - cy speaking, "Come, and lay thy soul on me;
Though thy heart for sin be breaking, I have rest and peace for thee"—
E - ven thee! E - ven thee! Boundless mer - cy flows for thee.

3 Sinner, come, to Jesus flying,
From thy sin and woe be free;
Burdened, guilty, wounded, dying,
Gladly will he welcome thee—
Even thee!

4 Every sin shall be forgiven,
Thou, through grace, a child shalt be;
Child of God, and heir of heaven,
Yes, a mansion waits for thee—
Even thee!

93 Is There a Sinner Awaiting?

Words by E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and pardon to - day?
2. Brother, the Mas-ter is waiting, Waiting to freely for - give;
3. Yes, he is coming to bless you, While in con - tri - tion you bow;
Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is passing this way!"
Why not this moment accept him, Trust in his grace and live?
Com - ing from sin to redeem you, Read - y to save you now;
Coming in love and in mer - cy, Pardon and peace to be - stow,
He is so ten - der and precious, He is so near you to - day;
Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?
Coming to save the poor sin - ner, From his heart - anguish and woe.
O - pen your heart to receive him, While he is passing this way.
O - pen your heart to admit him, While he is coming so near.

Is There a Sinner Awaiting?—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.
Je - sus is passing this way, . . . To- day, . . . To - day, . . .
Jesus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!
While he is near, oh, be - lieve him, O - pen your heart to re - ceive him, For
Je - sus is passing this way, . . Is passing this way to - day.
this way,

94 Thy Faithfulness We Find. (HANOVER.—10,10,11,11.—TUNE No. 6.)

1 Thy faithfulness, Lord, each moment we find,
So true to thy word, so loving and kind;
Thy mercy so tender to all the lost race,
The vilest offender may turn and find grace.

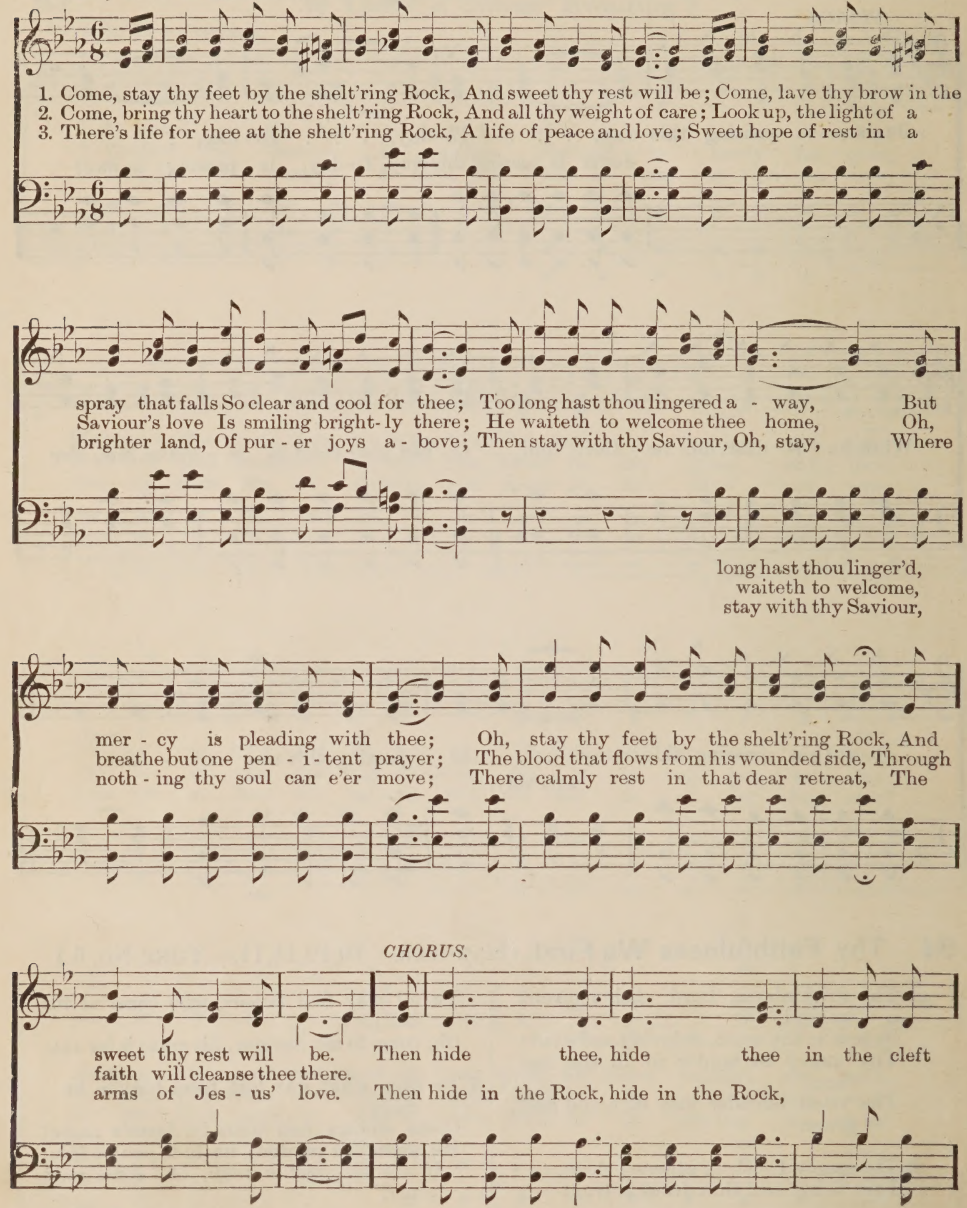
2 The mercy I feel, to others I show,
I set to my seal that Jesus is true:
Ye all may find favour, who come at his call;
Oh, come to my Saviour, his grace is for ALL.

3 To save what was lost, from heaven he came;
Come, sinners, and trust in Jesus's name!
He offers you pardon; he bids you be free:
"If sin be your burden, oh, come unto me!"

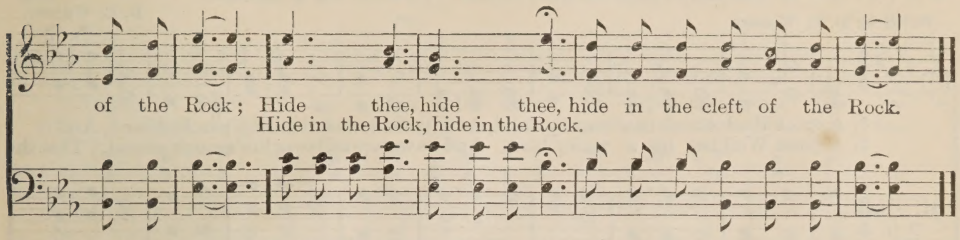
—*C. Wesley.*

95 Come, Stay Thy Feet by the Sheltering Rock.

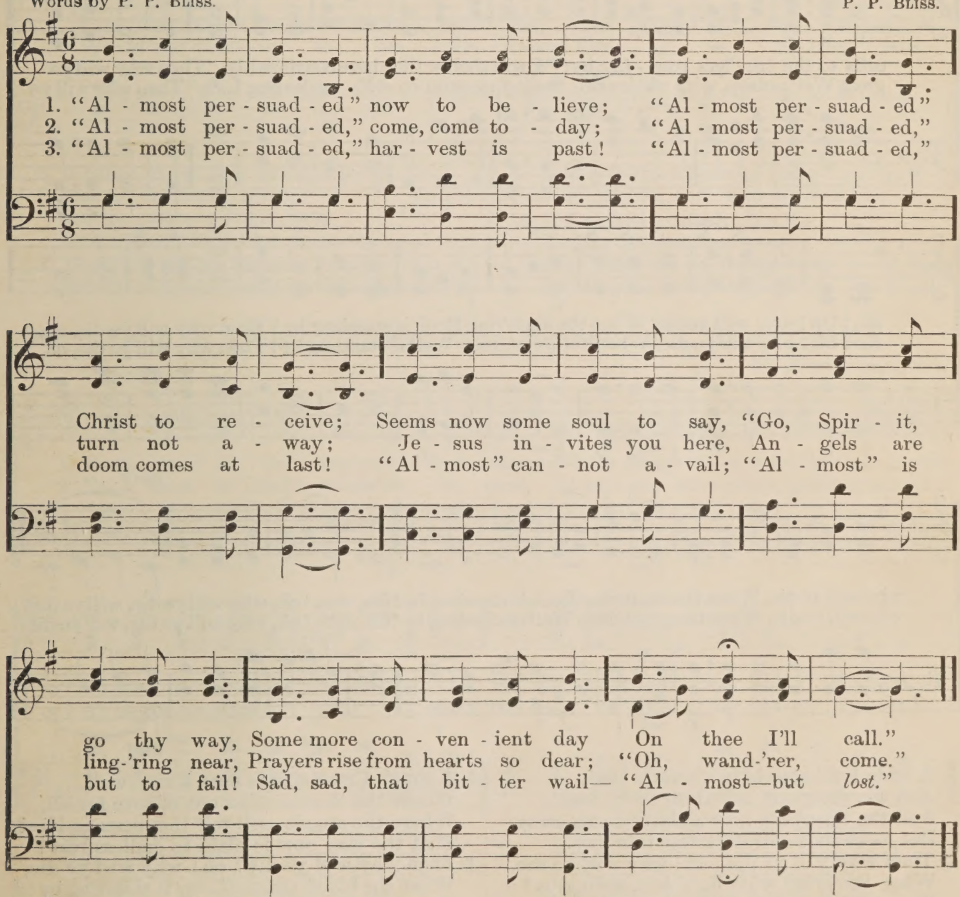
Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. Come, stay thy feet by the shelt'ring Rock, And sweet thy rest will be; Come, lave thy brow in the
2. Come, bring thy heart to the shelt'ring Rock, And all thy weight of care; Look up, the light of a
3. There's life for thee at the shelt'ring Rock, A life of peace and love; Sweet hope of rest in a
spray that falls So clear and cool for thee; Too long hast thou lingered a - way, But
Saviour's love Is smiling bright-ly there; He waiteth to welcome thee home, Oh,
brighter land, Of pur - er joys a - bove; Then stay with thy Saviour, Oh, stay, Where
long hast thou linger'd,
waiteth to welcome,
stay with thy Saviour,
mer - cy is pleading with thee; Oh, stay thy feet by the shelt'ring Rock, And
breathe but one pen - i - tent prayer; The blood that flows from his wounded side, Through
noth - ing thy soul can e'er move; There calmly rest in that dear retreat, The
CHORUS.
sweet thy rest will be. Then hide thee, hide thee in the cleft
faith will cleanse thee there.
arms of Jes - us' love. Then hide in the Rock, hide in the Rock,

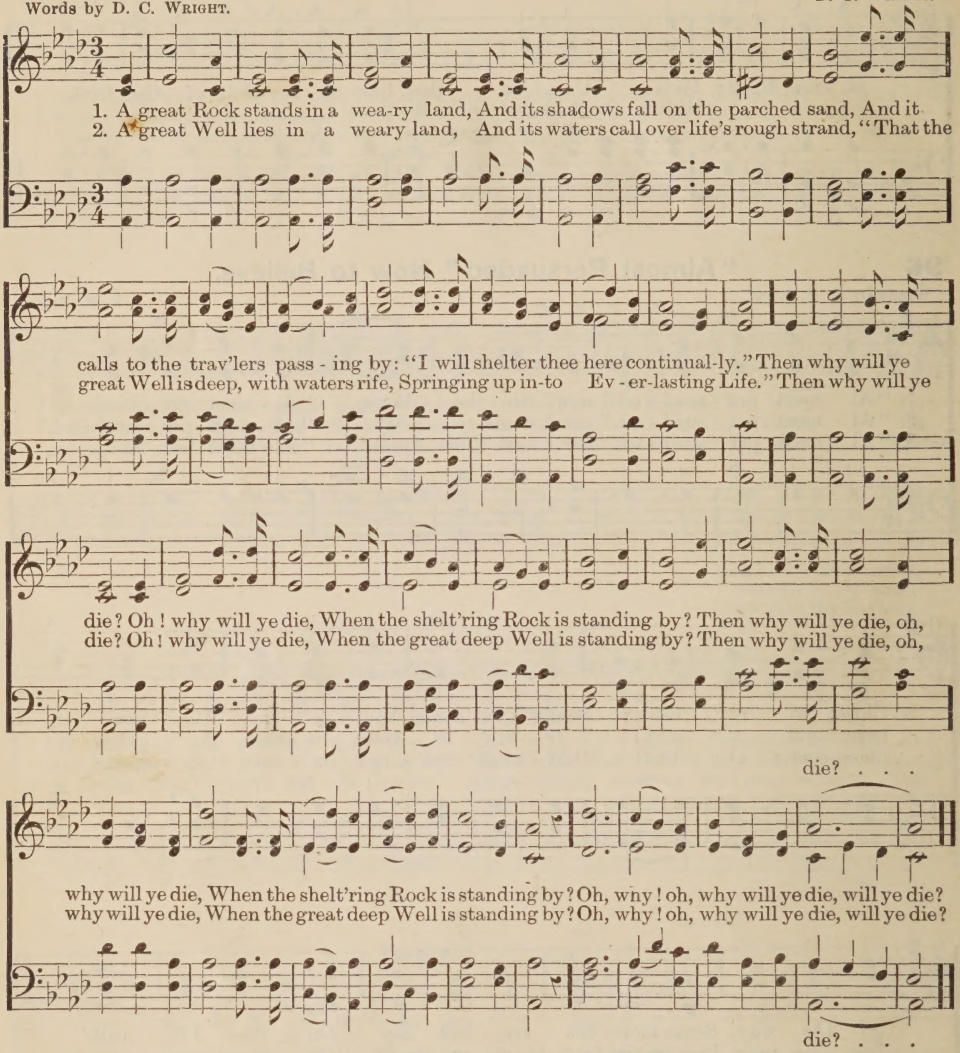
Come, Stay Thy Feet by the Sheltering Rock—*Concluded.*



96 "Almost Persuaded" Now to Believe.

Words by P. P. Bliss. P. P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"
Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is
go thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On thee I'll call."
ling-'ring near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear; "Oh, wand-'rer, come."
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—but *lost.*"

97 A Great Rock Stands in a Weary Land.

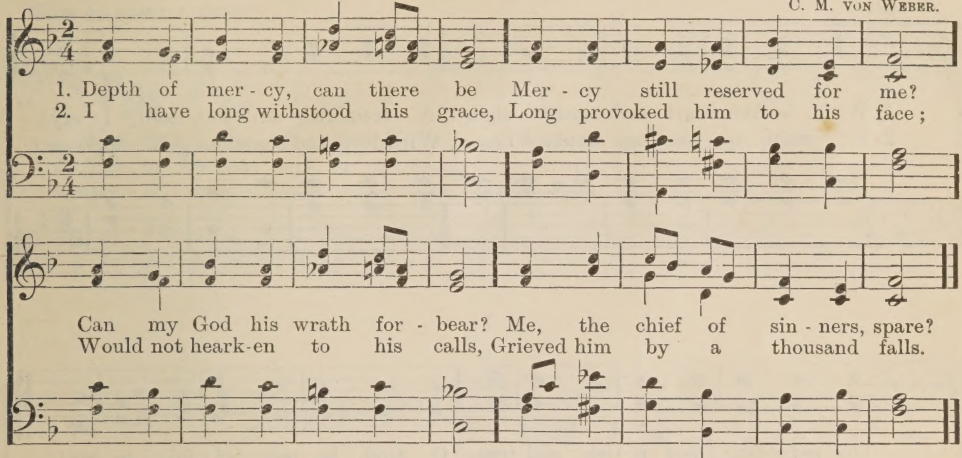
Words by D. C. WRIGHT. D. C. WRIGHT.

1. A great Rock stands in a wea-ry land, And its shadows fall on the parched sand, And it
2. A great Well lies in a weary land, And its waters call over life's rough strand, "That the
calls to the trav'lers pass - ing by: "I will shelter thee here continual-ly." Then why will ye
great Well is deep, with waters rife, Springing up in-to Ev - er-lasting Life." Then why will ye
die? Oh! why will ye die, When the shelt'ring Rock is standing by? Then why will ye die, oh,
die? Oh! why will ye die, When the great deep Well is standing by? Then why will ye die, oh,
die? . . .
why will ye die, When the shelt'ring Rock is standing by? Oh, why! oh, why will ye die, will ye die?
why will ye die, When the great deep Well is standing by? Oh, why! oh, why will ye die, will ye die?
die? . . .

3 A wide Fold stands in a weary land,
And the sheep are called on every hand,
And the Shepherd no wanderer turns away,
But he changes his darkness into day.
‖: Then why will ye die? oh! why will ye die,
When the great wide Fold is standing by? :‖
Oh, why! oh, why will ye die, will ye die?

4 A rough Cross stands near a city wall,
Where the Saviour dies out of love for all,
Where the angels still tell the message blest,
That the way now is plain to endless rest!
‖: Then why will ye die? oh! why will ye die,
When the blood-stained Cross is standing by? :‖
Oh, why! oh, why will ye die, will ye die?

98 Depth of Mercy, Can There Be. (SEYMOUR.—4-7S.)

C. M. VON WEBER.


1. Depth of mer - cy, can there be Mer - cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long withstood his grace, Long provoked him to his face;
Can my God his wrath for - bear? Me, the chief of sin - ners, spare?
Would not heark-en to his calls, Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Whence to me this waste of love?
Ask my Advocate above;
See the cause in Jesus' face,
Now before the throne of grace.

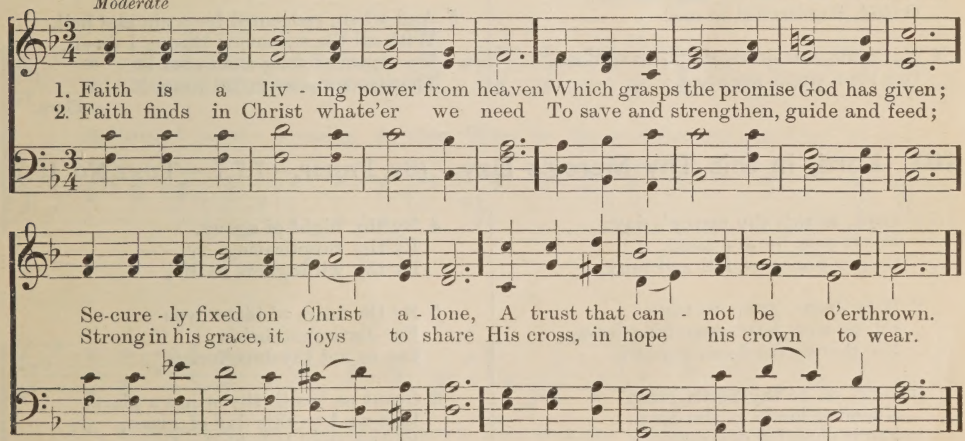
4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands;
God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still!

5 If I rightly read thy heart,
If thou all compassion art,
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow,
Pardon and accept me now. —*C. Wesley.*

99 Faith is a Living Power from Heaven. (ST. ALBAN.—L.M.)

St. Alban's Tune Book.

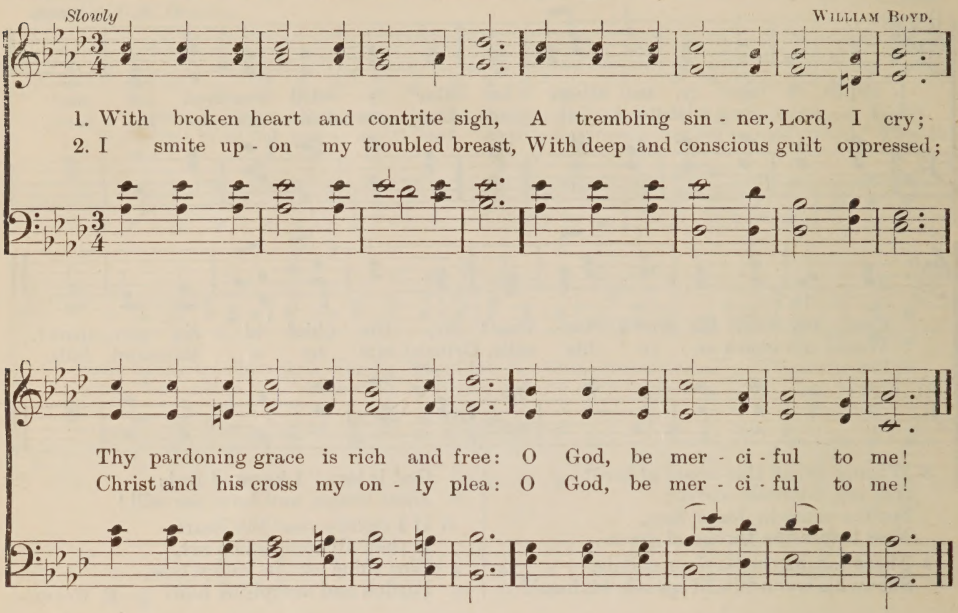
Moderate


1. Faith is a liv - ing power from heaven Which grasps the promise God has given;
2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;
Se-cure - ly fixed on Christ a - lone, A trust that can - not be o'erthrown.
Strong in his grace, it joys to share His cross, in hope his crown to wear.

3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace,
And bids the mourner's sighing cease;
By faith the children's right we claim,
And call upon our Father's name.

4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,
And to our prayers thy favour grant,
In Jesus Christ, thy saving Son,
Who is our fount of health alone.
—*A.D. 1537.*

100 With Broken Heart and Contrite Sigh. (PENTECOST.—L.M.)


Slowly
WILLIAM BOYD.
1. With broken heart and contrite sigh, A trembling sin - ner, Lord, I cry;
2. I smite up - on my troubled breast, With deep and conscious guilt oppressed;
Thy pardoning grace is rich and free: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!
Christ and his cross my on - ly plea: O God, be mer - ci - ful to me!

3 Far off I stand with tearful eyes,
Nor dare uplift them to the skies;
But thou dost all my anguish see:
O God, be merciful to me!

4 Nor alms, nor deeds that I have done,
Can for a single sin atone;
To Calvary alone I flee:
O God, be merciful to me!

5 And when, redeemed from sin and hell,
With all the ransomed throng I dwell,
My raptured song shall ever be,
That God was merciful to me!

—*Elven.*

101 Lord, in this Thy Mercy's Day. (ST. PHILIP.—7,7,7.—TUNE NO. 18.)

1 Lord, in this thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

2 Holy Jesus, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears,
Ere that awful doom appears.

3 Lord, on us thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

4 By thy night of agony,
By thy supplicating cry,
By thy willingness to die,

5 By thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not thy love forego.

6 Grant us 'neath thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace,
Ere we shall behold thy face.

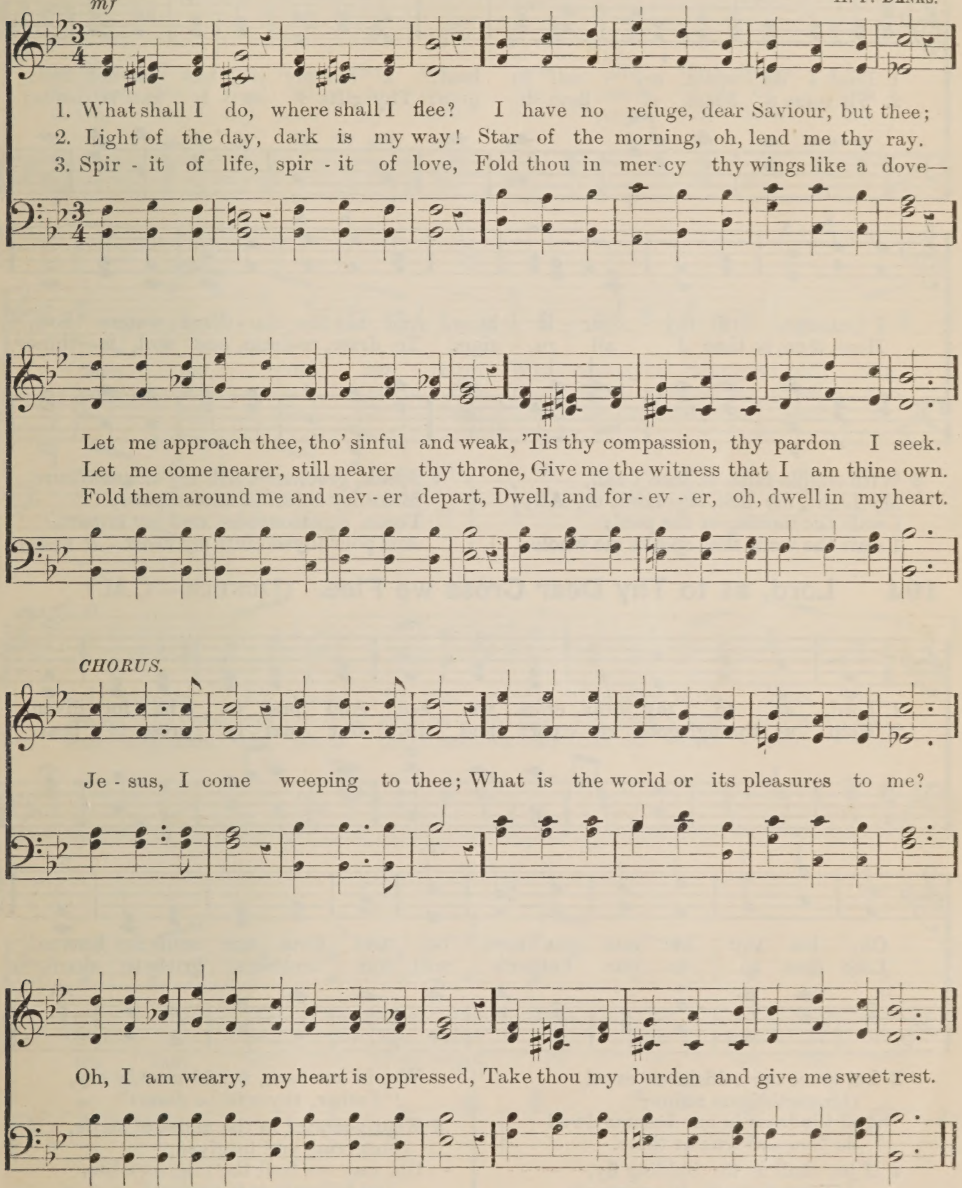
7 On thy love we rest alone,
And that love will then be known
By the pardoned round the throne.

—*J. Williams.*

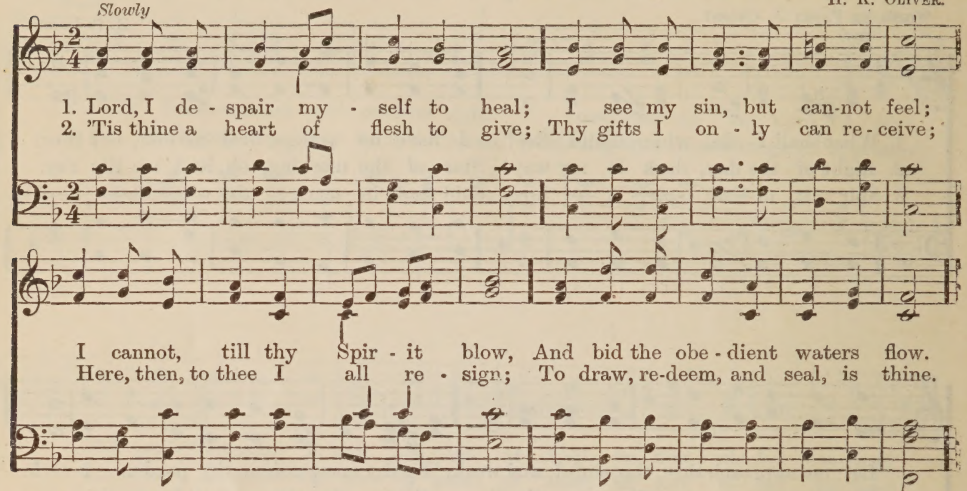
102 What Shall I Do, Where Shall I Flee?

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY

H. P. DANKS.


mf
1. What shall I do, where shall I flee? I have no refuge, dear Saviour, but thee;
2. Light of the day, dark is my way! Star of the morning, oh, lend me thy ray.
3. Spir - it of life, spir - it of love, Fold thou in mer - cy thy wings like a dove—
Let me approach thee, tho' sinful and weak, 'Tis thy compassion, thy pardon I seek.
Let me come nearer, still nearer thy throne, Give me the witness that I am thine own.
Fold them around me and nev - er depart, Dwell, and for - ev - er, oh, dwell in my heart.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, I come weeping to thee; What is the world or its pleasures to me?
Oh, I am weary, my heart is oppressed, Take thou my burden and give me sweet rest.

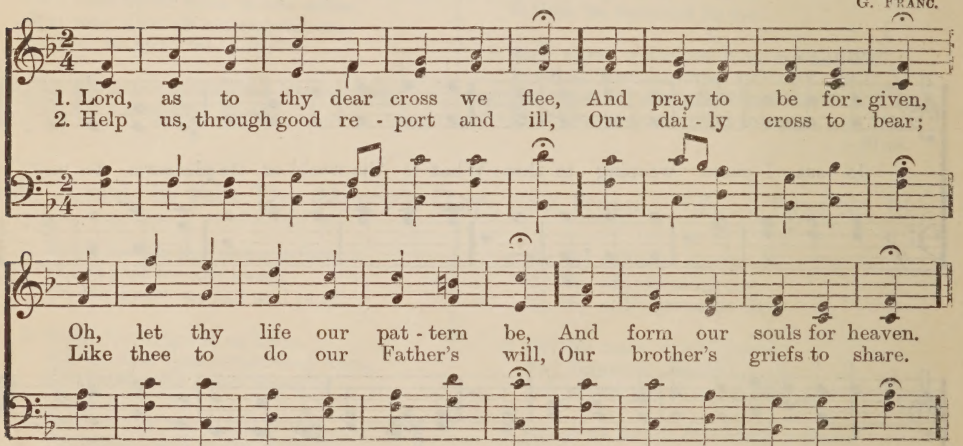
103 Lord, I Despair Myself to Heal. (Federal Street.—L.M.)

H. K. Oliver.

Slowly
1. Lord, I de - spair my - self to heal; I see my sin, but can-not feel;
2. 'Tis thine a heart of flesh to give; Thy gifts I on - ly can re - ceive;
I cannot, till thy Spir - it blow, And bid the obe - dient waters flow.
Here, then, to thee I all re - sign; To draw, re-deem, and seal, is thine.

3 With simple faith on thee I call,
My Light, my Life, my Lord, my All;
I wait the moving of the pool;
I wait the word that speaks me whole.

4 Speak, gracious Lord, my sickness cure,
Make my infected nature pure;
Peace, righteousness, and joy impart,
And pour thyself into my heart.—*C. Wesley*

104 Lord, as to Thy Dear Cross we Flee. (Dundee.—C.M.)

G. Franc.

1. Lord, as to thy dear cross we flee, And pray to be for - given,
2. Help us, through good re - port and ill, Our dai - ly cross to bear;
Oh, let thy life our pat - tern be, And form our souls for heaven.
Like thee to do our Father's will, Our brother's griefs to share.

3 Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell
As free and true as thine.

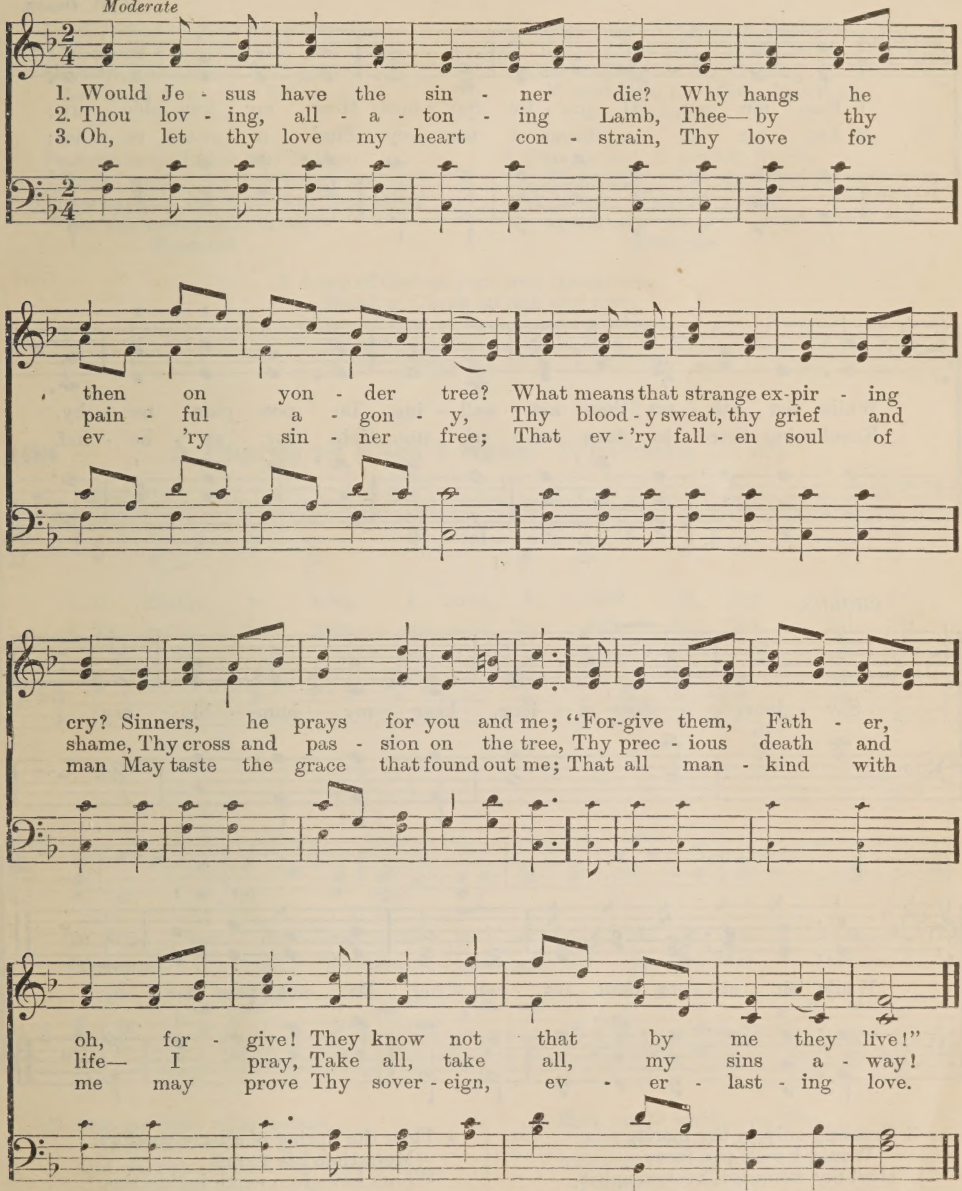
4 If joy shall at thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We, in our turn, would meekly cry,
"Father, thy will be done!"

5 Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven! *J. H. Gurney.*

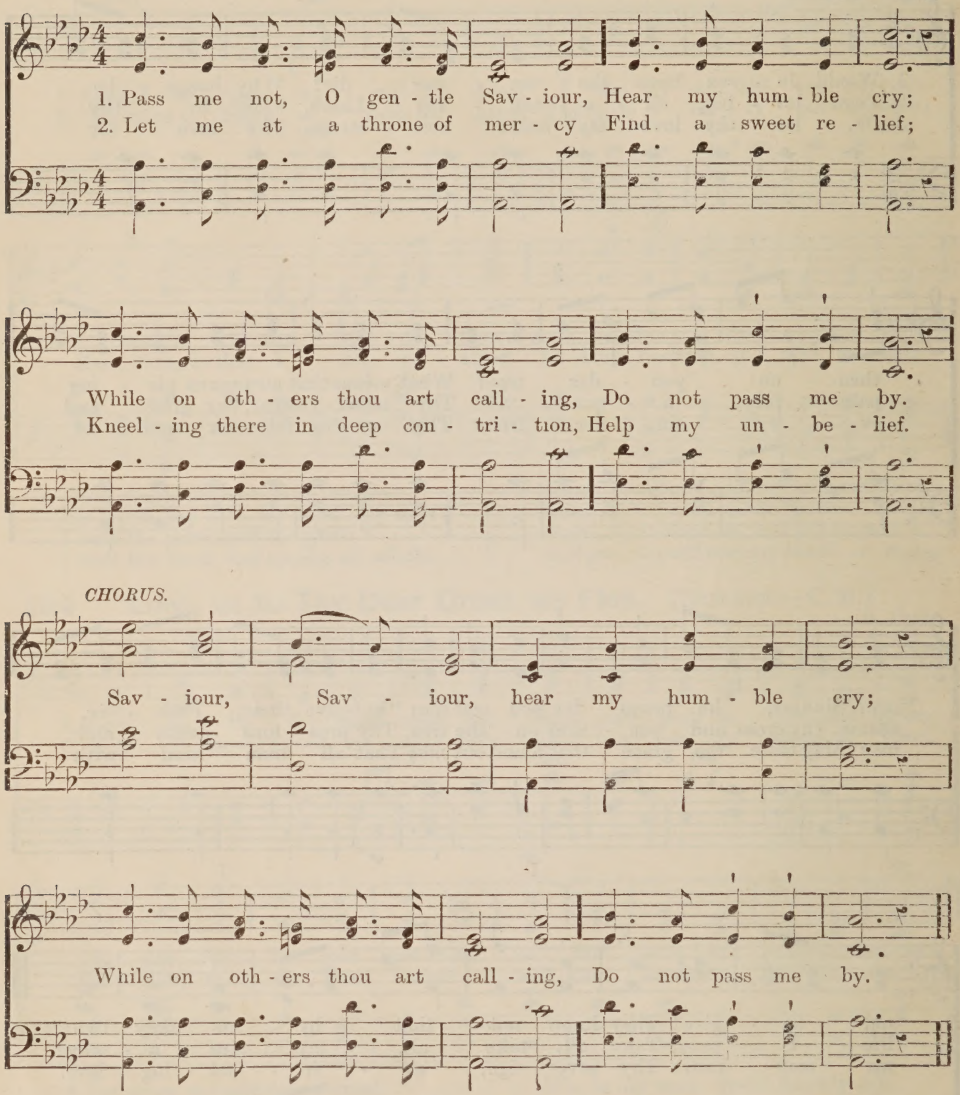
105 Would Jesus Have the Sinner Die? (BRIGHTON.—6–8s.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

Moderate


1. Would Je - sus have the sin - ner die? Why hangs he
2. Thou lov - ing, all - a - ton - ing Lamb, Thee— by thy
3. Oh, let thy love my heart con - strain, Thy love for
then on yon - der tree? What means that strange ex-pir - ing
pain - ful a - gon - y, Thy blood - y sweat, thy grief and
ev - 'ry sin - ner free; That ev - 'ry fall - en soul of
cry? Sinners, he prays for you and me; "For-give them, Fath - er,
shame, Thy cross and pas - sion on the tree, Thy prec - ious death and
man May taste the grace that found out me; That all man - kind with
oh, for - give! They know not that by me they live!"
life— I pray, Take all, take all, my sins a - way!
me may prove Thy sover - eign, ev - er - last - ing love.

106 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Saviour.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;
2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief;
While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
CHORUS.
Sav - iour, Sav - iour, hear my hum - ble cry;
While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

3 Trusting only in thy merit,
Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by thy grace.

4 Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside thee?
Whom in heaven but thee?

—*G. C. Stebbins.*

107 Lord, I Hear of Showers of Blessing. (8,7,8,7,3.—TUNE No. 92.)

1 Lord, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering, full and free—
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some drops now fall on me—
Even me.

2 Pass me not, O God, our Father,
Sinful though my heart may be!
Thou mightst leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me—
Even me.

3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to thee!
I am longing for thy favour;
Whilst thou'rt calling, O call me!
Even me.

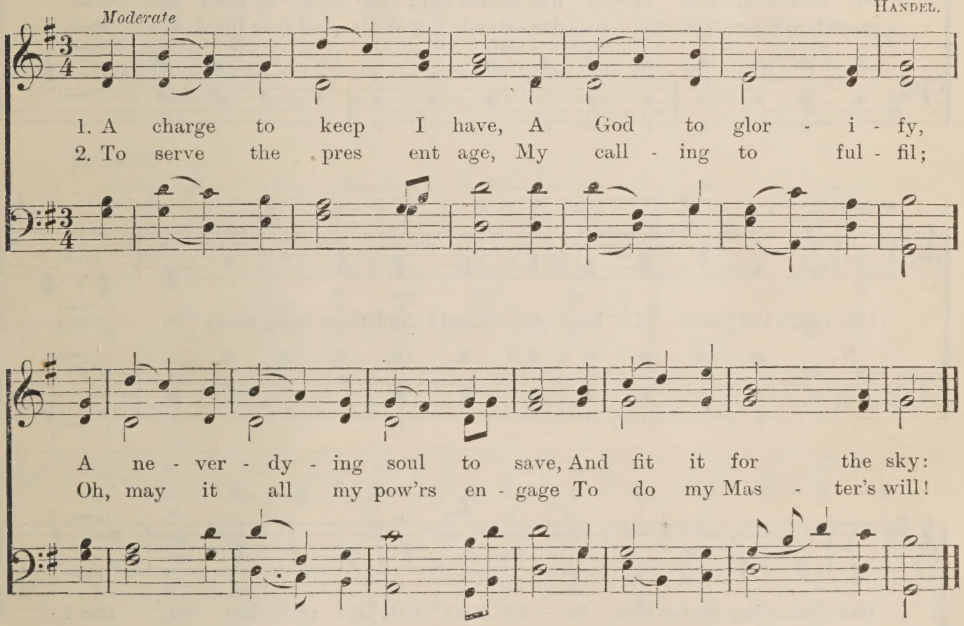
4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit,
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak some word of power to me—
Even me.

5 Love of God so pure and changeless,
Blood of Christ so rich and free,
Grace of God so strong and boundless,
Magnify it all in me—
Even me.

—*Mrs. E. Codner.*

108 A Charge to Keep I Have. (THATCHER.—S.M.)

HANDEL.

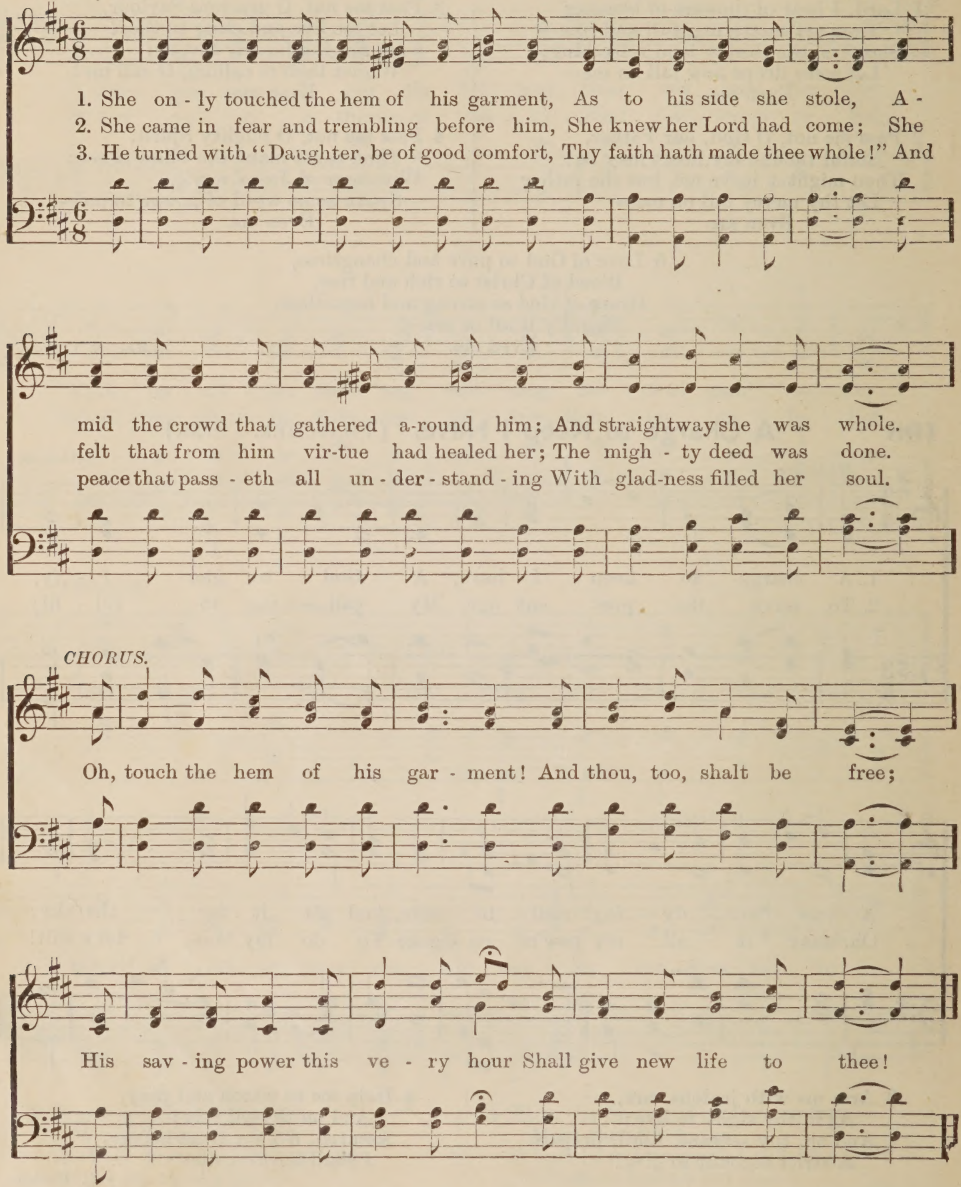

Moderate
1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glor - i - fy,
2. To serve the pres ent age, My call - ing to ful - fil;
A ne - ver - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky:
Oh, may it all my pow'rs en - gage To do my Mas - ter's will!

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give!

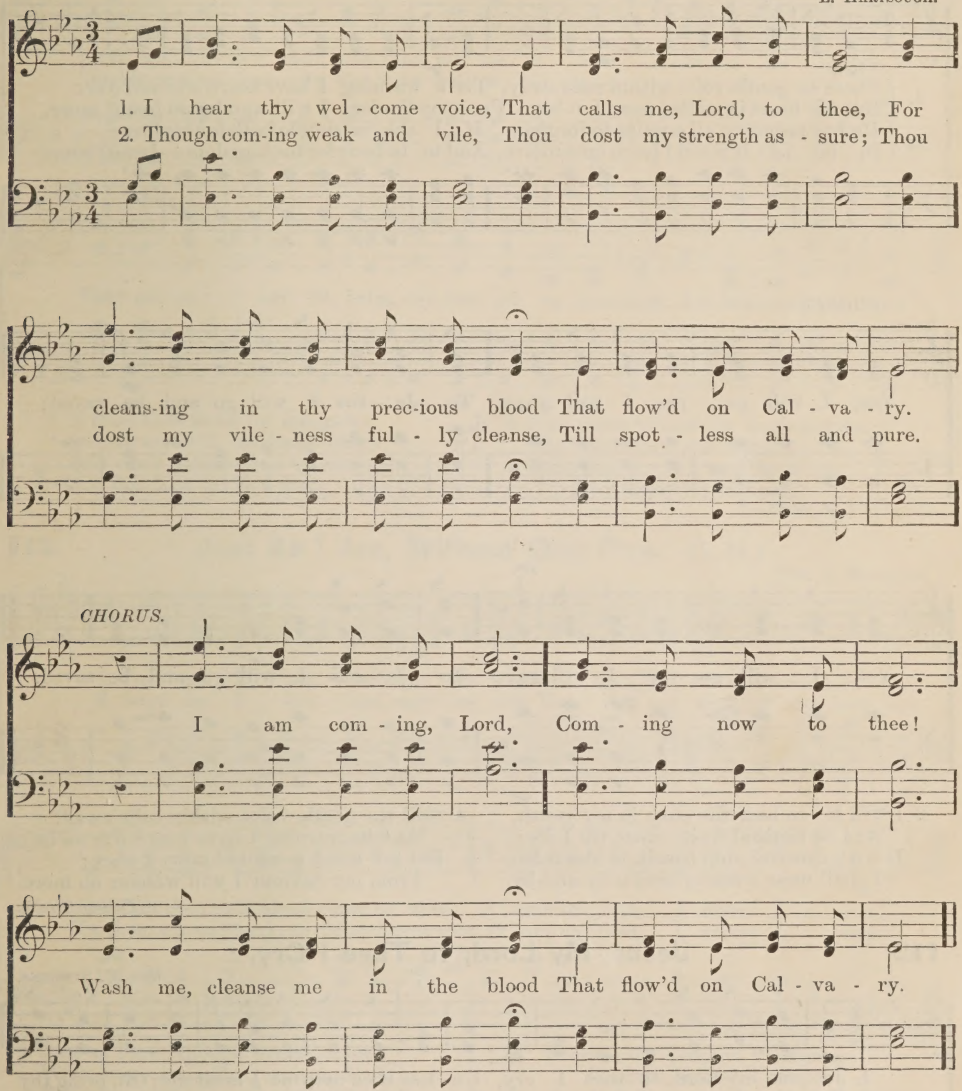
4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall for ever die.

—*C. Wesley.*

109 She Only Touched the Hem of His Garment.

Words by GEO. F. ROOT. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. She on - ly touched the hem of his garment, As to his side she stole, A -
2. She came in fear and trembling before him, She knew her Lord had come; She
3. He turned with "Daughter, be of good comfort, Thy faith hath made thee whole!" And
mid the crowd that gathered a-round him; And straightway she was whole.
felt that from him vir-tue had healed her; The migh - ty deed was done.
peace that pass - eth all un - der - stand - ing With glad-ness filled her soul.
CHORUS.
Oh, touch the hem of his gar - ment! And thou, too, shalt be free;
His sav - ing power this ve - ry hour Shall give new life to thee!

110 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. HARTSOUGH.

1. I hear thy wel - come voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For
2. Though com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as - sure; Thou
cleans-ing in thy prec-ious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile - ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
CHORUS.
I am com - ing, Lord, Com - ing now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry.

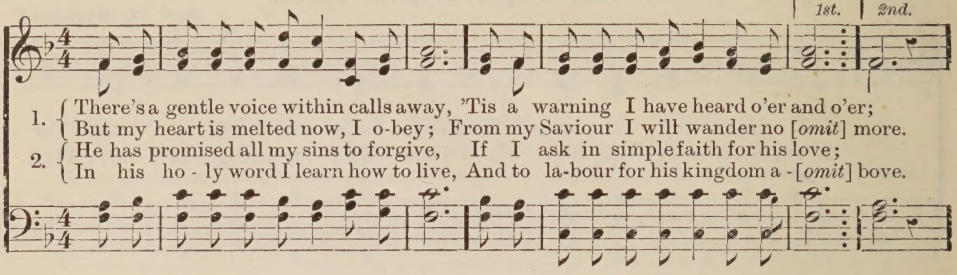
3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love;
To perfect hope, and peace and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

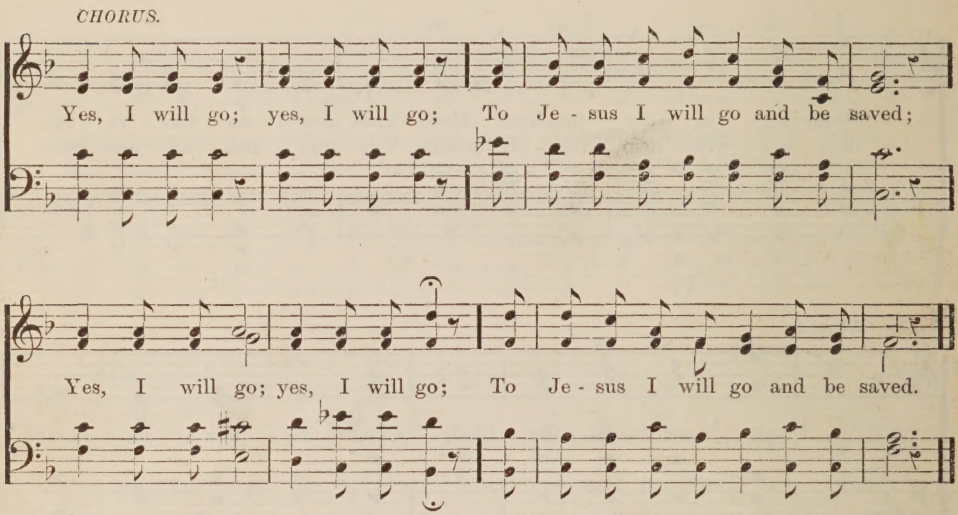
4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace.
All hail, the gift of Christ, our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness.

—*L. Hartsough*

111 There's a Gentle Voice Within Calls Away.

W. H. DOANE.


1st.
2nd.
1. There's a gentle voice within calls away, 'Tis a warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I o-bey; From my Saviour I will wander no [omit] more.
2. He has promised all my sins to forgive, If I ask in simple faith for his love;
In his ho - ly word I learn how to live, And to la-bour for his kingdom a - [omit] bove.



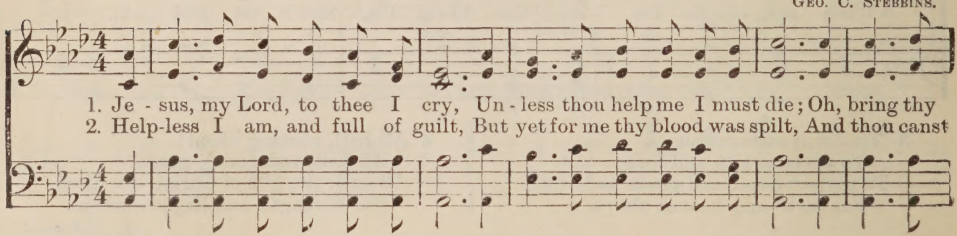
3 I will try to bear the cross in my youth,
And be faithful to its cause till I die;
If with cheerful step I walk in the truth,
I shall wear a starry crown by-and-by.

4 Still the gentle voice within calls away,
And its warning I have heard o'er and o'er;
But my heart is melted now, I obey;
From my Saviour I will wander no more.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

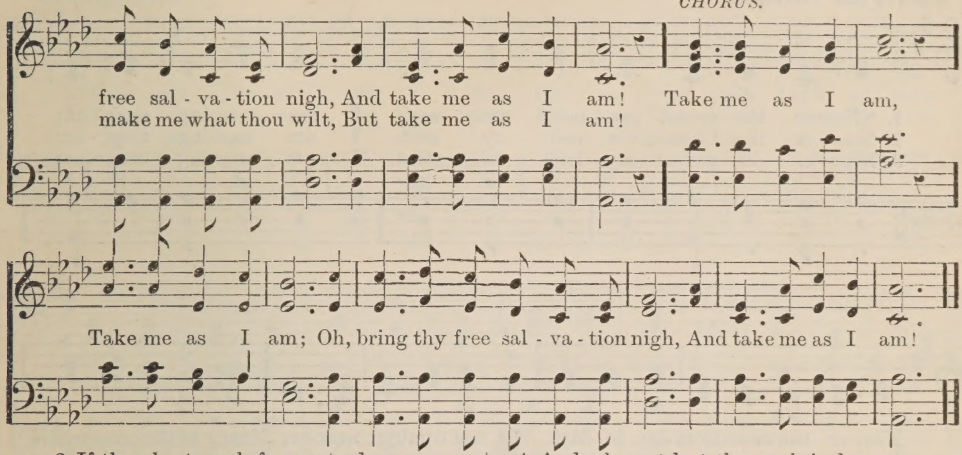
112 Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me I must die; Oh, bring thy
2. Help-less I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And thou canst

Jesus, My Lord, to Thee I Cry—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am! Take me as I am,
make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
Take me as I am; Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

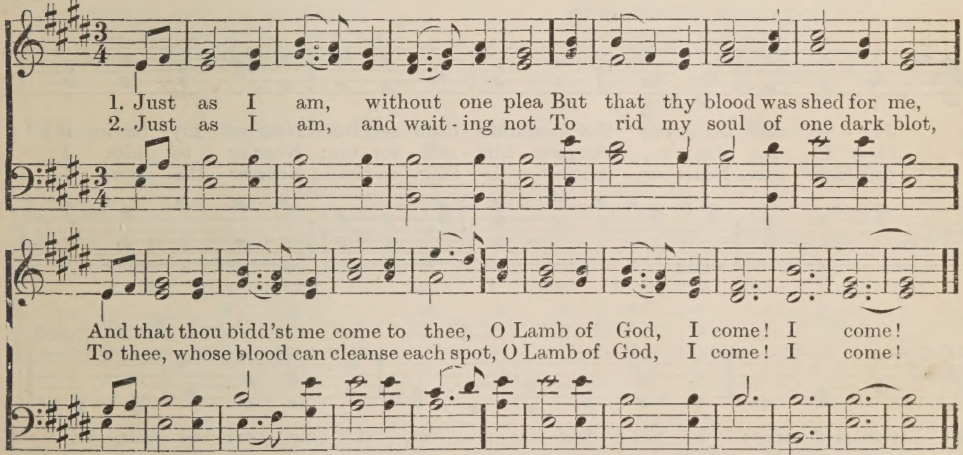
3 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am!

4 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Lord, take me as I am!

—*Eliza H. Hamilton.*

113 Just As I Am, Without One Plea. (L.M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.


1. Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

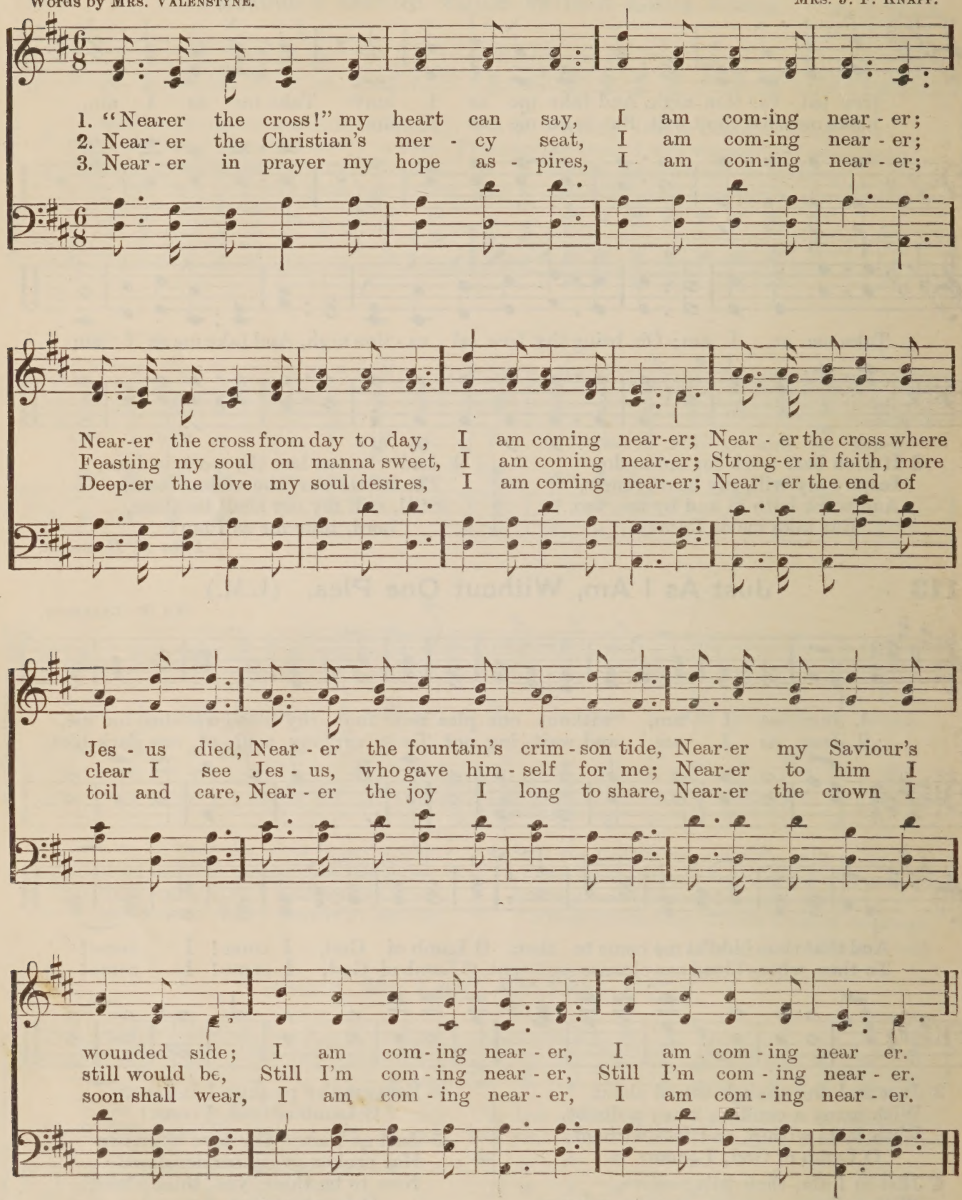
3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within, and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

5 Just as I am,—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

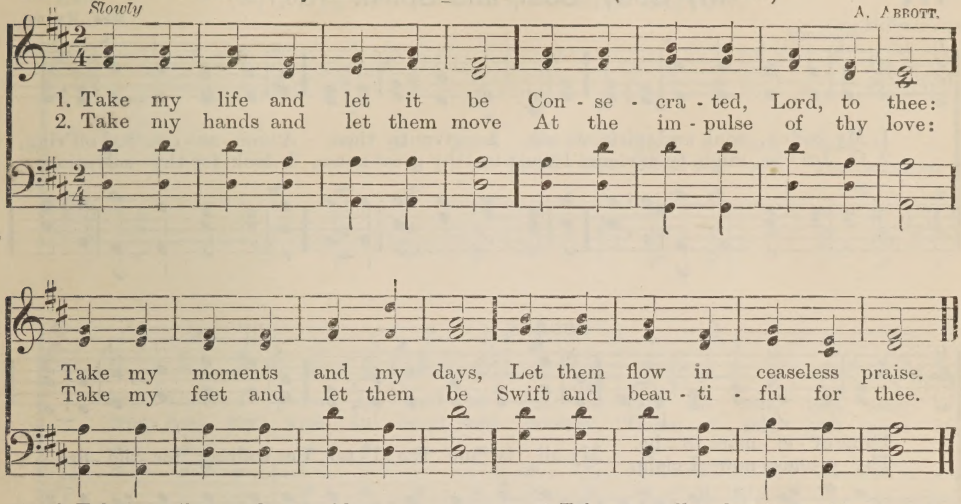
114 "Nearer the Cross!" My Heart Can Say.

Words by MRS. VALENSTYNE. MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. "Nearer the cross!" my heart can say, I am com-ing near - er;
2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com-ing near - er;
3. Near - er in prayer my hope as - pires, I am com-ing near - er;
Near-er the cross from day to day, I am coming near-er; Near - er the cross where
Feasting my soul on manna sweet, I am coming near-er; Strong-er in faith, more
Deep-er the love my soul desires, I am coming near-er; Near - er the end of
Jes - us died, Near - er the fountain's crim - son tide, Near-er my Saviour's
clear I see Jes - us, who gave him - self for me; Near-er to him I
toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near-er the crown I
wounded side; I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near er.
still would be, Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
soon shall wear, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

115 Take My Life and Let it Be. (PRAYER.—7s.)

Slowly

A. ABBOTT.


1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to thee:
2. Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of thy love:
Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee.

3 Take my silver and my gold—
Not a mite would I withhold:
Take my intellect and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.

4 Take my voice and let me sing
Always, only, for my King:
Take my lips and let them be
Filled with messages from thee.

5 Take my will and make it thine,
It shall be no longer mine:
Take my heart, it is thine own;
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love, my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store:
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for thee.

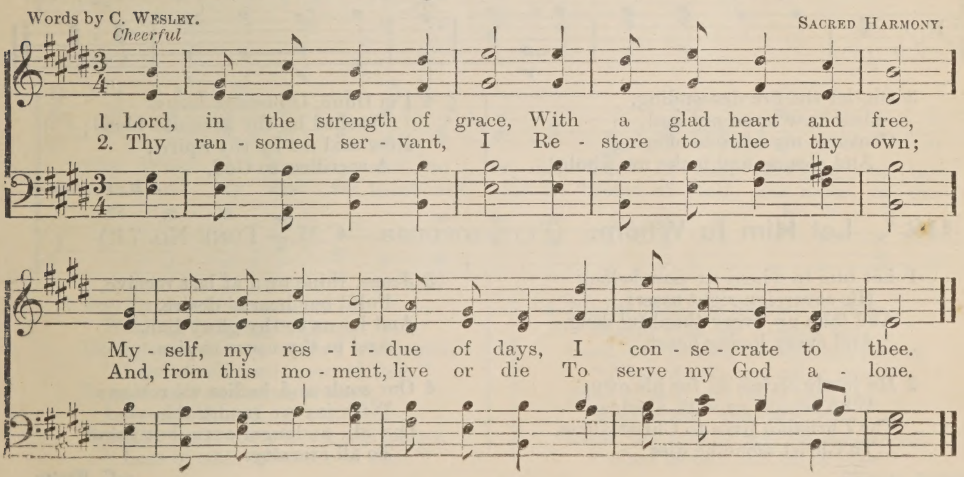
—Miss F. R. Havergal.

116 Lord, in the Strength of Grace. (LEEDS.—S.M.)

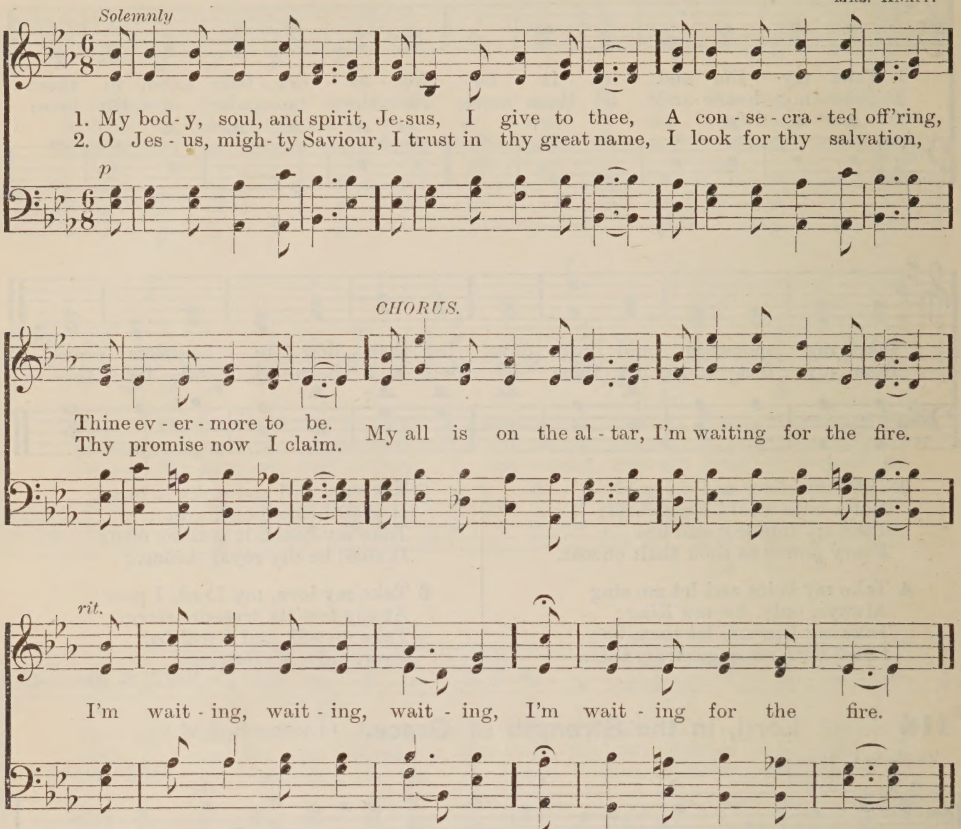
Words by C. WESLEY.

Cheerful

SACRED HARMONY.


1. Lord, in the strength of grace, With a glad heart and free,
2. Thy ran - somed ser - vant, I Re - store to thee thy own;
My - self, my res - i - due of days, I con - se - crate to thee.
And, from this mo - ment, live or die To serve my God a - lone.

117 My Body, Soul, and Spirit. (7,6,7,6.)

MRS. KNAPP.

Solemnly
1. My bod - y, soul, and spirit, Je-sus, I give to thee, A con - se - cra - ted off'ring,
2. O Jes - us, migh - ty Saviour, I trust in thy great name, I look for thy salvation,
p
CHORUS.
Thine ev - er - more to be.
Thy promise now I claim.
My all is on the al - tar, I'm waiting for the fire.
rit.
I'm wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

3 Oh, let the fire descending,
Just now upon my soul,
Consume my humble offering,
And cleanse and make me whole!

4 I'm thine, O blessèd Jesus,
Washed by thy precious blood;
Now seal me by thy Spirit,
A sacrifice to God.

—*M. D. James.*

118 Let Him to Whom. (PETERBOROUGH.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 71.)

1 Let him to whom we now belong
His sovereign right assert,
And take up every thankful song,
And every loving heart.

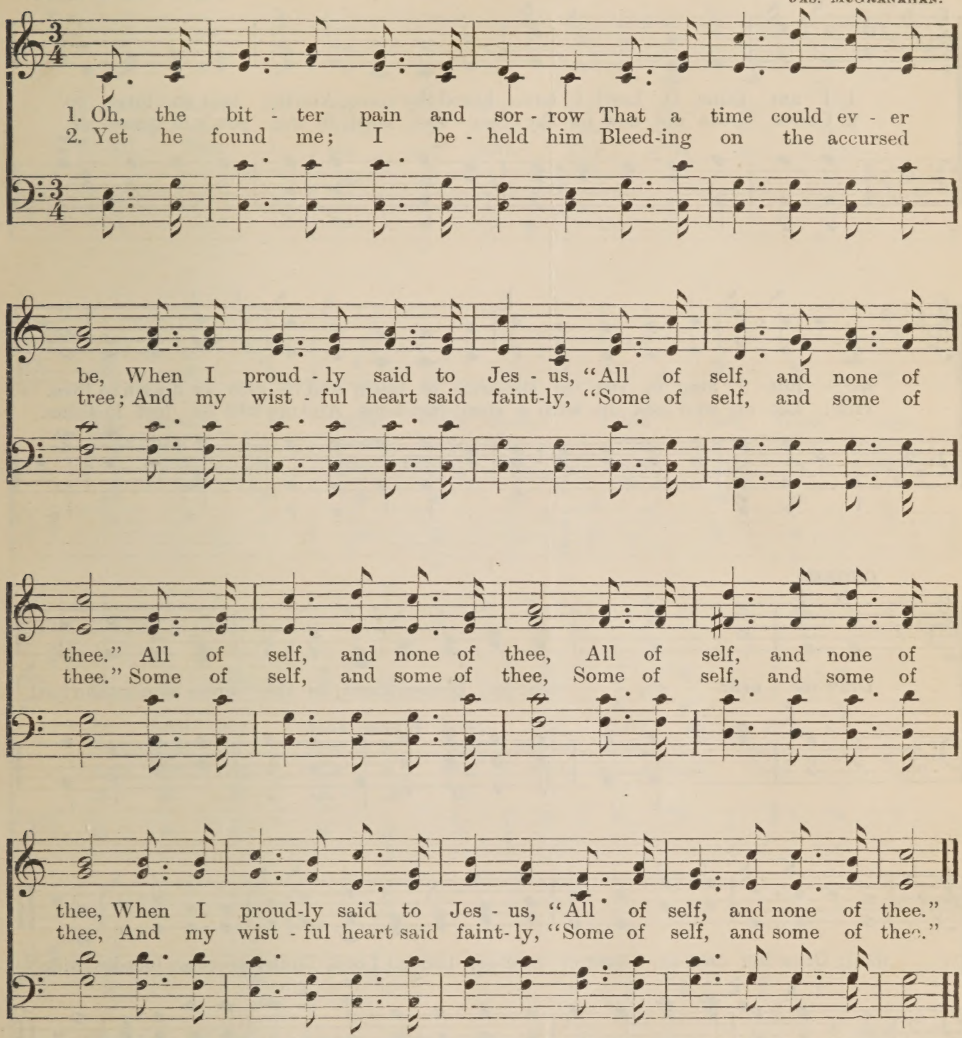
2 He justly claims us for his own,
Who bought us with a price;
The Christian lives to Christ alone,
To Christ alone he dies.

3 Jesus, thine own at last receive,
Fulfil our hearts' desire,
And let us to thy glory live,
And in thy cause expire.

4 Our souls and bodies we resign;
With joy we render thee
Our all, no longer ours, but thine
To all eternity.

—*C. Wesley.*

119 Oh, the Bitter Pain and Sorrow.

JAS. MCGRANAHAN.

1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er
2. Yet he found me; I be - held him Bleed-ing on the accursed
be, When I proud - ly said to Jes - us, "All of self, and none of
tree; And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self, and some of
thee." All of self, and none of thee, All of self, and none of
thee." Some of self, and some of thee, Some of self, and some of
thee, When I proud-ly said to Jes - us, "All of self, and none of thee."
thee, And my wist - ful heart said faint-ly, "Some of self, and some of thee."

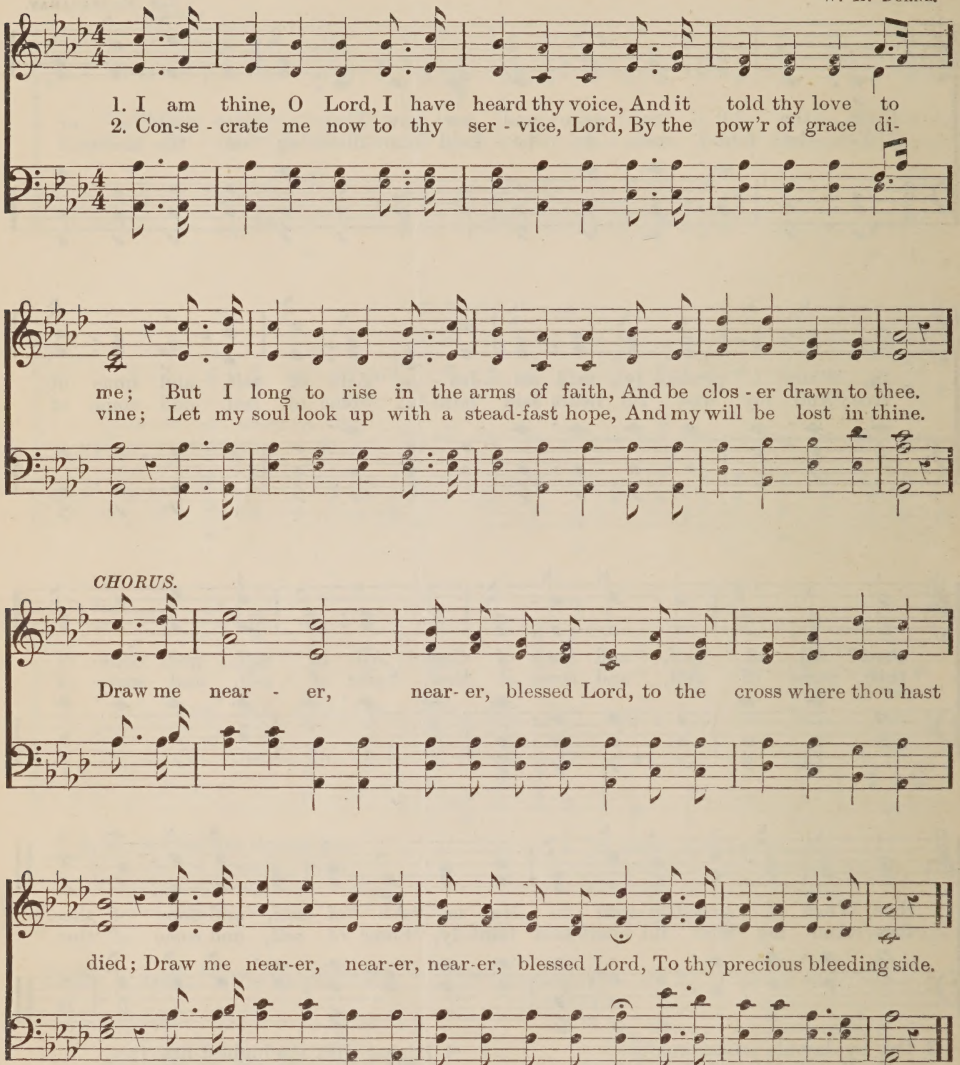
3 Day by day his tender mercy
Healing, helping, full, and free,
Brought me lower, while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."
Less of self, and more of thee,
Less of self, and more of thee,
Brought me lower while I whispered,
"Less of self, and more of thee."

4 Higher than the highest heavens
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"*None* of self, and *all* of thee."
None of self, and *all* of thee,
None of self, and *all* of thee,
Lord, thy love at last has conquered,
"*None* of self, and *all* of thee."

—*Thomas Monod.*

120 I Am Thine, O Lord, I Have Heard Thy Voice.

W. H. DOANE.

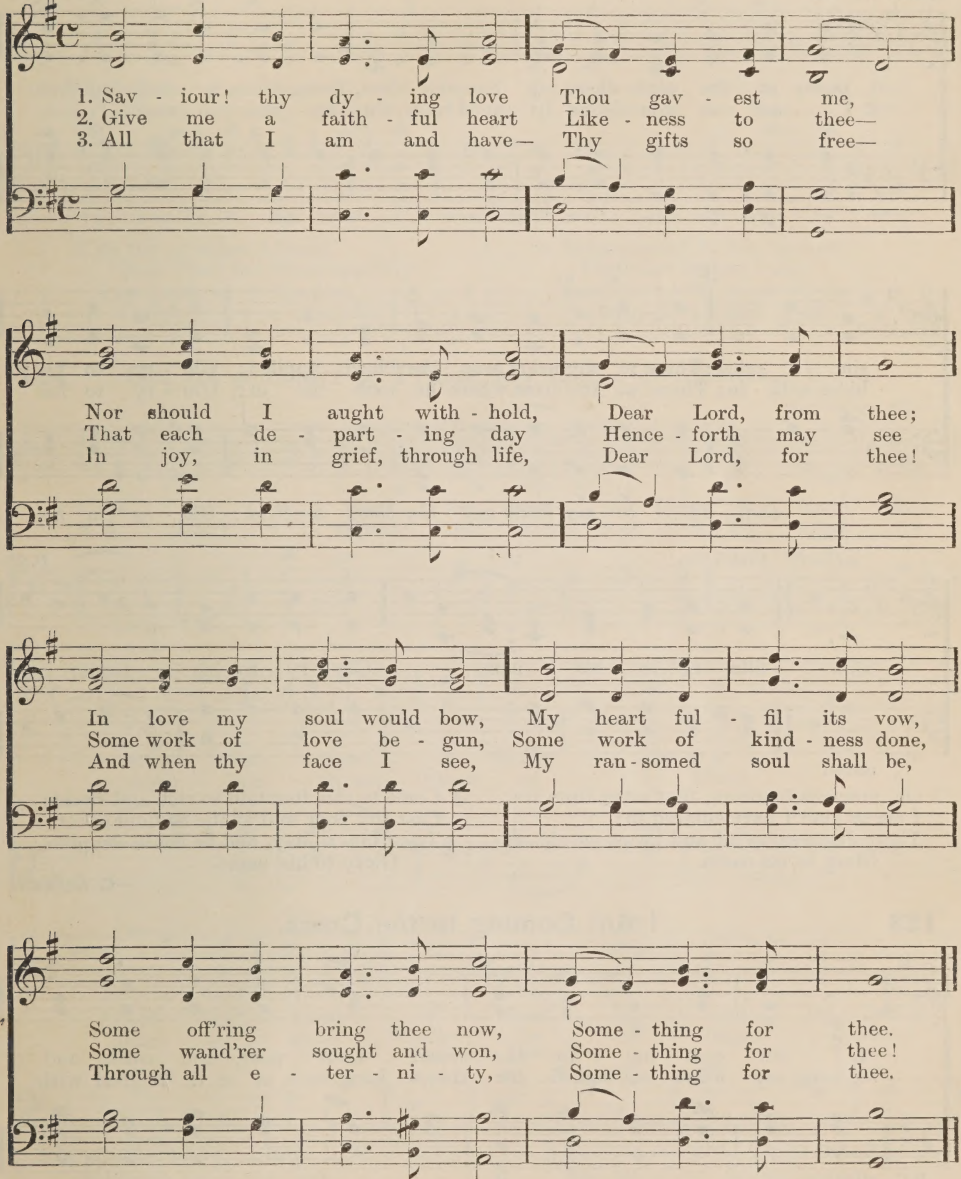

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to
2. Con-se - crate me now to thy ser - vice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di-
me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to thee.
vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
CHORUS.
Draw me near - er, near- er, blessed Lord, to the cross where thou hast
died; Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, blessed Lord, To thy precious bleeding side.

3 Oh, the pure delight of a single hour
That before thy throne I spend,
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God,
I commune as friend with friend.

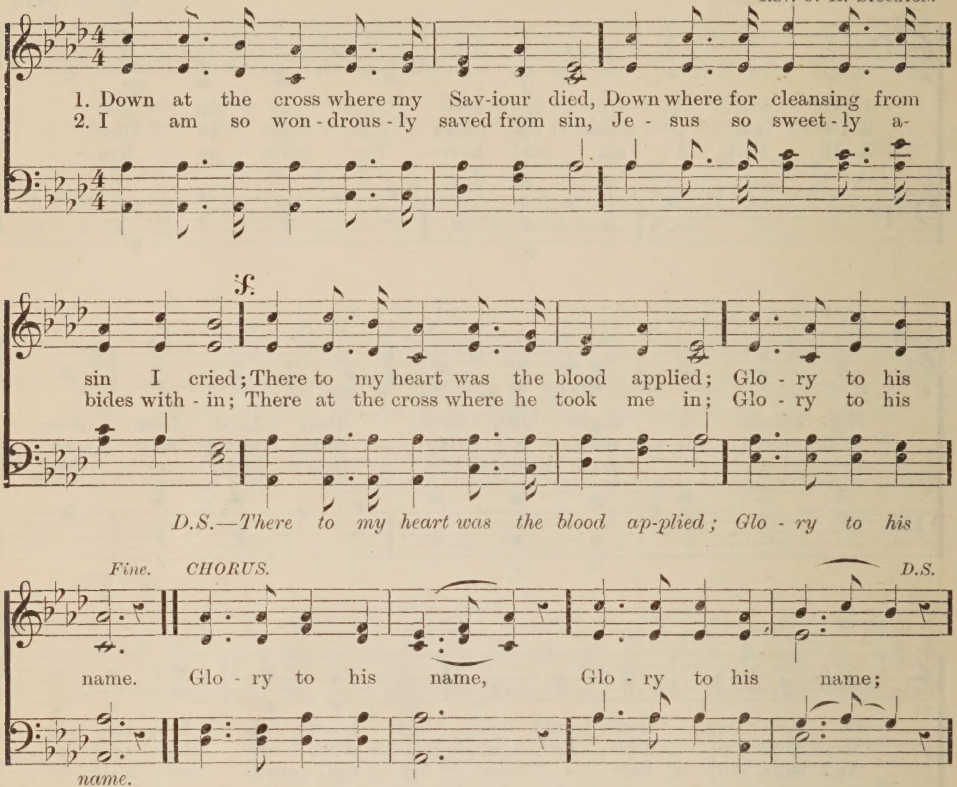
4 There are depths of love that I cannot know
Till I cross the narrow sea,
There are heights of joy that I may not reach
Till I rest in peace with thee.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

121 Saviour! Thy Dying Love.

Words by S. D. PHELPS. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Sav - iour! thy dy - ing love Thou gav - est me,
2. Give me a faith - ful heart Like - ness to thee—
3. All that I am and have— Thy gifts so free—
Nor should I aught with - hold, Dear Lord, from thee;
That each de - part - ing day Hence - forth may see
In joy, in grief, through life, Dear Lord, for thee!
In love my soul would bow, My heart ful - fil its vow,
Some work of love be - gun, Some work of kind - ness done,
And when thy face I see, My ran - somed soul shall be,
Some off'ring bring thee now, Some - thing for thee.
Some wand'rer sought and won, Some - thing for thee!
Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Some - thing for thee.

122 Down at the Cross Where My Saviour Died.

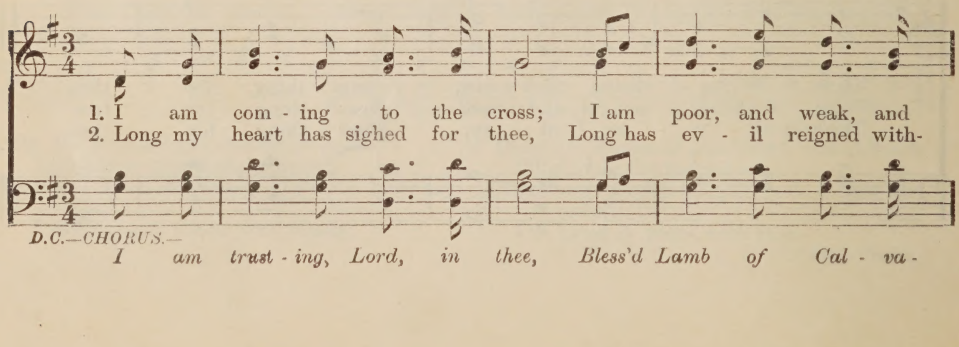
REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je-sus so sweet-ly a-
sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo-ry to his
bides with-in; There at the cross where he took me in; Glo-ry to his
D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap-plied; Glo-ry to his
Fine.
CHORUS.
D.S.
name. Glo-ry to his name, Glo-ry to his name;
name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin,
I am so glad I have entered in;
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;
Glory to his name.

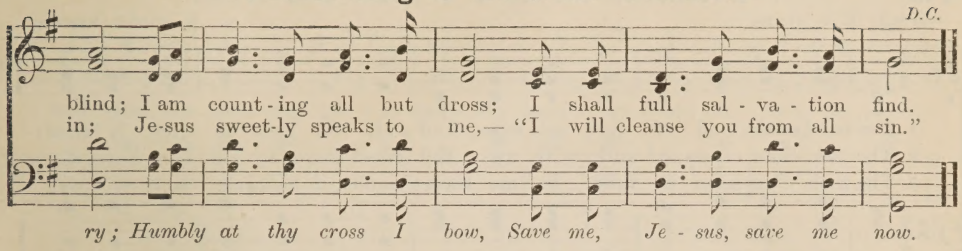
4 Come to this fountain so rich and sweet;
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;
Trust him to-day, and be made complete;
Glory to his name.

—*C. Hoffman.*

123 I Am Coming to the Cross.


1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has ev-il reigned with-
D.C.—CHORUS.
I am trust-ing, Lord, in thee, Bless'd Lamb of Cal-va-

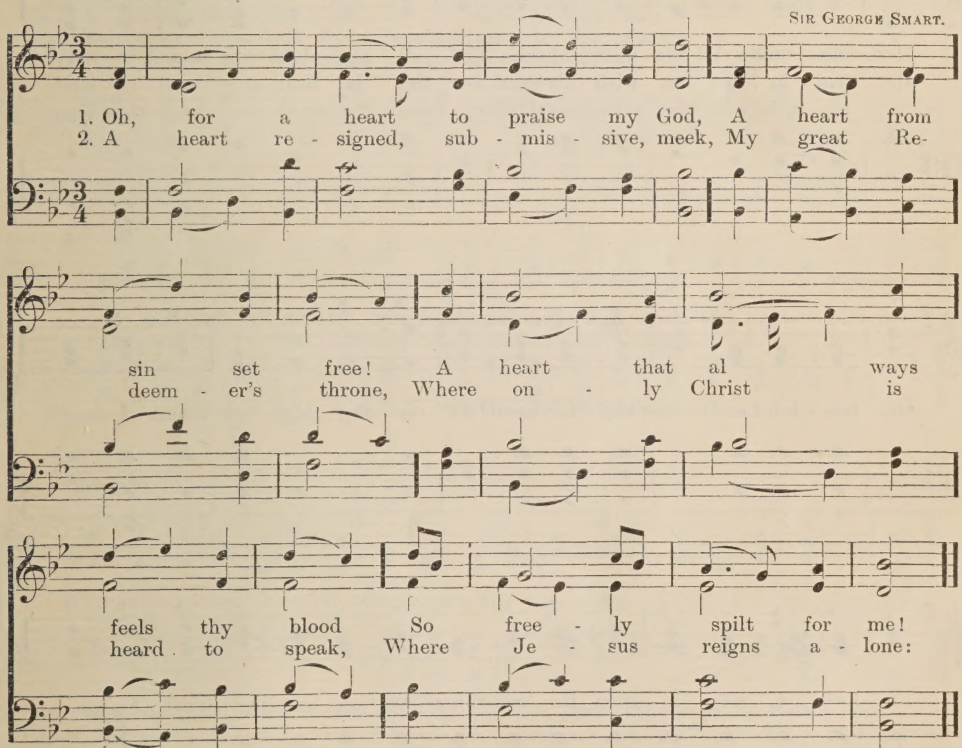
I Am Coming to the Cross—*Concluded.*


D.C.
blind; I am count-ing all but dross; I shall full sal-va-tion find.
in; Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—"I will cleanse you from all sin."
ry; Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je-sus, save me now.

3 In thy promises I trust,
Now I feel the blood applied;
I am prostrate in the dust,
I with Christ am crucified.

4 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
Perfected in him I am;
I am every whit made whole;
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

—*W. McDonald.*

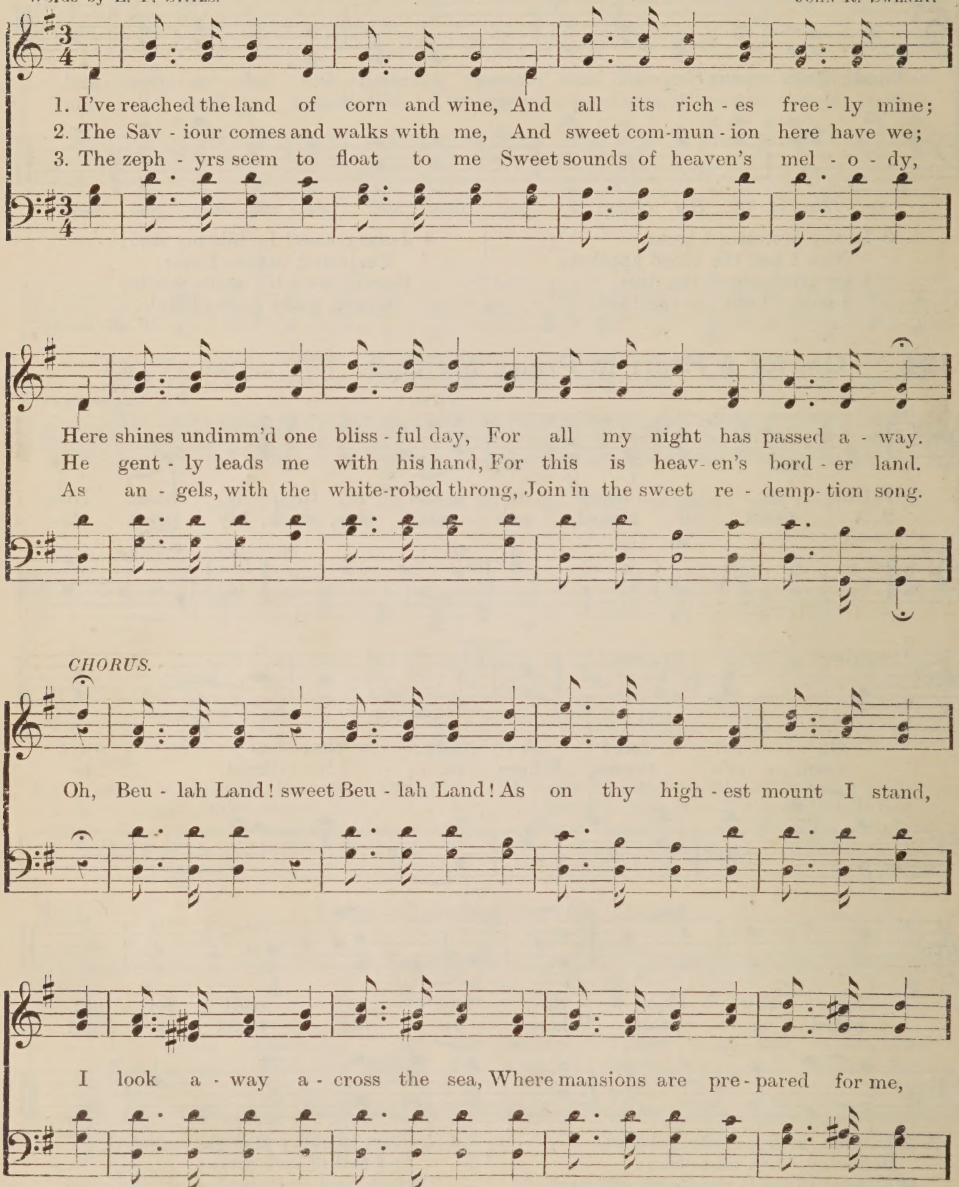
124 Oh, for a Heart to Praise My God. (WILTSHIRE.—C.M.)

SIR GEORGE SMART.
1. Oh, for a heart to praise my God, A heart from
2. A heart re-signed, sub-mis-sive, meek, My great Re-
sin set free! A heart that al ways
deem-er's throne, Where on-ly Christ is
feels thy blood So free-ly spilt for me!
heard to speak, Where Je-sus reigns a-lone:

3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within:

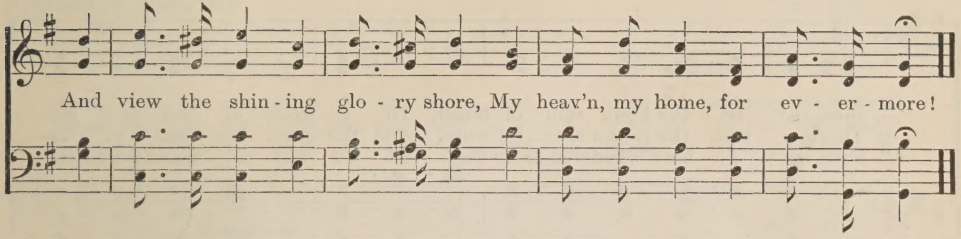
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine! —*C. Wesley.*

125 I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine.

Words by E. P. STITES. JOHN R. SWENEY.

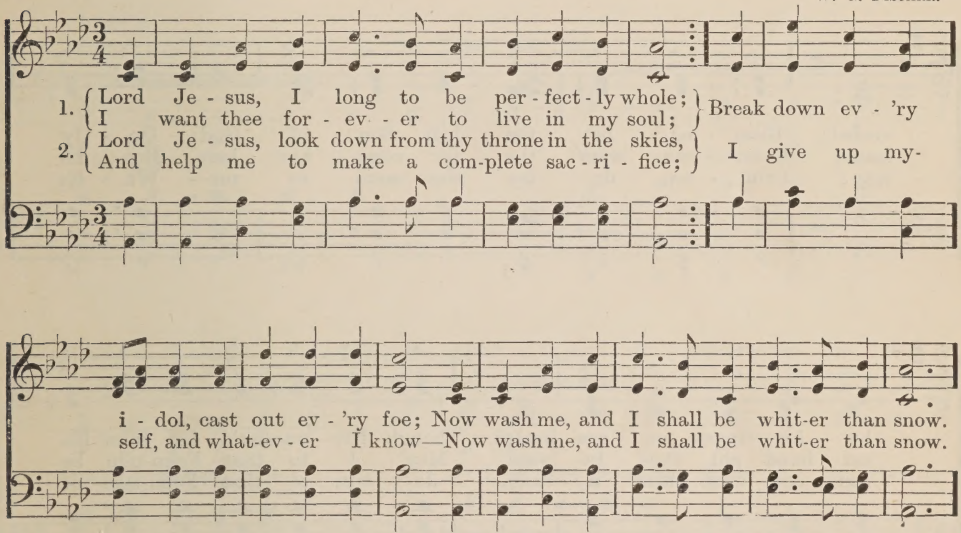

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. The Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com-mun - ion here have we;
3. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.
He gent - ly leads me with his hand, For this is heav - en's bord - er land.
As an - gels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.
CHORUS.
Oh, Beu - lah Land! sweet Beu - lah Land! As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,

I've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine—*Concluded.*

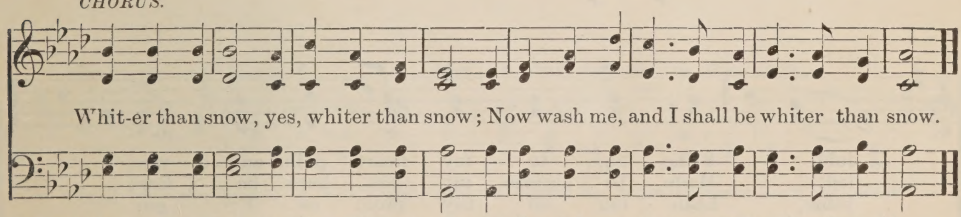


126 Lord Jesus, I Long to be Perfectly Whole.

W. G. FISCHER.


1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for - ev - er to live in my soul; Break down ev - 'ry
2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my-
i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.
self, and what-ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

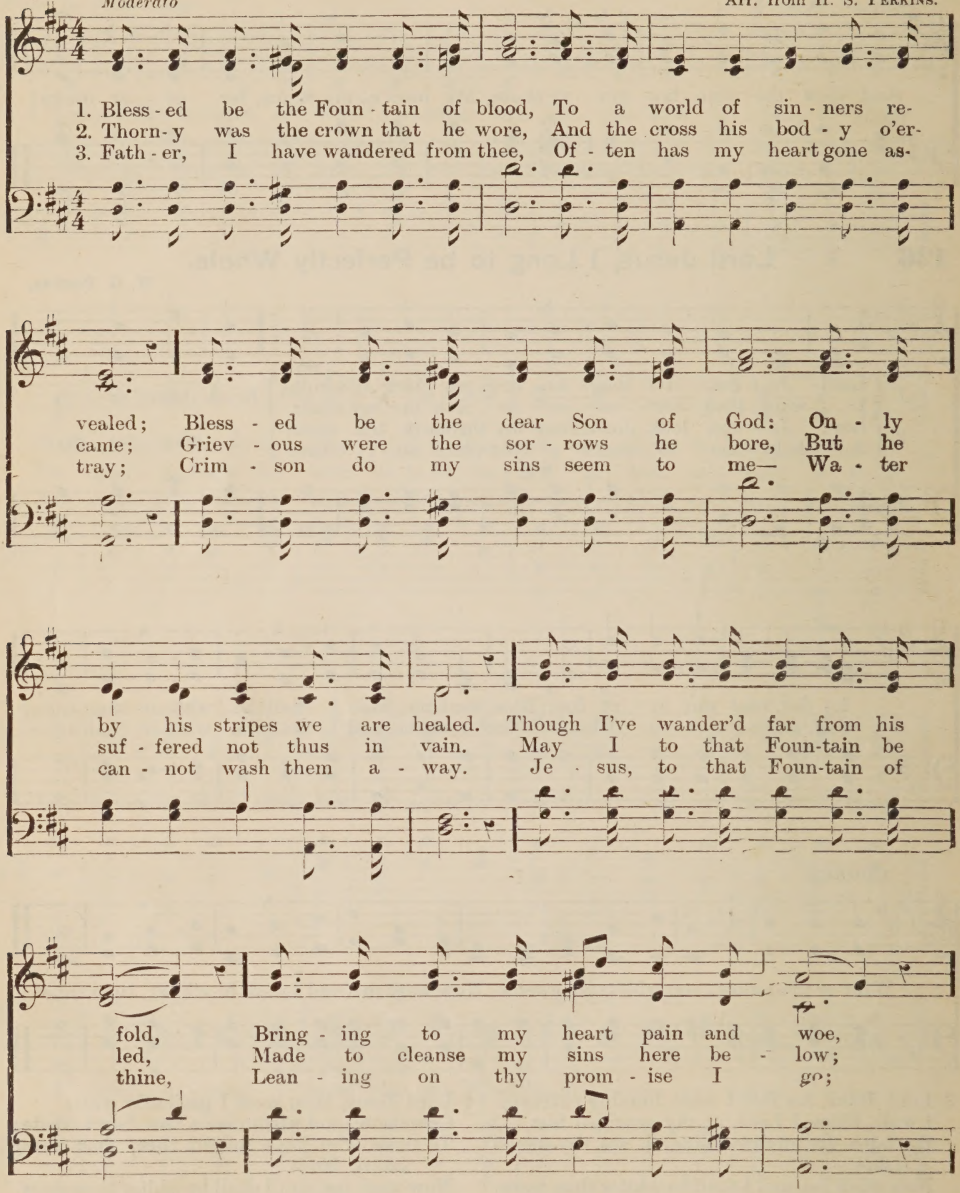


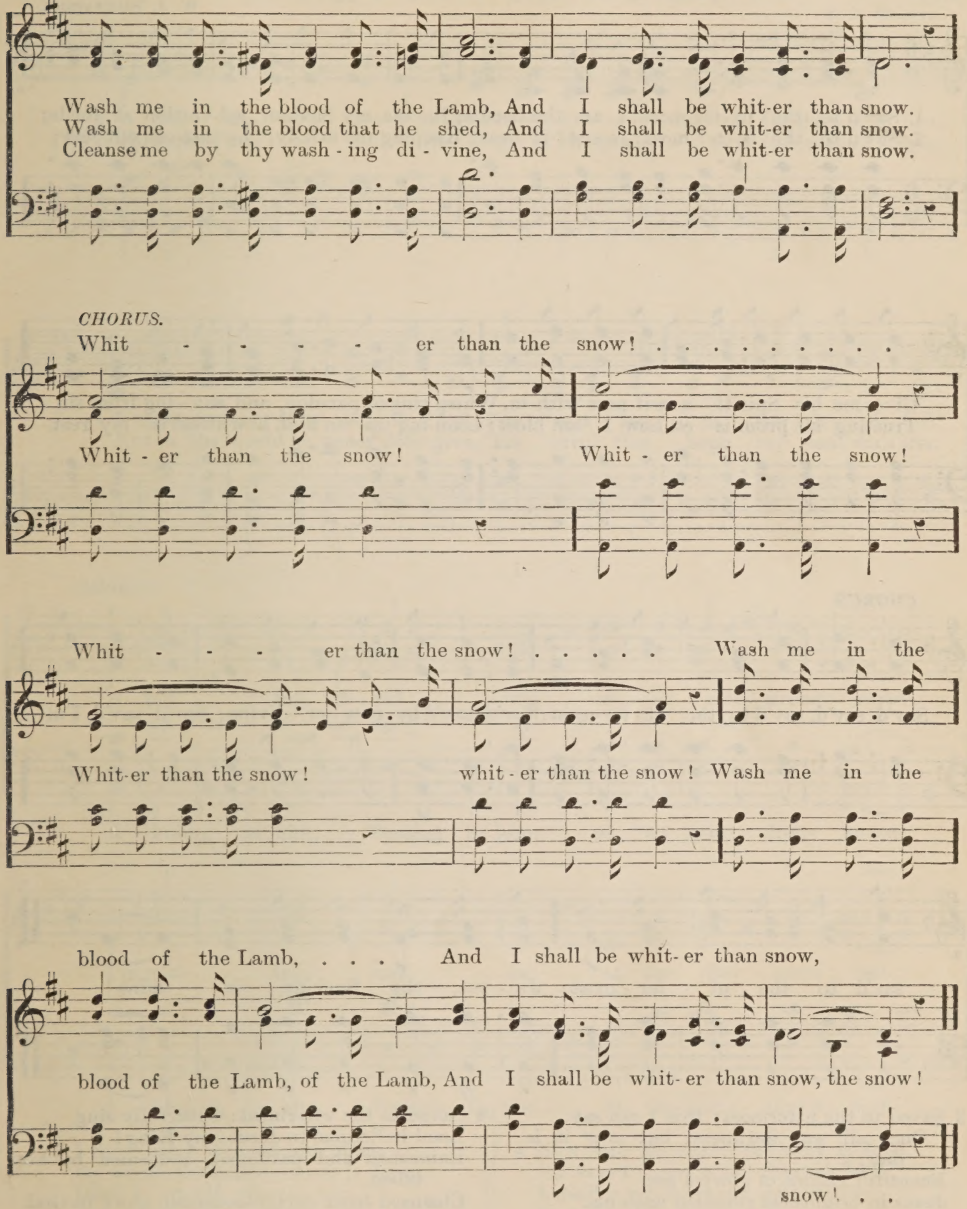
3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet,
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait;
Come now, and within me a new heart create;
To those who have sought thee, thou never saidst No—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

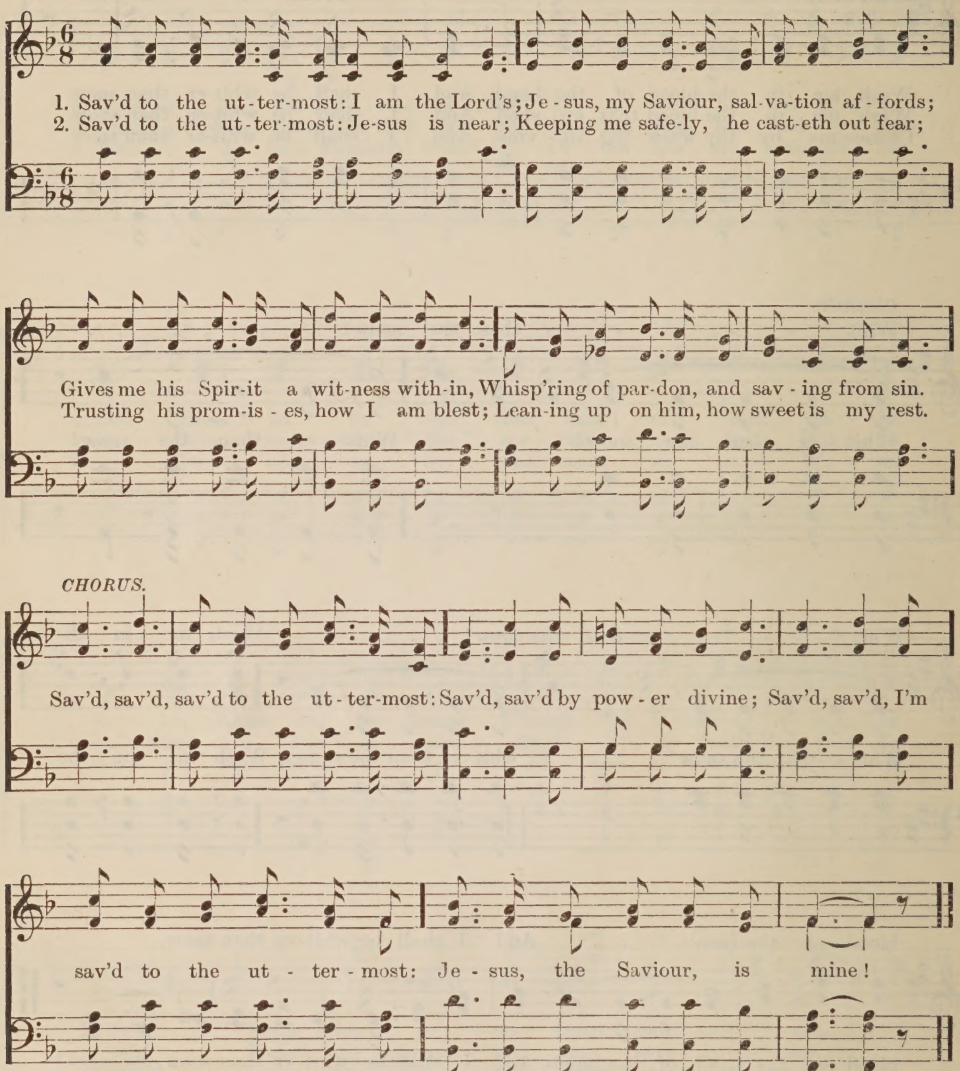
—*J. Nicholson.*

127 Blessed be the Fountain of Blood.

Moderato Arr. from H. S. PERKINS.

1. Bless - ed be the Foun - tain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re-
2. Thorn - y was the crown that he wore, And the cross his bod - y o'er-
3. Fath - er, I have wandered from thee, Of - ten has my heart gone as-
vealed; Bless - ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly
came; Griev - ous were the sor - rows he bore, But he
tray; Crim - son do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter
by his stripes we are healed. Though I've wander'd far from his
suf - fered not thus in vain. May I to that Foun-tain be
can - not wash them a - way. Je - sus, to that Foun-tain of
fold, Bring - ing to my heart pain and woe,
led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
thine, Lean - ing on thy prom - ise I go;

Blessed be the Fountain of Blood—*Concluded.*

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Cleanse me by thy wash - ing di - vine, And I shall be whit-er than snow.
CHORUS.
Whit - - - - - er than the snow! . . . . . .
Whit - er than the snow! Whit - er than the snow!
Whit - - - - er than the snow! . . . . . Wash me in the
Whit-er than the snow! whit - er than the snow! Wash me in the
blood of the Lamb, . . . And I shall be whit-er than snow,
blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit-er than snow, the snow!
snow! . .

128 Saved to the Uttermost: I Am the Lord's.

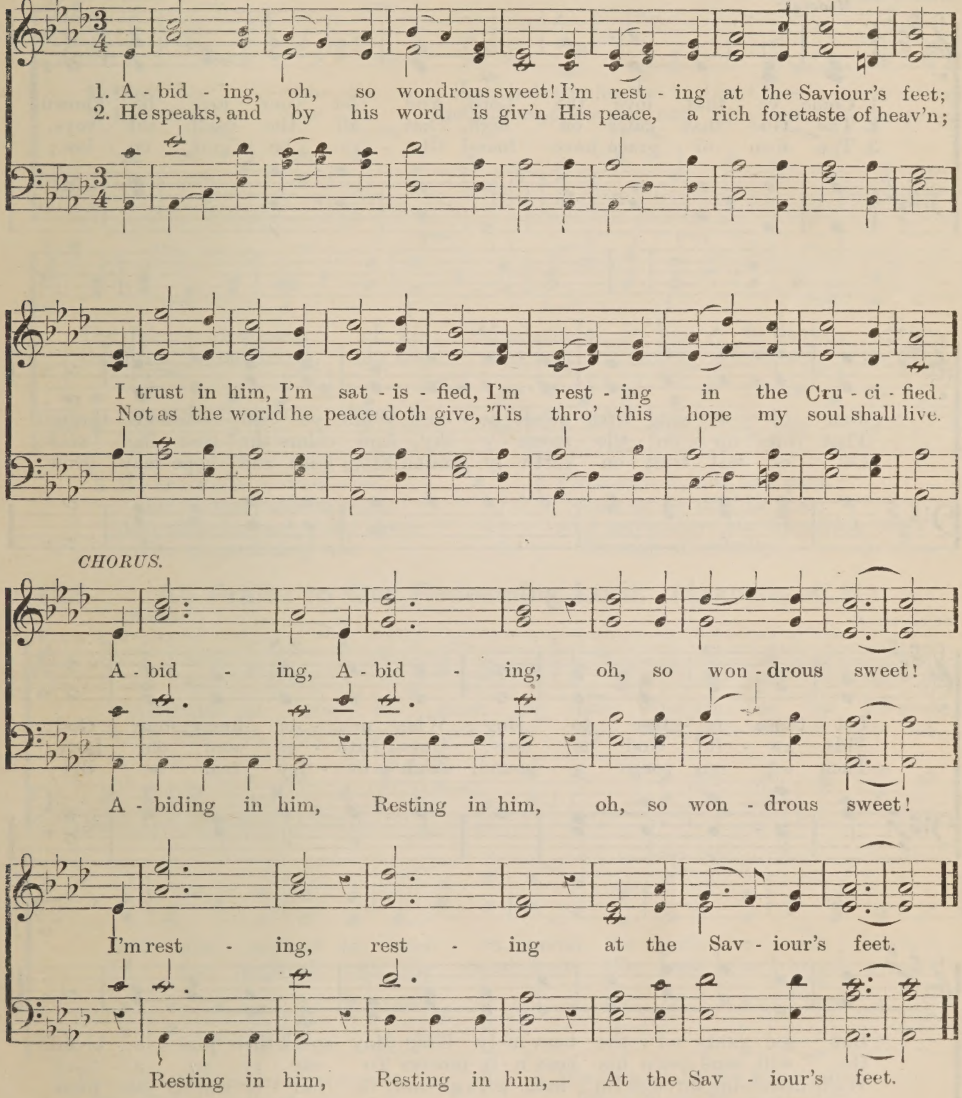
W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je-sus, my Saviour, sal-va-tion af-fords;
2. Sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je-sus is near; Keeping me safe-ly, he cast-eth out fear;
Gives me his Spir-it a wit-ness with-in, Whisp'ring of par-don, and sav-ing from sin.
Trusting his prom-is-es, how I am blest; Lean-ing up on him, how sweet is my rest.
CHORUS.
Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd by pow-er divine; Sav'd, sav'd, I'm
sav'd to the ut-ter-most: Je-sus, the Saviour, is mine!

3 Saved to the uttermost: this I can say,
"Once all was darkness, but now it is day;
Beautiful visions of glory I see,
Jesus in brightness revealed unto me."

4 Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing
Loud halleluias to Jesus, my King!
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood,
Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.

—*W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

129 Abiding, Oh, so Wondrous Sweet!

S. C. WRIGHT.

1. A - bid - ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm rest - ing at the Saviour's feet;
2. He speaks, and by his word is giv'n His peace, a rich foretaste of heav'n;
I trust in him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied.
Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
CHORUS.
A - bid - ing, A - bid - ing, oh, so won - drous sweet!
A - biding in him, Resting in him, oh, so won - drous sweet!
I'm rest - ing, rest - ing at the Sav - iour's feet.
Resting in him, Resting in him,— At the Sav - iour's feet.

3 I live; not I through him alone,
By whom the mighty work is done;
Dead to myself, alive to him,
I count all loss his rest to gain.

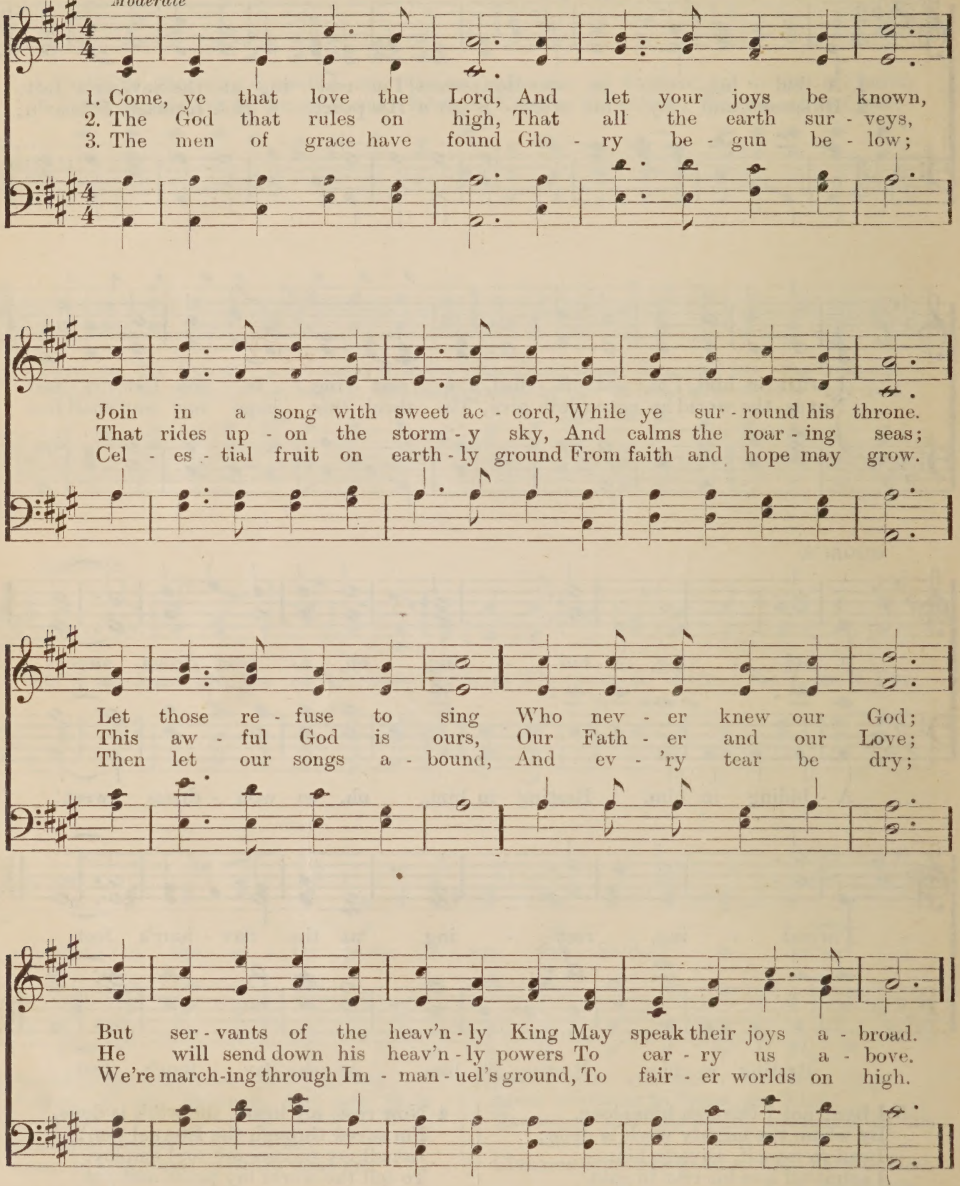
4 Now rest, my heart, the work is done,
I'm saved through the Eternal Son;
Let all my powers my soul employ,
To tell the world my peace and joy.

—*H. F. Lyte.*

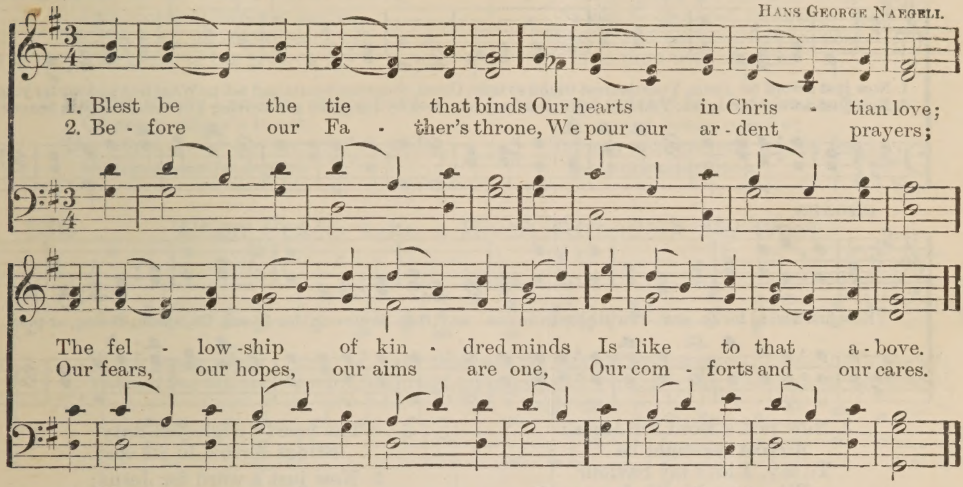
130 Come, Ye that Love the Lord. (NEARER HOME.—S.M.D.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Moderate

ISAAC WOODBURY.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known,
2. The God that rules on high, That all the earth sur - veys,
3. The men of grace have found Glo - ry be - gun be - low;
Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, While ye sur - round his throne.
That rides up - on the storm - y sky, And calms the roar - ing seas;
Cel - es - tial fruit on earth - ly ground From faith and hope may grow.
Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God;
This aw - ful God is ours, Our Fath - er and our Love;
Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry;
But ser - vants of the heav'n - ly King May speak their joys a - broad.
He will send down his heav'n - ly powers To car - ry us a - bove.
We're march-ing through Im - man - uel's ground, To fair - er worlds on high.

131 Blest be the Tie that Binds. (DENNIS.—S.M.)

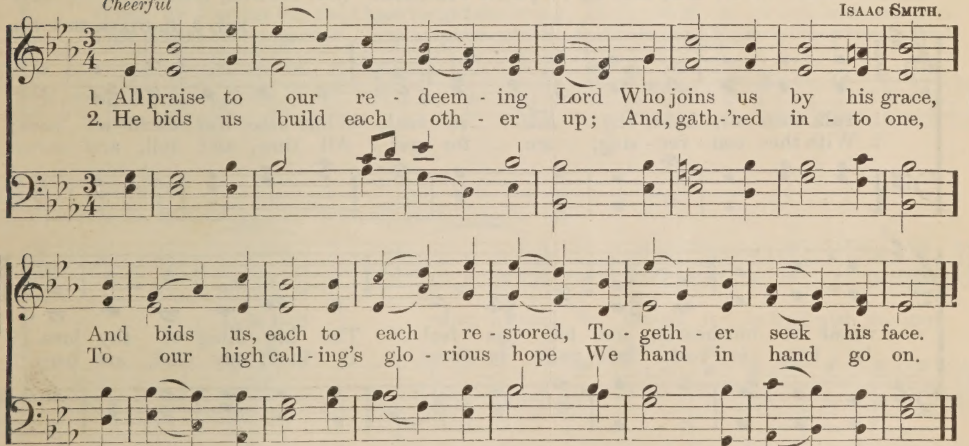
HANS GEORGE NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
The fel - low-ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity. —*J. Fawcett.*

132 All Praise to Our Redeeming Lord. (ABRIDGE.—C.M.)

Cheerful

ISAAC SMITH.

1. All praise to our re - deem - ing Lord Who joins us by his grace,
2. He bids us build each oth - er up; And, gath-'red in - to one,
And bids us, each to each re - stored, To - geth - er seek his face.
To our high call - ing's glo - rious hope We hand in hand go on.

3 The gift which he on one bestows,
We all delight to prove;
The grace through every vessel flows,
In purest streams of love.

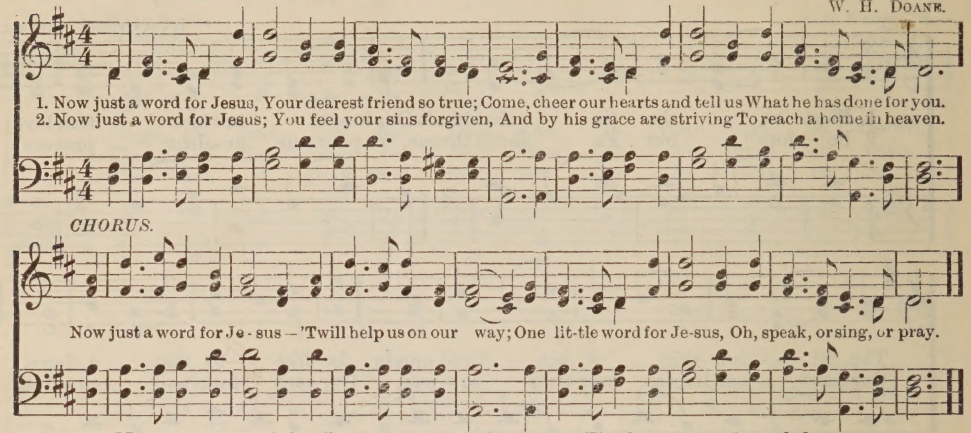
4 Even now we think and speak the same,
And cordially agree;
United all, through Jesus' name,
In perfect harmony.

5 We all partake the joy of one,
The common peace we feel;
A peace to sensual minds unknown,
A joy unspeakable.

6 And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round his throne we meet!
—*C. Wesley.*

133 Now Just a Word for Jesus.

W. H. DOANE.


1. Now just a word for Jesus, Your dearest friend so true; Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What he has done for you.
2. Now just a word for Jesus; You feel your sins forgiven, And by his grace are striving To reach a home in heaven.
CHORUS.
Now just a word for Je - sus — 'Twill help us on our way; One lit-tle word for Je-sus, Oh, speak, or sing, or pray.

3 Now just a word for Jesus;
A cross it cannot be
To say, I love my Saviour
Who gave his life for me.

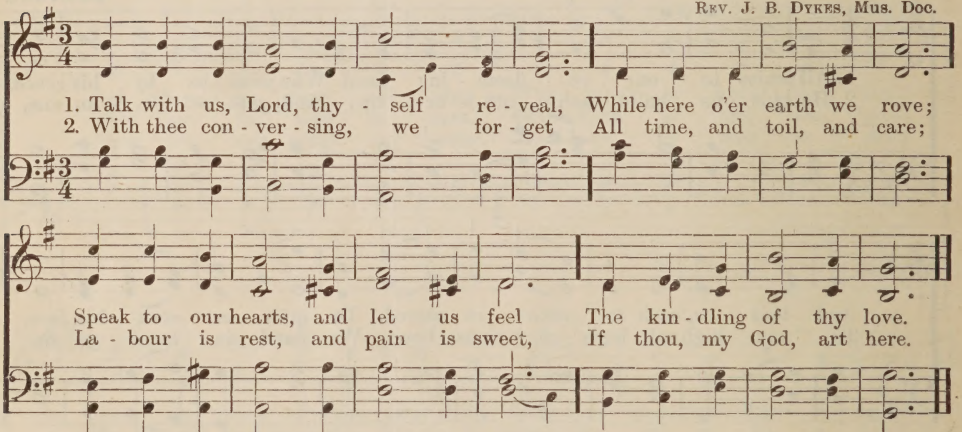
4 Now just a word for Jesus;
Let not the time be lost;
The heart's neglected duty
Brings sorrow to its cost.

5 Now just a word for Jesus;
And if your faith be dim,
Arise, in all your weakness,
And leave the rest to him.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

134 Talk with Us, Lord, Thyself Reveal. (ST. AGNES, DURHAM.—C.M.)

REV. J. B. DYKES, MUS. DOC.


1. Talk with us, Lord, thy - self re - veal, While here o'er earth we rove;
2. With thee con - ver - sing, we for - get All time, and toil, and care;
Speak to our hearts, and let us feel The kin - dling of thy love.
La - bour is rest, and pain is sweet, If thou, my God, art here.

3 Here then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice.

4 Thou callest me to seek thy face;
'Tis all I wish to seek;
To attend the whispers of thy grace,
And hear thee inly speak.

5 Let this my every hour employ,
Till I thy glory see;
Enter into my Master's joy,
And find my heaven in thee.—*C. Wesley.*

135 Come, Let Us, Who in Christ Believe. (EVAN.—C.M.—TUNE No. 17.)

1 Come, let us, who in Christ believe,
Our common Saviour praise,
To him with joyful voices give
The glory of his grace.

2 He now stands knocking at the door
Of every sinner's heart;
The worst need keep him out no more,
Or force him to depart.

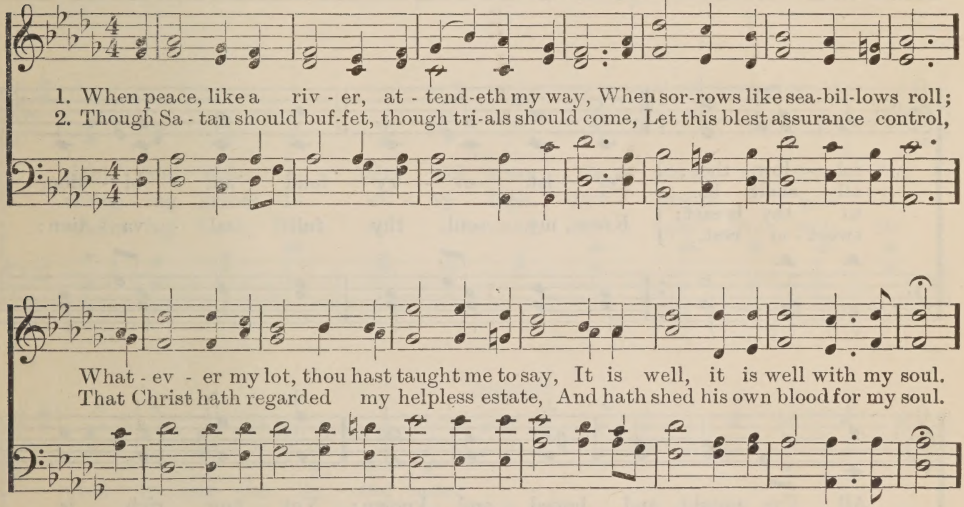
3 Through grace we hearken to thy voice,
Yield to be saved from sin;
In sure and certain hope rejoice,
That thou wilt enter in.

4 Come quickly in, thou heavenly Guest,
Nor ever hence remove;
But sup with us, and let the feast
Be everlasting love.

—*C. Wesley.*

136 When Peace, Like a River, Attendeth My Way.

P. P. BLISS.


1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend-eth my way, When sor-rows like sea-bil-lows roll;
2. Though Sa - tan should buf-fet, though tri-als should come, Let this blest assurance control,
What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
CHORUS.
It is well . . with my soul, . . .
It is well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

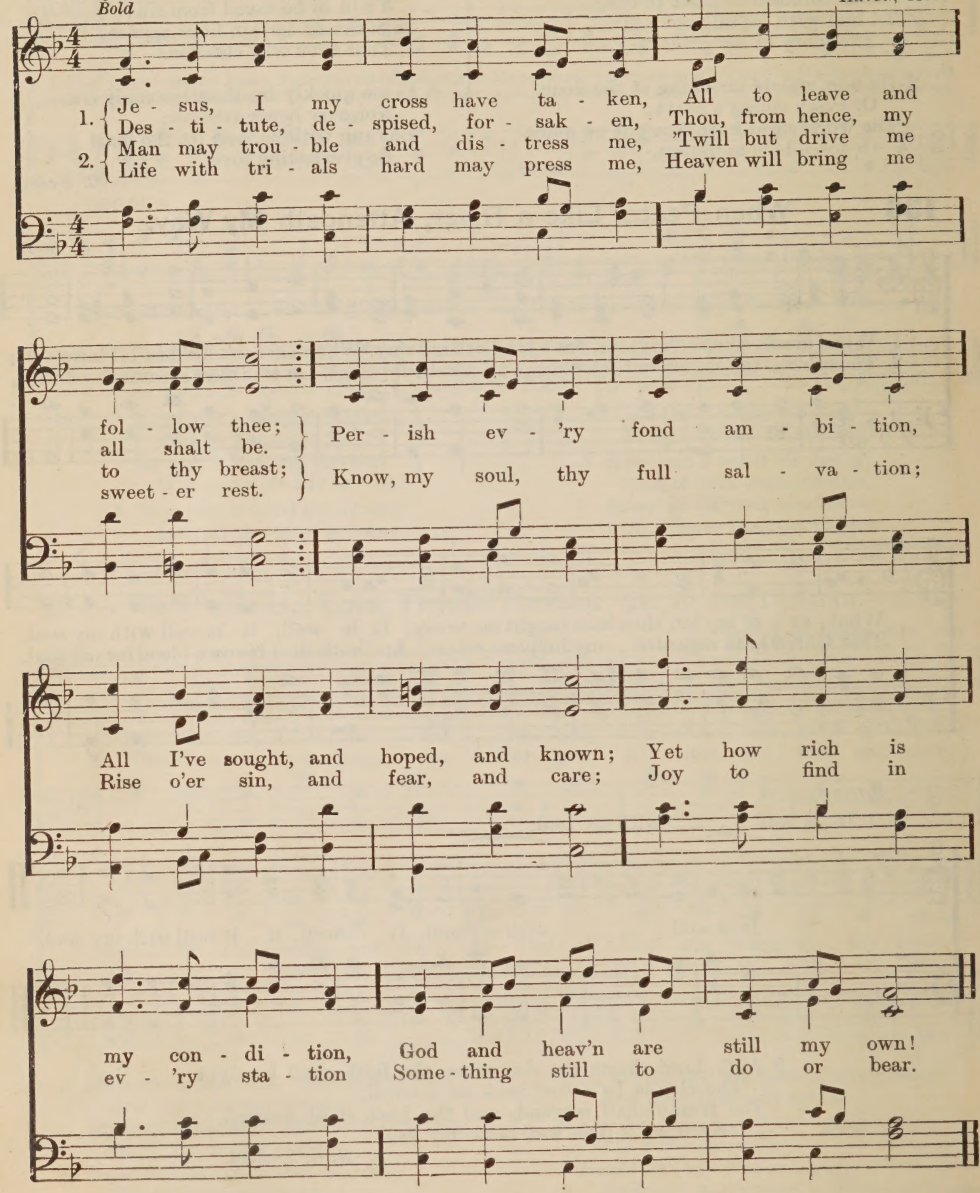
3 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,
"Even so"—it is well with my soul.

—*H. G. Spafford.*

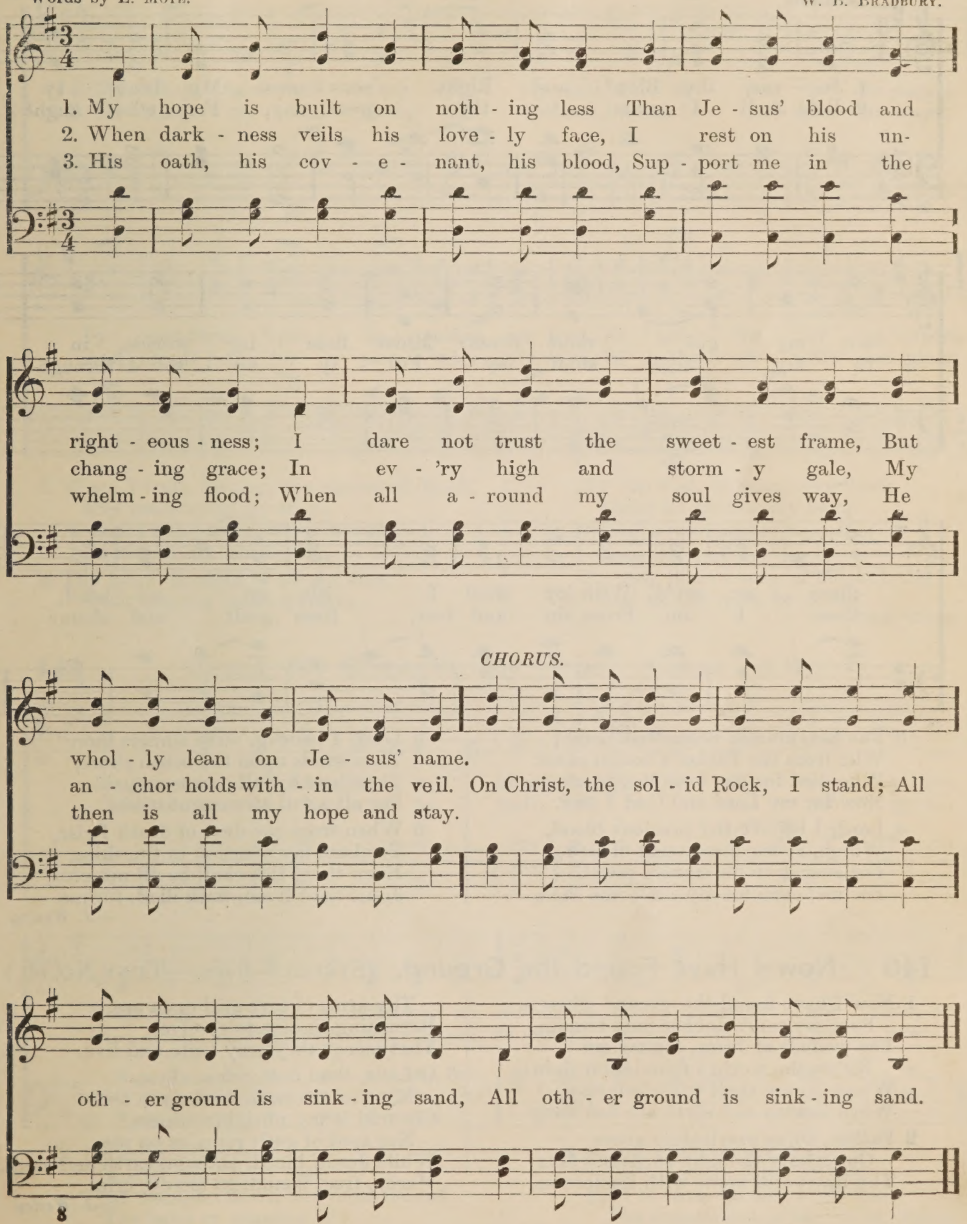
137 Jesus, I My Cross Have Taken. (AUSTRIA.—8s & 7s.)

Words by H. F. LYTE
Bold

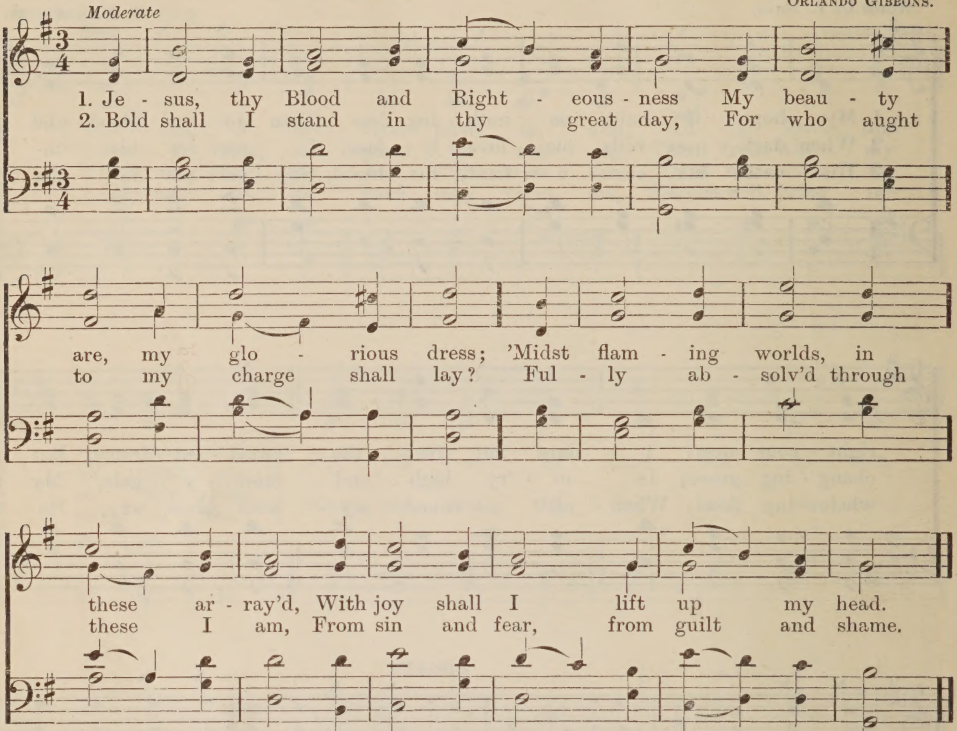
HAYDN, 1809.


1. Je - sus, I my cross have ta - ken, All to leave and
Des - ti - tute, de - spised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my
2. Man may trou - ble and dis - tress me, 'Twill but drive me
Life with tri - als hard may press me, Heaven will bring me
fol - low thee; all shalt be. to thy breast; sweet - er rest.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond am - bi - tion,
Know, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion;
All I've sought, and hoped, and known; Yet how rich is
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care; Joy to find in
my con - di - tion, God and heav'n are still my own!
ev - 'ry sta - tion Some - thing still to do or bear.

138 My Hope is Built on Nothing Less. (L.M.)

Words by E. Mote. W. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Je - sus' blood and
2. When dark - ness veils his love - ly face, I rest on his un-
3. His oath, his cov - e - nant, his blood, Sup - port me in the
right - eous - ness; I dare not trust the sweet - est frame, But
chang - ing grace; In ev - 'ry high and storm - y gale, My
whelm - ing flood; When all a - round my soul gives way, He
CHORUS.
whol - ly lean on Je - sus' name.
an - chor holds with - in the veil. On Christ, the sol - id Rock, I stand; All
then is all my hope and stay.
oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

139 Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness. (Angels' Song.—L.M.)

Orlando Gibbons.

Moderate
1. Je - sus, thy Blood and Right - eous - ness My beau - ty
2. Bold shall I stand in thy great day, For who aught
are, my glo - rious dress; 'Midst flam - ing worlds, in
to my charge shall lay? Ful - ly ab - solv'd through
these ar - ray'd, With joy shall I lift up my head.
these I am, From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

4 Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which, at the mercy-seat of God,
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul, was shed.

5 Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

6 When from the dust of death I rise,
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then, this shall be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

—*J. Wesley.*

140 Now I Have Found the Ground. (Stella.—6–8s.—Tune No. 60.)

1 Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain,
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away.

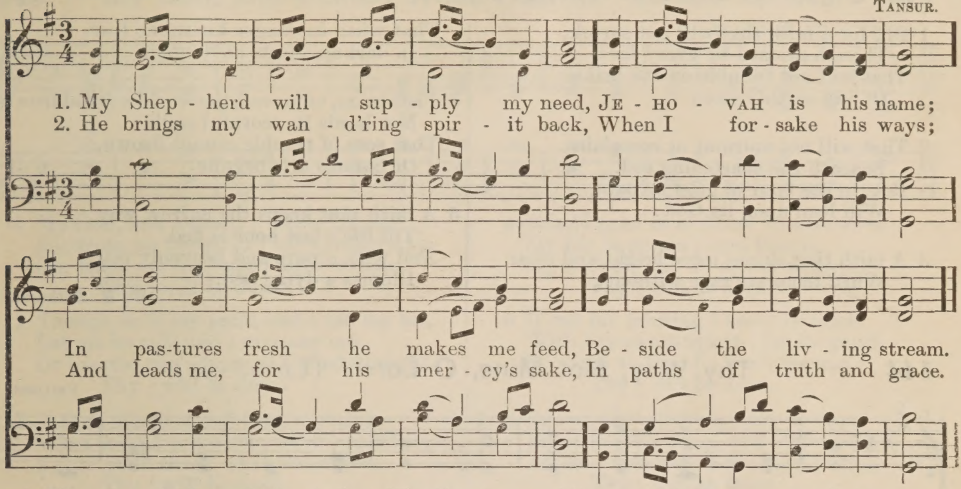
2 Father, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness,
Thy arms of love still open are,
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

3 O Love, thou bottomless abyss,
My sins are swallowed up in thee!
Covered is my unrighteousness,
Nor spot of guilt remains on me,
While Jesus' blood, through earth and skies,
Mercy, free, boundless mercy, cries.

—*J. Wesley.*

141 My Shepherd Will Supply My Need. (GAINSBOROUGH.—C.M.)

TANSUR.


1. My Shep - herd will sup - ply my need, JE - HO - VAH is his name;
2. He brings my wan - d'ring spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways;
In pas-tures fresh he makes me feed, Be - side the liv - ing stream.
And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake, In paths of truth and grace.

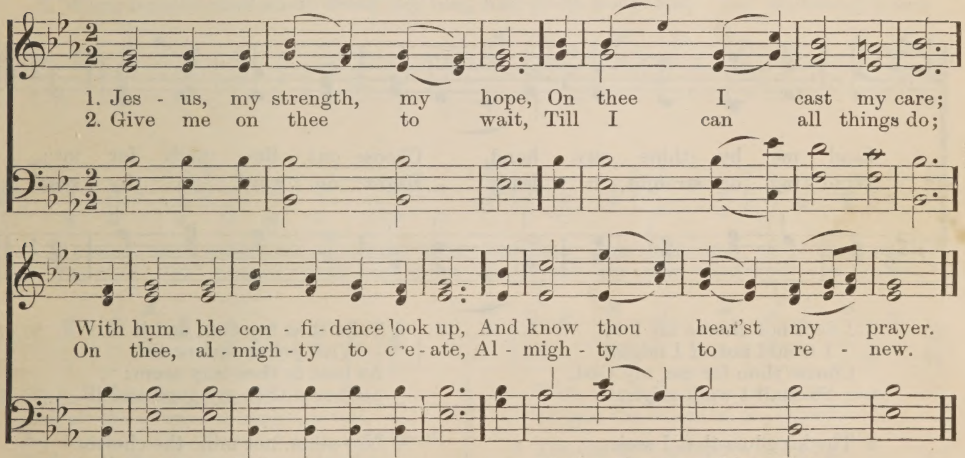
3 When I walk through the shades of death,
Thy presence is my stay;
A word of thy supporting breath
Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in sight of all my foes,
Doth now my table spread;
My cup with blessings overflows,
Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
Attend me all my days;
Oh, may thine house be mine abode,
And all my work be praise!

—*Isaac Watts.*

142 Jesus, My Strength, My Hope. (OZREM.—S.M.)


1. Jes - us, my strength, my hope, On thee I cast my care;
2. Give me on thee to wait, Till I can all things do;
With hum - ble con - fi - dence look up, And know thou hear'st my prayer.
On thee, al - migh - ty to cre - ate, Al - migh - ty to re - new.

3 I want a sober mind,
A self-renouncing will,
That tramples down and casts behind
The baits of pleasing ill;

4 A soul unmoved by pain,
By hardship, grief, or loss,
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross. —*C. Wesley.*

143 Oh, for a Faith that Will not Shrink. (MARTYRDOM.–C.M.–TUNE NO. 15.)

1 Oh, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe!
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:

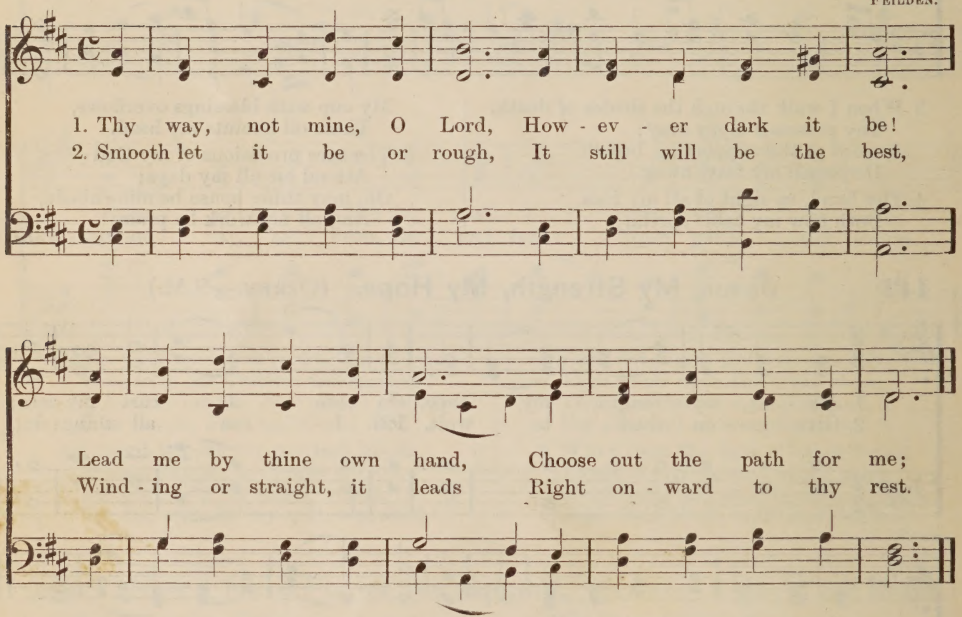
3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt:

4 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Or Satan's arts beguile:

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes a dying bed.

—*W. H. Bathurst.*

144 Thy Way, Not Mine, O Lord. (EDEN.—6S.)

FEILDEN.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!
2. Smooth let it be or rough, It still will be the best,
Lead me by thine own hand, Choose out the path for me;
Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to thy rest.

3 I dare not choose my lot;
I would not, if I might:
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

4 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine; so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.

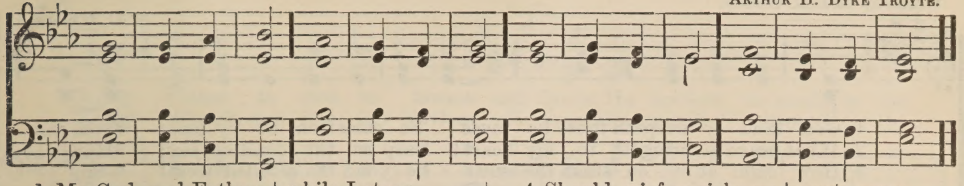
5 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem;
Choose thou my good and ill.

6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom, and my all.

—*H. Bonar.*

145 My God, and Father, While I Stray. (CHANT.—8,8,8,4.)

ARTHUR H. DYKE TROYTE.



1 My God, and Father, | while I stray
Far from my home, in | life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my | heart to say,
Thy | will be done!

2 Though dark my path, and | sad my lot,
Let me be still and | murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer di | vinely taught,
Thy | will be done.

3 If thou shouldst call | me to resign
What most I prize—it | ne'er was mine;
I only yield thee | what was thine:
Thy | will be done.

4 Should grief or sickness | waste away
My life in prema | ture decay,
My Father, still I | strive to say,
Thy | will be done.

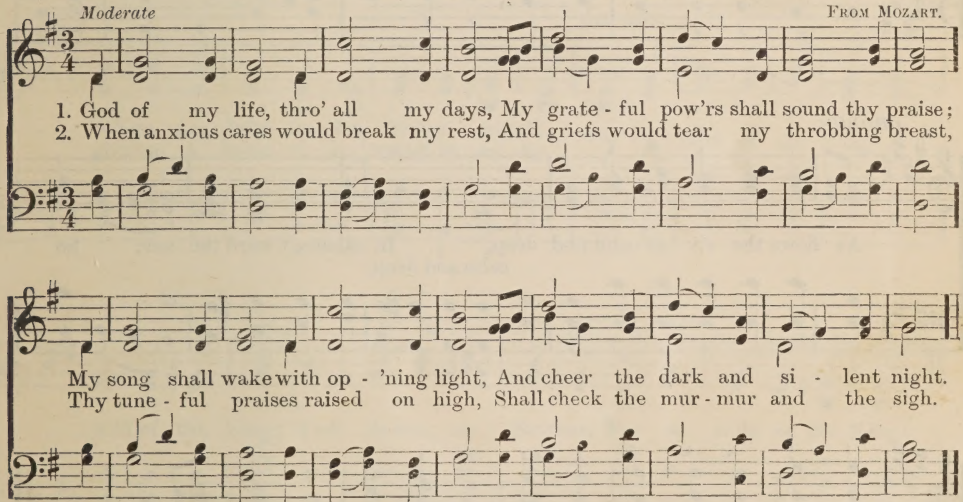
5 If but my fainting | heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit | for its guest,
My God, to thee I | leave the rest:
Thy | will be done.

6 Renew my will from | day to day,
Blend it with thine, and | take away
All that now makes it | hard to say,
Thy | will be done.

—Charlotte Elliott.

146 God of My Life, Through all My Days. (DRESDEN.—L.M.)

Moderate FROM MOZART.


1. God of my life, thro' all my days, My grate - ful pow'rs shall sound thy praise;
2. When anxious cares would break my rest, And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
My song shall wake with op - 'ning light, And cheer the dark and si - lent night.
Thy tune - ful praises raised on high, Shall check the mur - mur and the sigh.

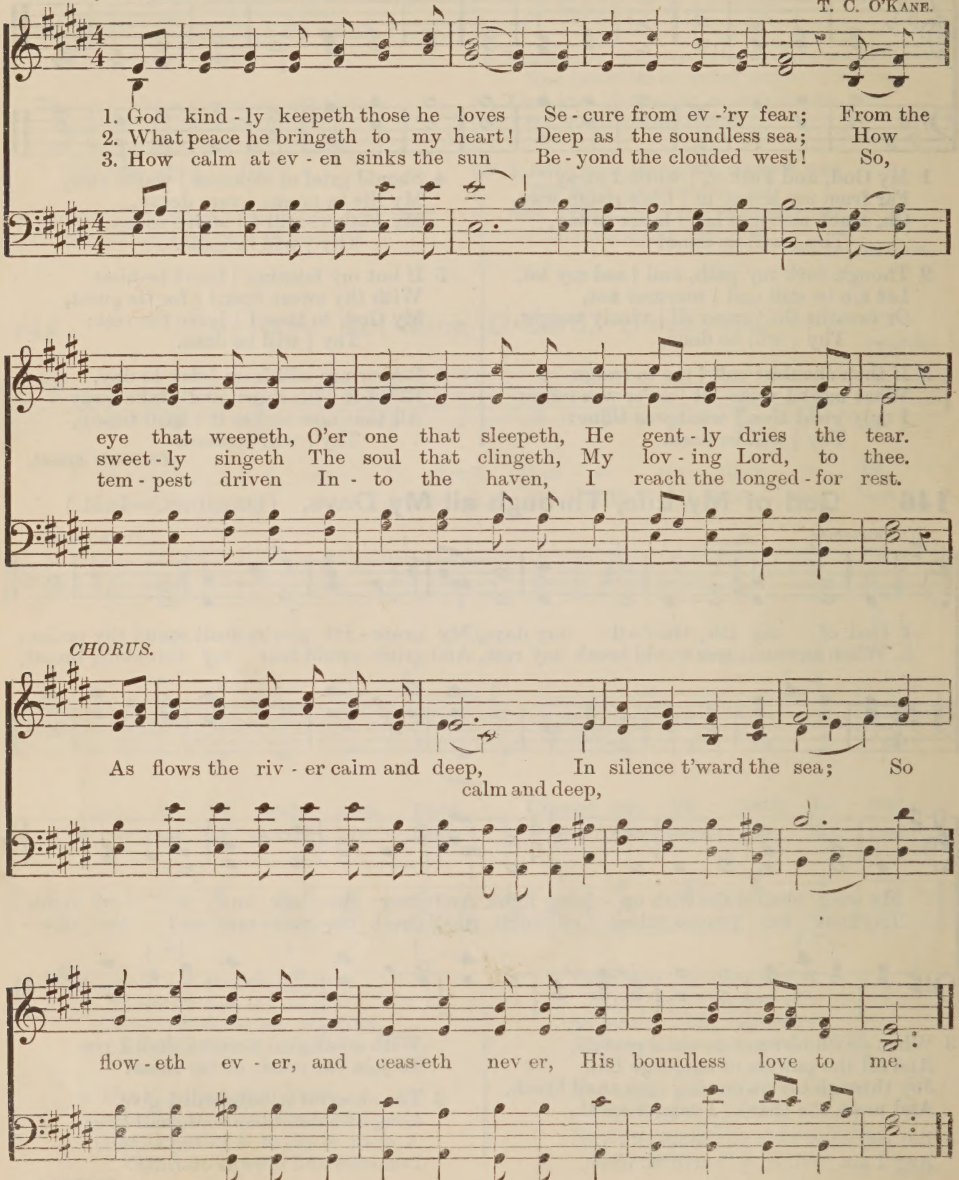
3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all the powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 But oh, when that last conflict's o'er,
And I am chained to earth no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies!

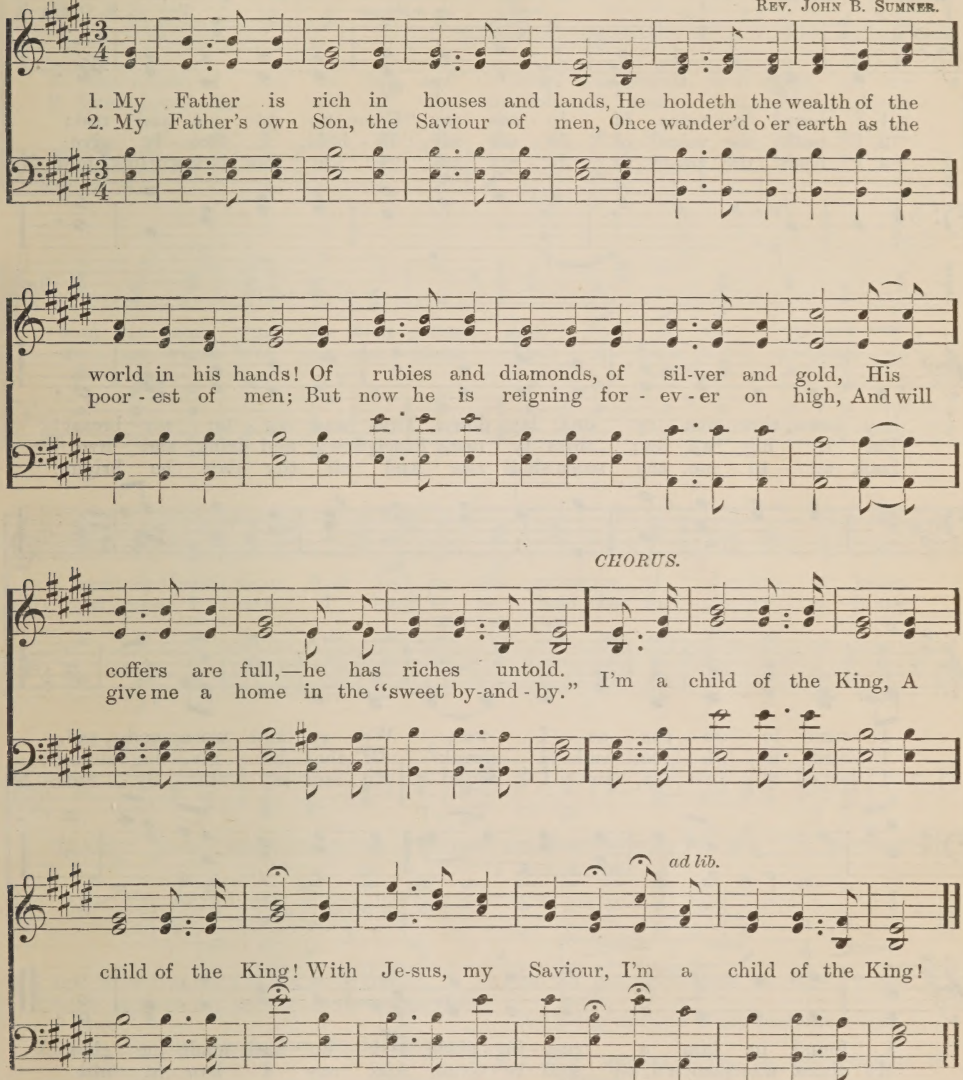
5 The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul shall live;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands and crowns eternity.

—Doddridge.

147 God Kindly Keepeth Those He Loves.

Words by Rev. E. Corwin. T. C. O'Kane.

1. God kind - ly keepeth those he loves Se - cure from ev -'ry fear; From the
2. What peace he bringeth to my heart! Deep as the soundless sea; How
3. How calm at ev - en sinks the sun Be - yond the clouded west! So,
eye that weepeth, O'er one that sleepeth, He gent - ly dries the tear.
sweet - ly singeth The soul that clingeth, My lov - ing Lord, to thee.
tem - pest driven In - to the haven, I reach the longed - for rest.
CHORUS.
As flows the riv - er calm and deep, In silence t'ward the sea; So
calm and deep,
flow - eth ev - er, and ceas-eth nev er, His boundless love to me.

148 My Father is Rich in Houses and Lands.

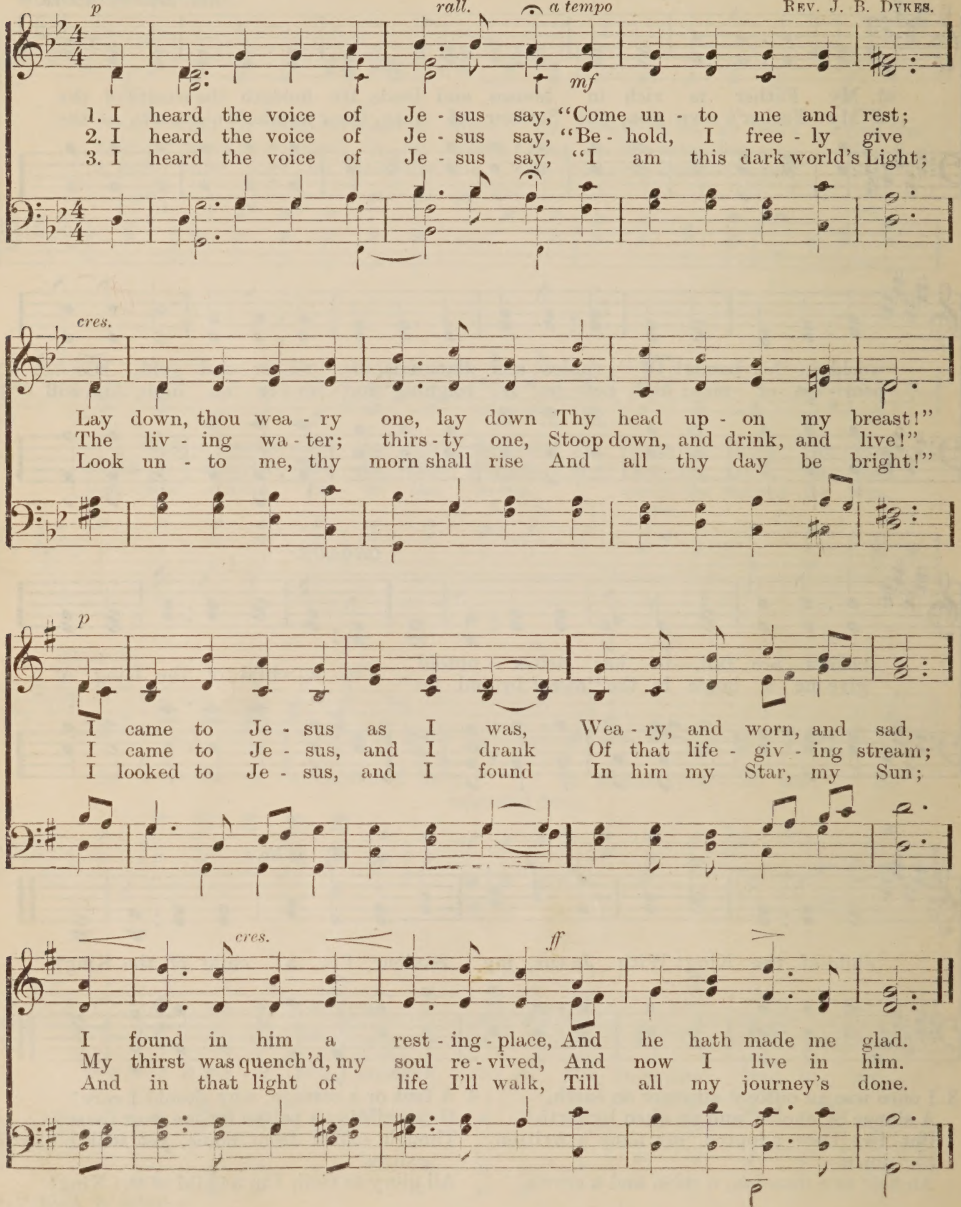
REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Father is rich in houses and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
world in his hands! Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His
poor - est of men; But now he is reigning for - ev - er on high, And will
CHORUS.
coffers are full,—he has riches untold.
give me a home in the "sweet by-and - by."
I'm a child of the King, A
ad lib.
child of the King! With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!

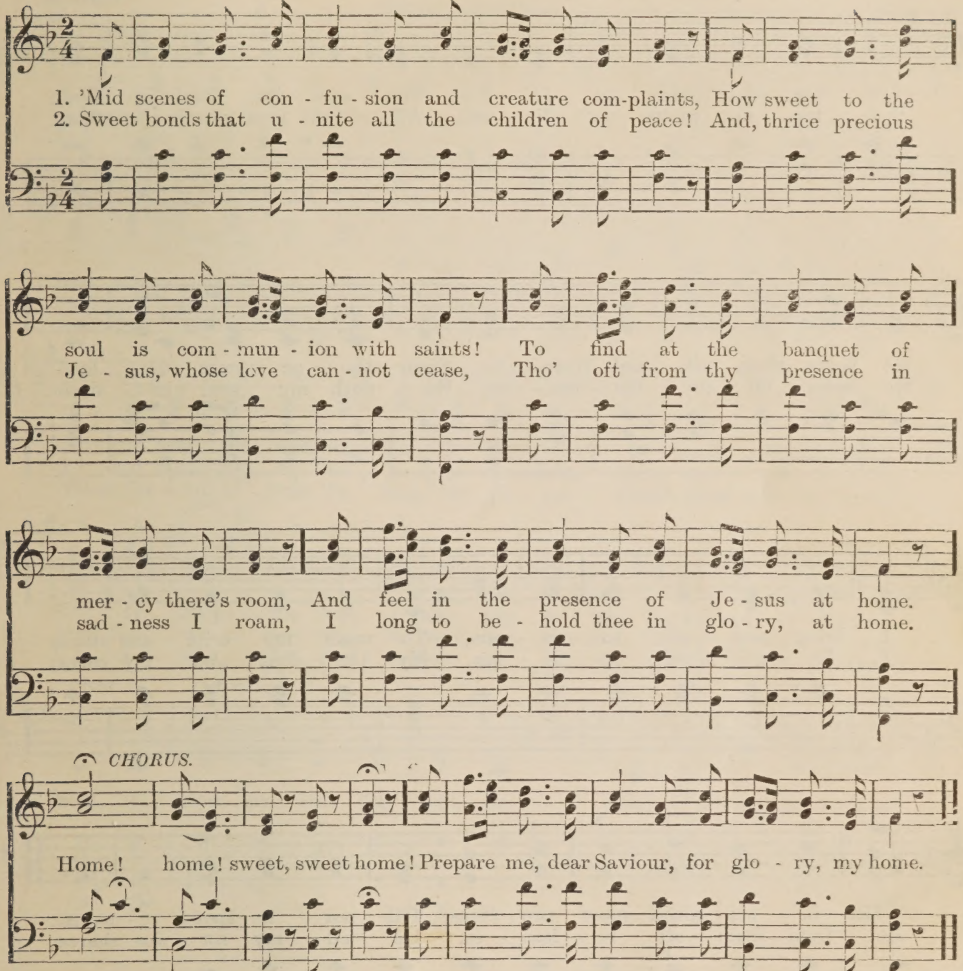
3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, and an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
He's building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm a child of the King!

—*Hattie E. Buell.*

149 I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say. (Vox Dilecti.—C.M.D.)

Words by H. Bonar. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

p
rall.
a tempo
mf
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's Light;
cres.
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
The liv - ing wa - ter; thirs - ty one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright!"
p
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry, and worn, and sad,
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In him my Star, my Sun;
cres.
ff
I found in him a rest - ing - place, And he hath made me glad.
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in him.
And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my journey's done.
p

150 'Mid Scenes of Confusion. (SWEET HOME.—11s.)

1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature com-plaints, How sweet to the
2. Sweet bonds that u - nite all the children of peace! And, thrice precious
soul is com - mun - ion with saints! To find at the banquet of
Je - sus, whose love can - not cease, Tho' oft from thy presence in
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
sad - ness I roam, I long to be - hold thee in glo - ry, at home.
CHORUS.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home! Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.

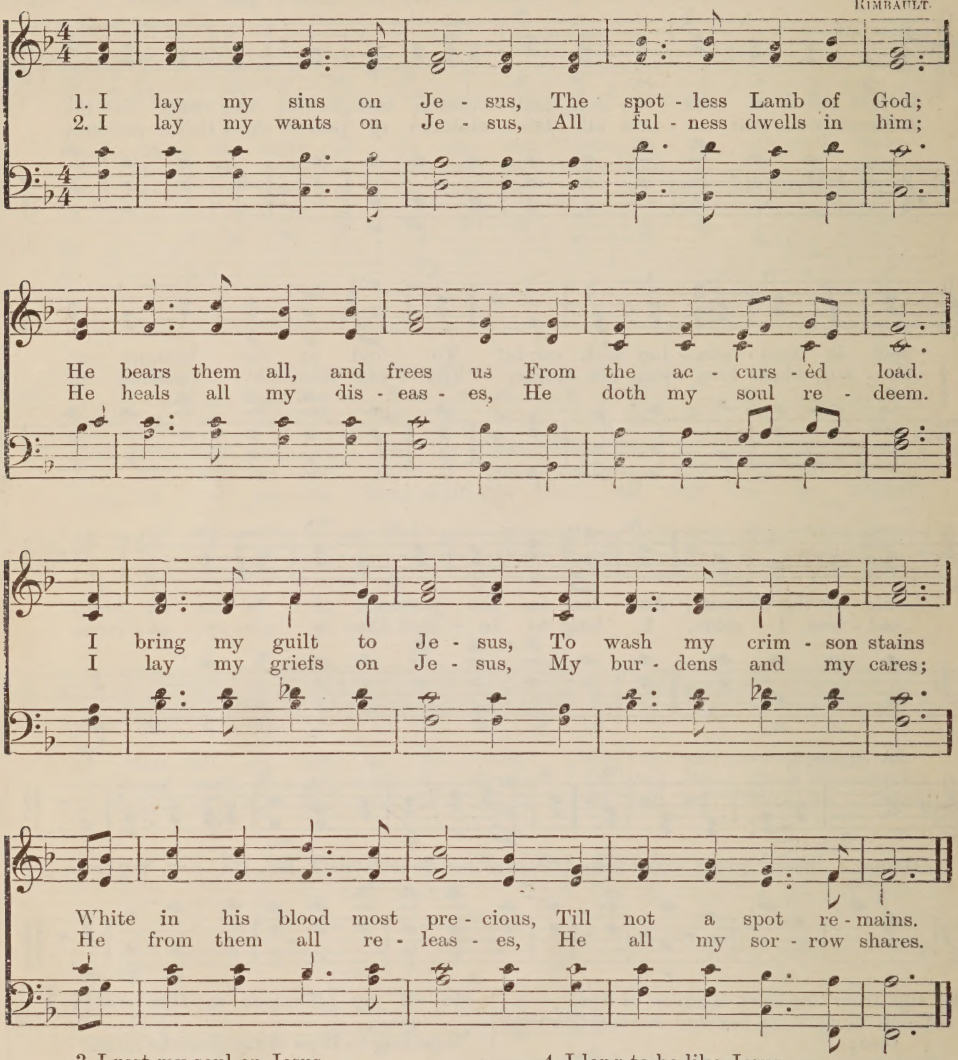
3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptation like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at home.

4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh, give me submission, and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

5 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine;
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine;
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

—*D. Denham.*

151 I Lay My Sins on Jesus. (RUTHERFORD.)

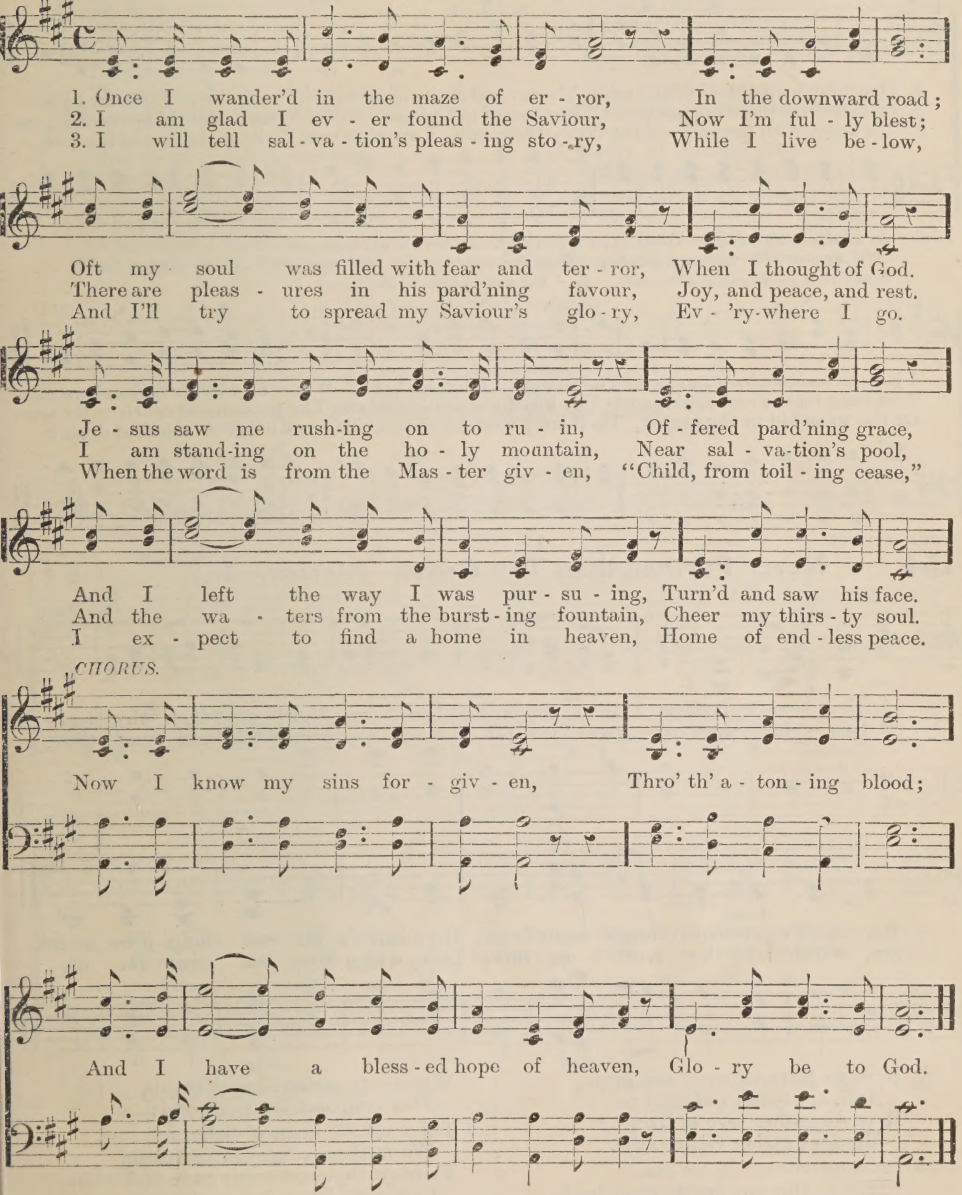
RIMBAULT.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All ful - ness dwells in him;
He bears them all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
He heals all my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem.
I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash my crim - son stains
I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
White in his blood most pre - cious, Till not a spot re - mains.
He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - row shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord;
Like fragrance on the breezes,
His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's Holy Child;
I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng;
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song.

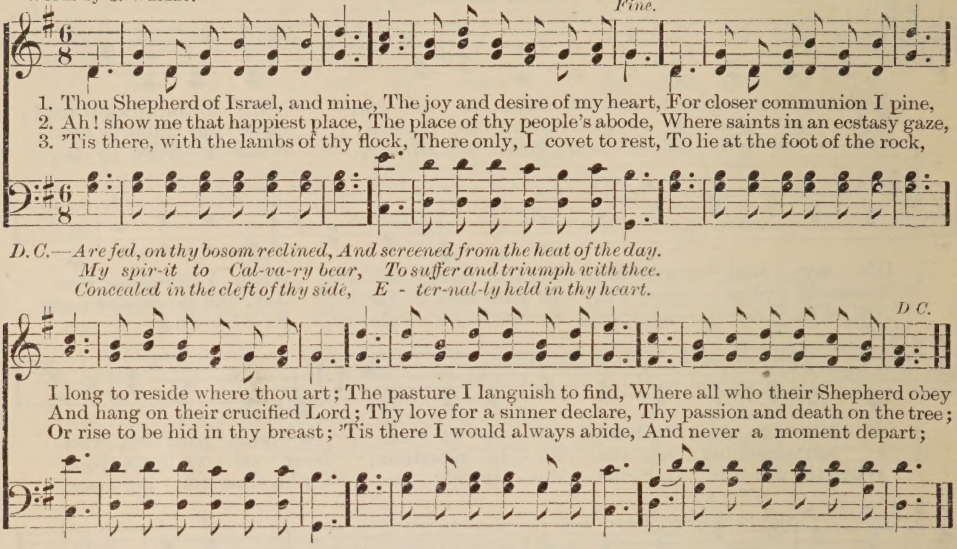
—*H. Bonar.*

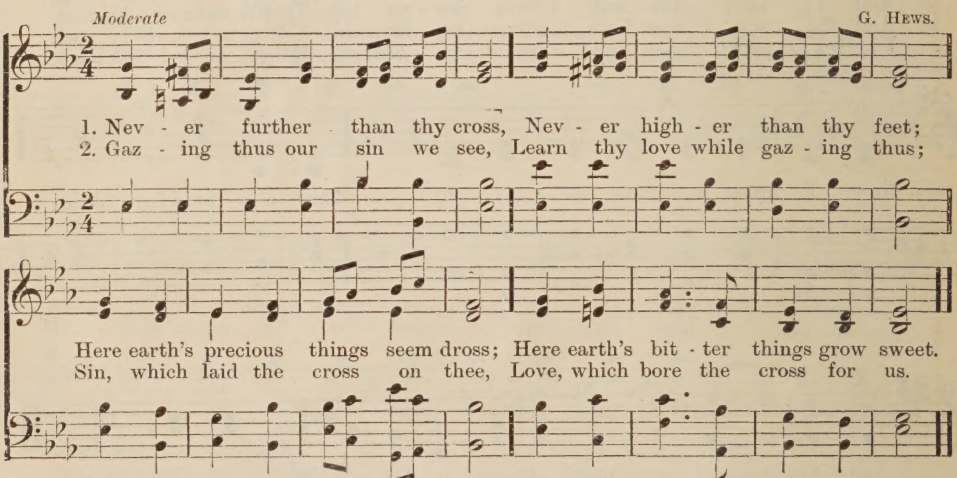
152 Once I Wandered in the Maze of Error.

(SOLO OR DUET.)

1. Once I wander'd in the maze of er - ror, In the downward road;
2. I am glad I ev - er found the Saviour, Now I'm ful - ly blest;
3. I will tell sal - va - tion's pleas - ing sto - ry, While I live be - low,
Oft my soul was filled with fear and ter - ror, When I thought of God.
There are pleas - ures in his pard'ning favour, Joy, and peace, and rest.
And I'll try to spread my Saviour's glo - ry, Ev - 'ry-where I go.
Je - sus saw me rush-ing on to ru - in, Of - fered pard'ning grace,
I am stand-ing on the ho - ly mountain, Near sal - va-tion's pool,
When the word is from the Mas - ter giv - en, "Child, from toil - ing cease,"
And I left the way I was pur - su - ing, Turn'd and saw his face.
And the wa - ters from the burst - ing fountain, Cheer my thirs - ty soul.
I ex - pect to find a home in heaven, Home of end - less peace.
CHORUS.
Now I know my sins for - giv - en, Thro' th' a - ton - ing blood;
And I have a bless - ed hope of heaven, Glo - ry be to God.

153 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and Mine. (De Fleury.—8s.)

Words by C. Wesley.


Fine.
1. Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine, The joy and desire of my heart, For closer communion I pine,
2. Ah! show me that happiest place, The place of thy people's abode, Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
3. 'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock, There only, I covet to rest, To lie at the foot of the rock,
D.C.—Are fed, on thy bosom reclined, And screened from the heat of the day.
My spir-it to Cal-va-ry bear, To suffer and triumph with thee.
Concealed in the cleft of thy side, E - ter-nal-ly held in thy heart.
D.C.
I long to reside where thou art; The pasture I languish to find, Where all who their Shepherd obey
And hang on their crucified Lord; Thy love for a sinner declare, Thy passion and death on the tree;
Or rise to be hid in thy breast; 'Tis there I would always abide, And never a moment depart;

154 Never Further than Thy Cross. (Holley.—7s.)

Moderate
G. Hews.
1. Nev - er further than thy cross, Nev - er high - er than thy feet;
2. Gaz - ing thus our sin we see, Learn thy love while gaz - ing thus;
Here earth's precious things seem dross; Here earth's bit - ter things grow sweet.
Sin, which laid the cross on thee, Love, which bore the cross for us.

3 Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

4 Pressing onward as we can,
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began,
There our last aspirings end;

5 Till amid the hosts of light,
We in thee redeemed, complete,
Through thy cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before thy feet.

—*Mrs. Charles.*

155 Oh, How Happy are They. (6,6,9,6,6,9.—Tune No. 256.)

1 Oh, how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favour divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus's name!

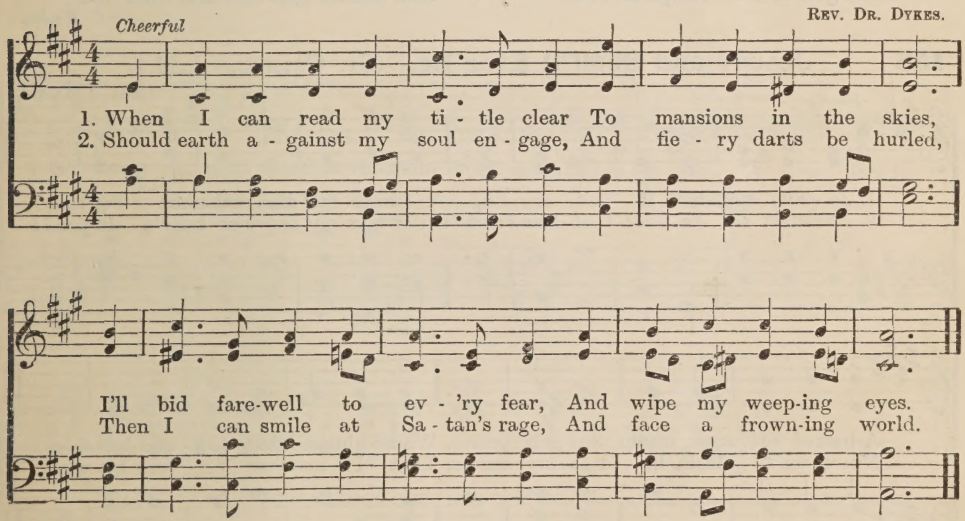
3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more,
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus all the day long
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see!
"He hath loved me," I cried,
"He hath suffered and died,
To redeem such a rebel as me."

5 Oh, the rapturous height
Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possest,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fulness of God.

—*C. Wesley.*

156 When I Can Read My Title Clear. (Coronation—New.—C.M.)


Rev. Dr. Dykes.
Cheerful
1. When I can read my ti - tle clear To mansions in the skies,
2. Should earth a - gainst my soul en - gage, And fie - ry darts be hurled,
I'll bid fare-well to ev - 'ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world.

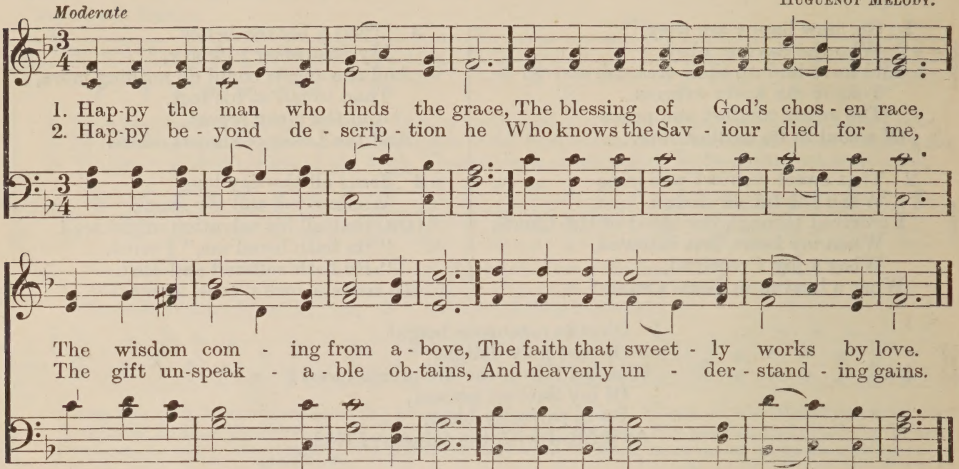
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

—*Isaac Watts.*

157 Happy the Man who Finds the Grace. (HURSLEY.—L.M.)

HUGUENOT MELODY.


Moderate
1. Hap-py the man who finds the grace, The blessing of God's chos - en race,
2. Hap-py be - yond de - scrip - tion he Who knows the Sav - iour died for me,
The wisdom com - ing from a - bove, The faith that sweet - ly works by love.
The gift un-speak - a - ble ob-tains, And heavenly un - der - stand - ing gains.

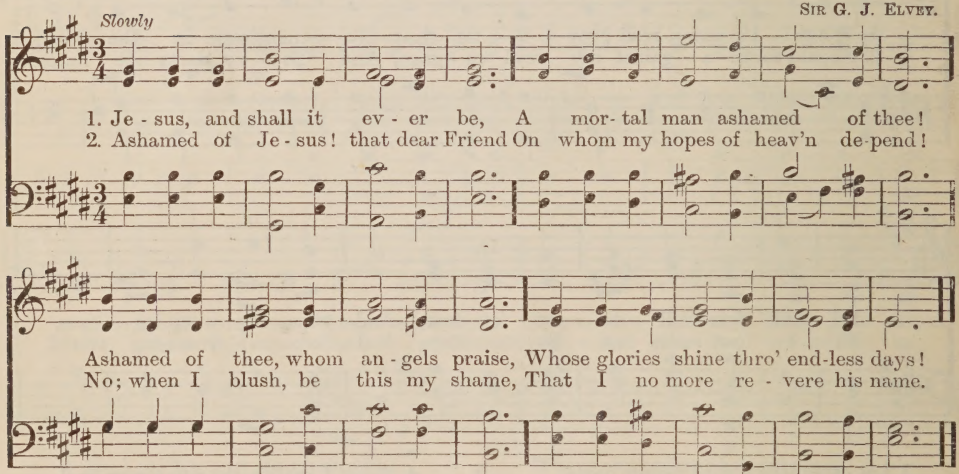
3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.

4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise,
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honour that descends from God.

—*C. Wesley.*

158 Jesus! and Shall it Ever Be. (ST. CRISPIN.—L.M.)

SIR G. J. ELVEY.


Slowly
1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of thee!
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de-pend!
Ashamed of thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glories shine thro' end-less days!
No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere his name.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

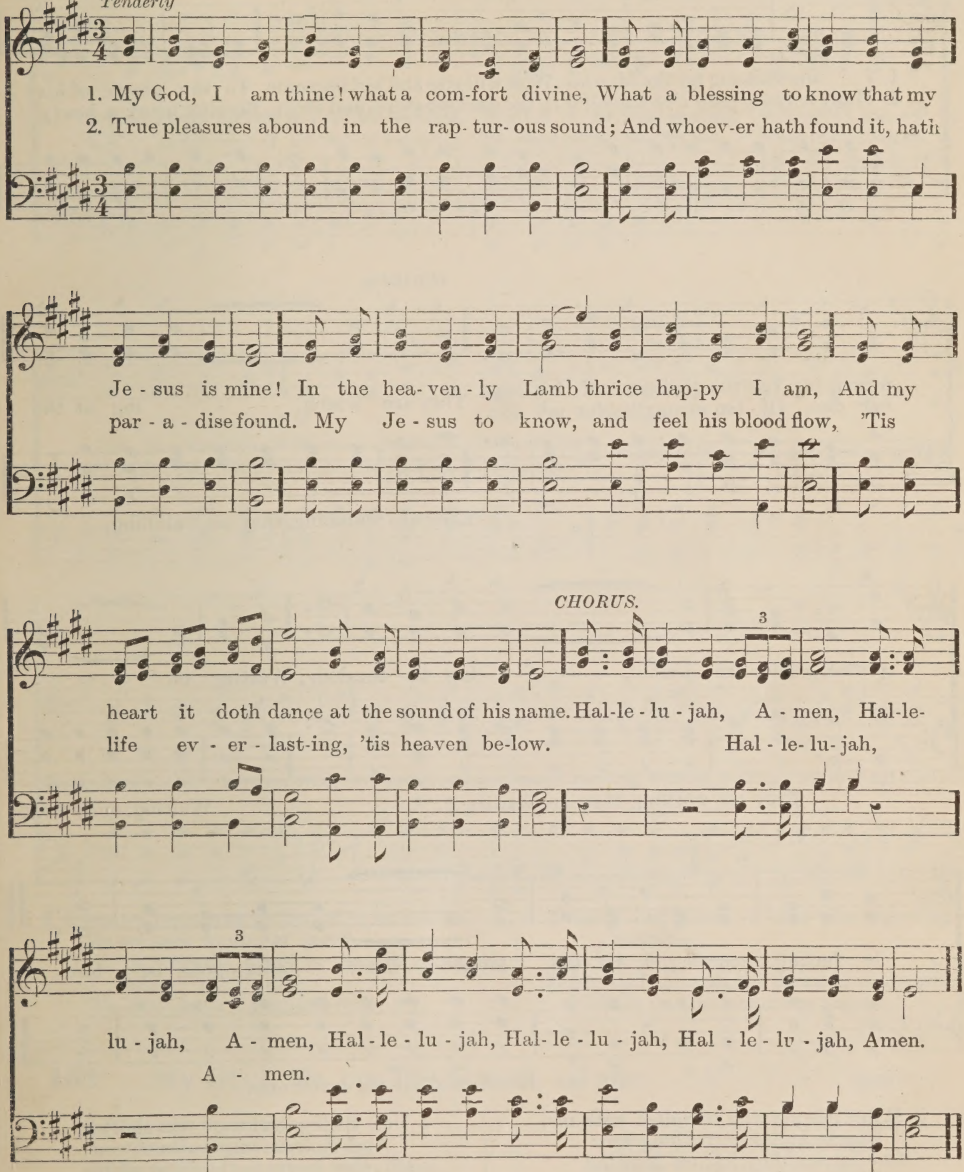
4 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And oh! may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

—*J. Grigg.*

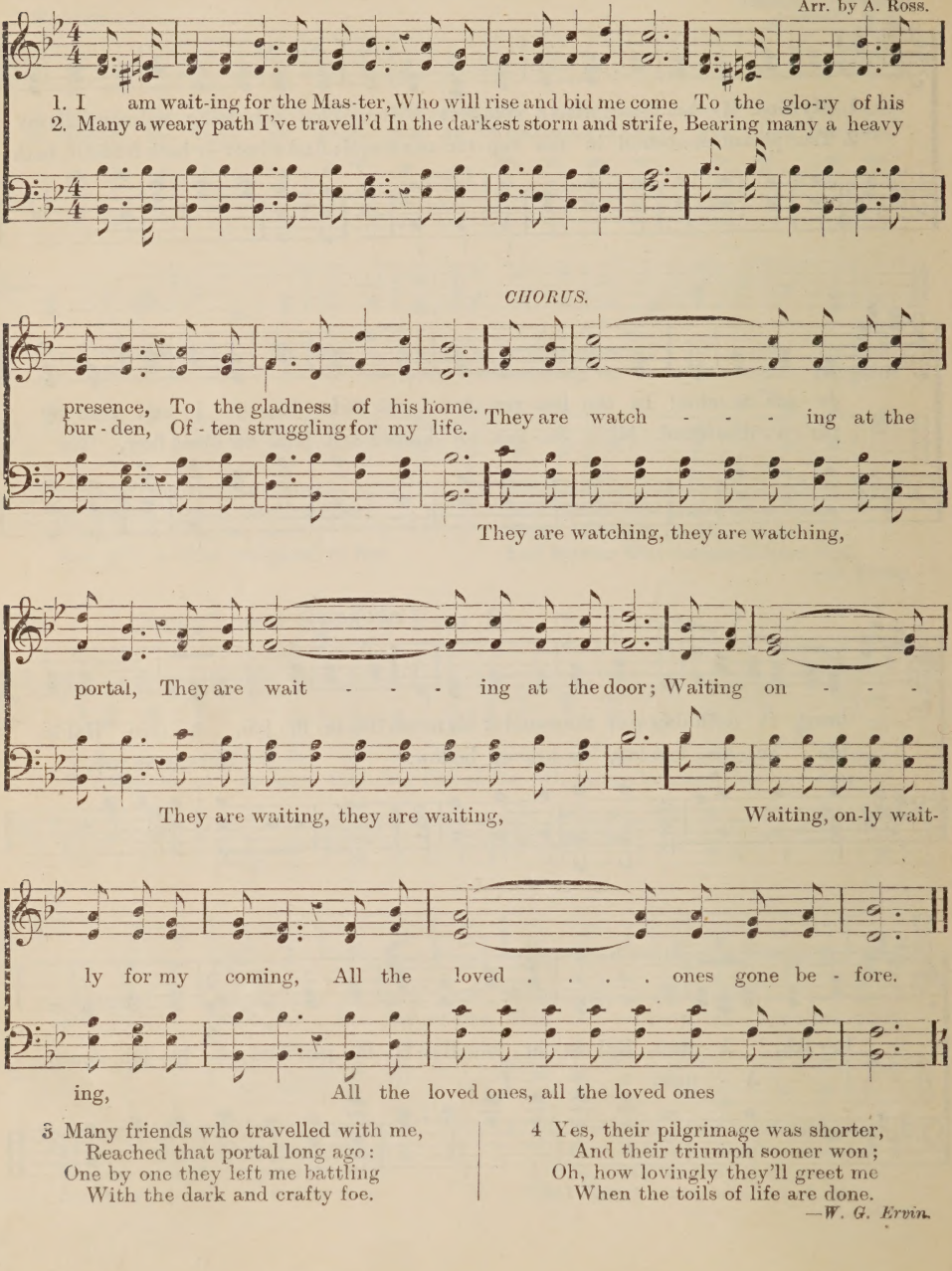
159 My God, I am Thine! (RAPTURE.—11,12,11,12.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

Tenderly


1. My God, I am thine! what a com-fort divine, What a blessing to know that my
2. True pleasures abound in the rap-tur-ous sound; And whoev-er hath found it, hath
Je-sus is mine! In the hea-ven-ly Lamb thrice hap-py I am, And my
par-a-dise found. My Je-sus to know, and feel his blood flow, 'Tis
CHORUS.
heart it doth dance at the sound of his name. Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-
life ev-er-last-ing, 'tis heaven be-low. Hal-le-lu-jah,
lu-jah, A-men, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Amen.
A-men.

160 I am Waiting for the Master.

Arr. by A. Ross.

1. I am wait-ing for the Mas-ter, Who will rise and bid me come To the glo-ry of his
2. Many a weary path I've travell'd In the darkest storm and strife, Bearing many a heavy
CHORUS.
presence, To the gladness of his home.
bur - den, Of - ten struggling for my life.
They are watch - - - ing at the
They are watching, they are watching,
portal, They are wait - - - ing at the door; Waiting on - - -
They are waiting, they are waiting,
Waiting, on-ly wait-
ly for my coming, All the loved . . . . ones gone be - fore.
ing,
All the loved ones, all the loved ones

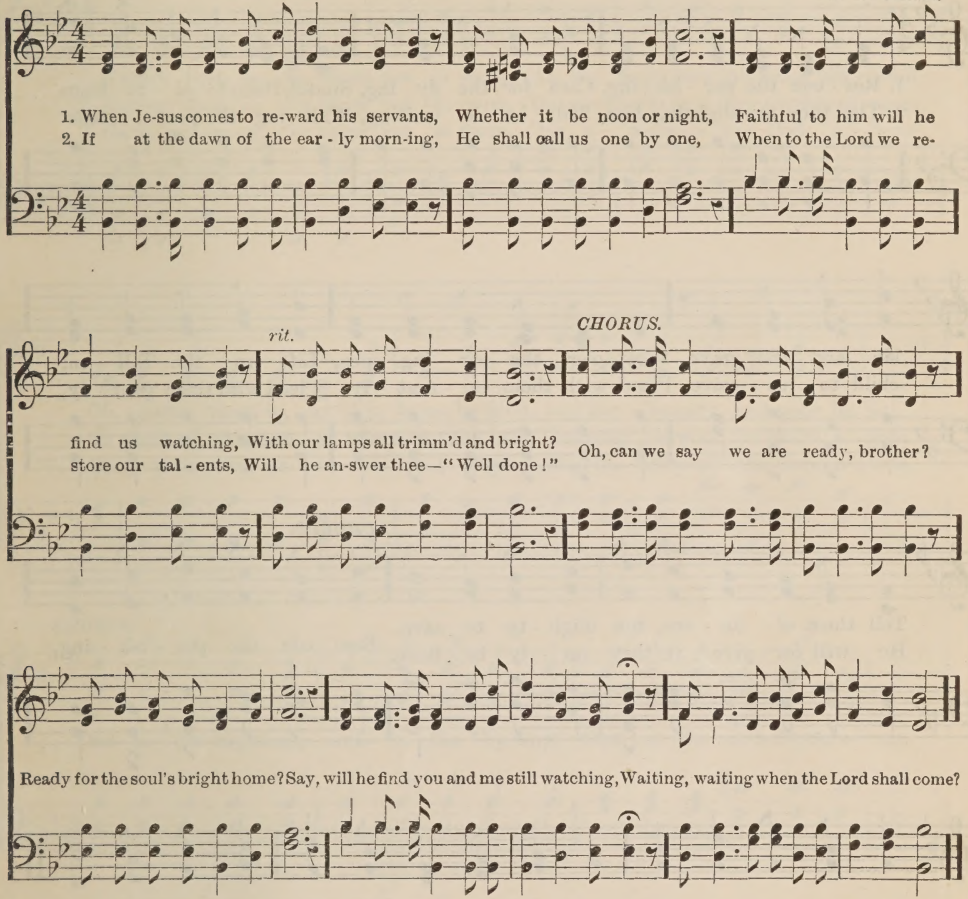
3 Many friends who travelled with me,
Reached that portal long ago:
One by one they left me battling
With the dark and crafty foe.

4 Yes, their pilgrimage was shorter,
And their triumph sooner won;
Oh, how lovingly they'll greet me
When the toils of life are done.

—*W. G. Ervin.*

161 When Jesus Comes to Reward His Servants.

W. H. DOANE.


1. When Je-sus comes to re-ward his servants, Whether it be noon or night, Faithful to him will he
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn-ing, He shall call us one by one, When to the Lord we re-
CHORUS.
rit.
find us watching, With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
store our tal - ents, Will he an-swer thee—"Well done!"
Oh, can we say we are ready, brother?
Ready for the soul's bright home? Say, will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

3 Have we been true to the trust he left us?
Do we seek to do our best?
If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
We shall have a glorious rest.

4 Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching,
In his glory they shall share;
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,
Will he find us watching there?

—*Fanny Crosby*

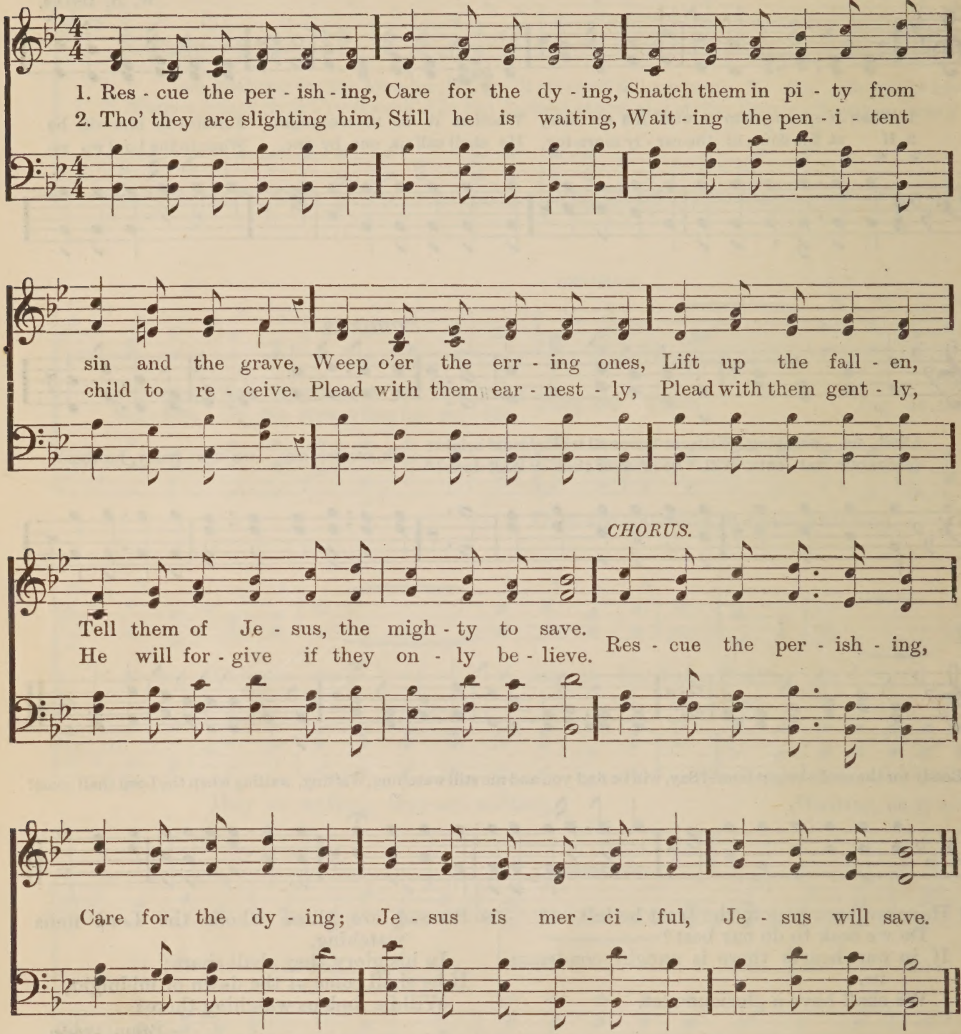
162 My Soul, Be on Thy Guard. (LEEDS.—S.M.—TUNE NO. 116.)

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

—*G. Heath.*

163 Rescue the Perishing.

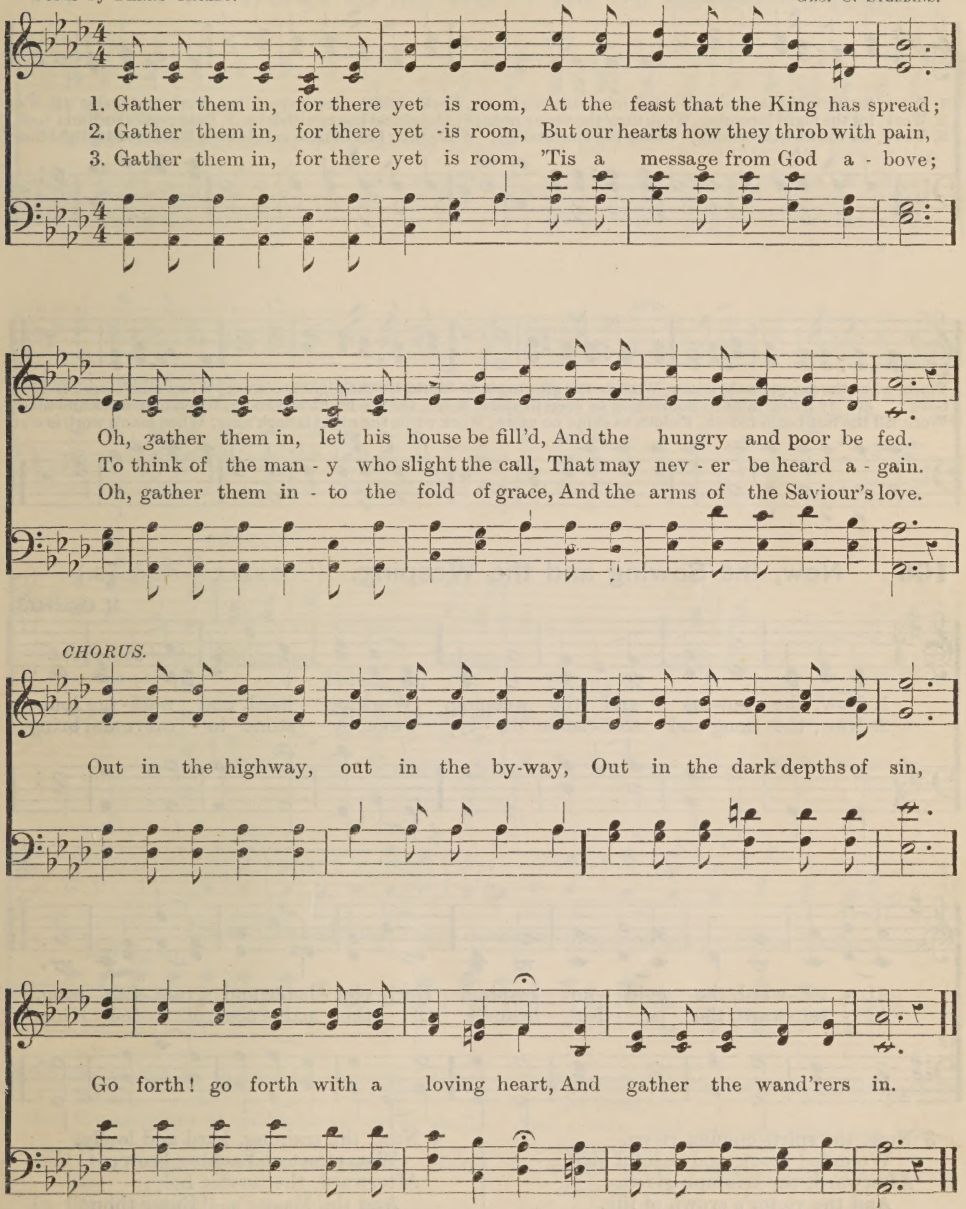
W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish - ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pi - ty from
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
sin and the grave, Weep o'er the err - ing ones, Lift up the fall - en,
child to re - ceive. Plead with them ear - nest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly,
CHORUS.
Tell them of Je - sus, the migh - ty to save.
He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it;
Strength for thy labour the Lord will provide;
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them,
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

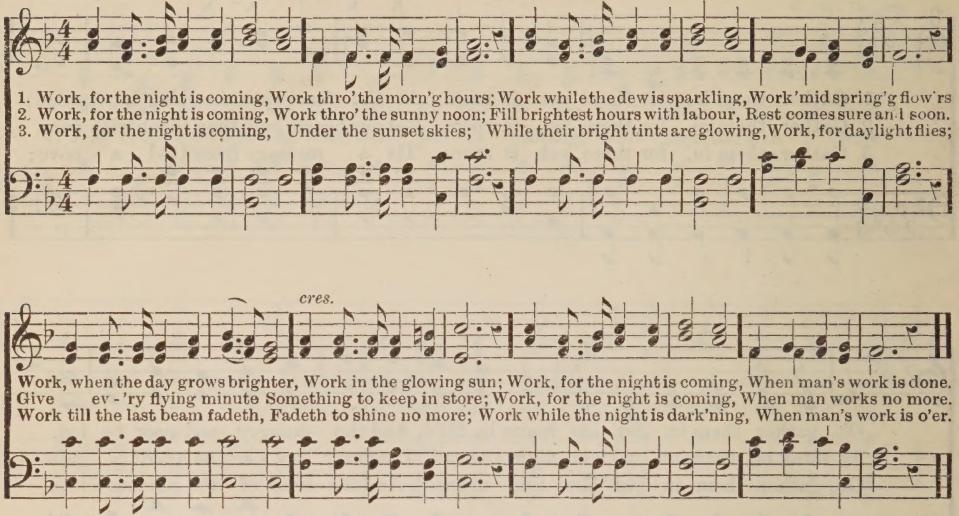
—*Fanny Crosby.*

164 Gather Them In, for There Yet is Room.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Gather them in, for there yet is room, At the feast that the King has spread;
2. Gather them in, for there yet is room, But our hearts how they throb with pain,
3. Gather them in, for there yet is room, 'Tis a message from God a - bove;
Oh, gather them in, let his house be fill'd, And the hungry and poor be fed.
To think of the man - y who slight the call, That may nev - er be heard a - gain.
Oh, gather them in - to the fold of grace, And the arms of the Saviour's love.
CHORUS.
Out in the highway, out in the by-way, Out in the dark depths of sin,
Go forth! go forth with a loving heart, And gather the wand'rers in.

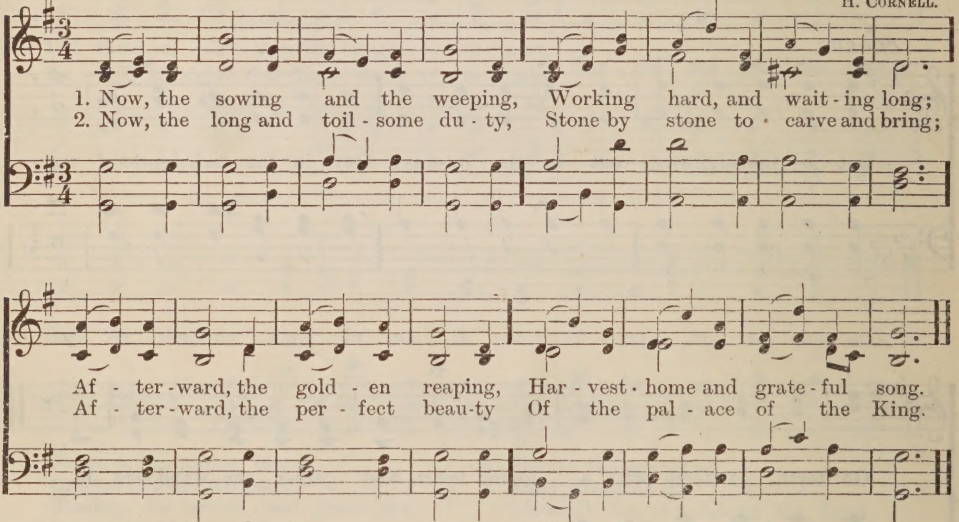
165 Work, for the Night is Coming. (7,6,7,5,7,6,7,5.)

Words by ANNIE L. WALKER.


1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the morn'g hours; Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid spring'g flow'rs
2. Work, for the night is coming, Work thro' the sunny noon; Fill brightest hours with labour, Rest comes sure and soon.
3. Work, for the night is coming, Under the sunset skies; While their bright tints are glowing, Work, for daylight flies;
cres.
Work, when the day grows brighter, Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
Give ev-'ry flying minute Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
Work till the last beam fadeth, Fadeth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

166 Now, the Sowing and the Weeping. (CORNELL.—8s & 7s.)

H. CORNELL.

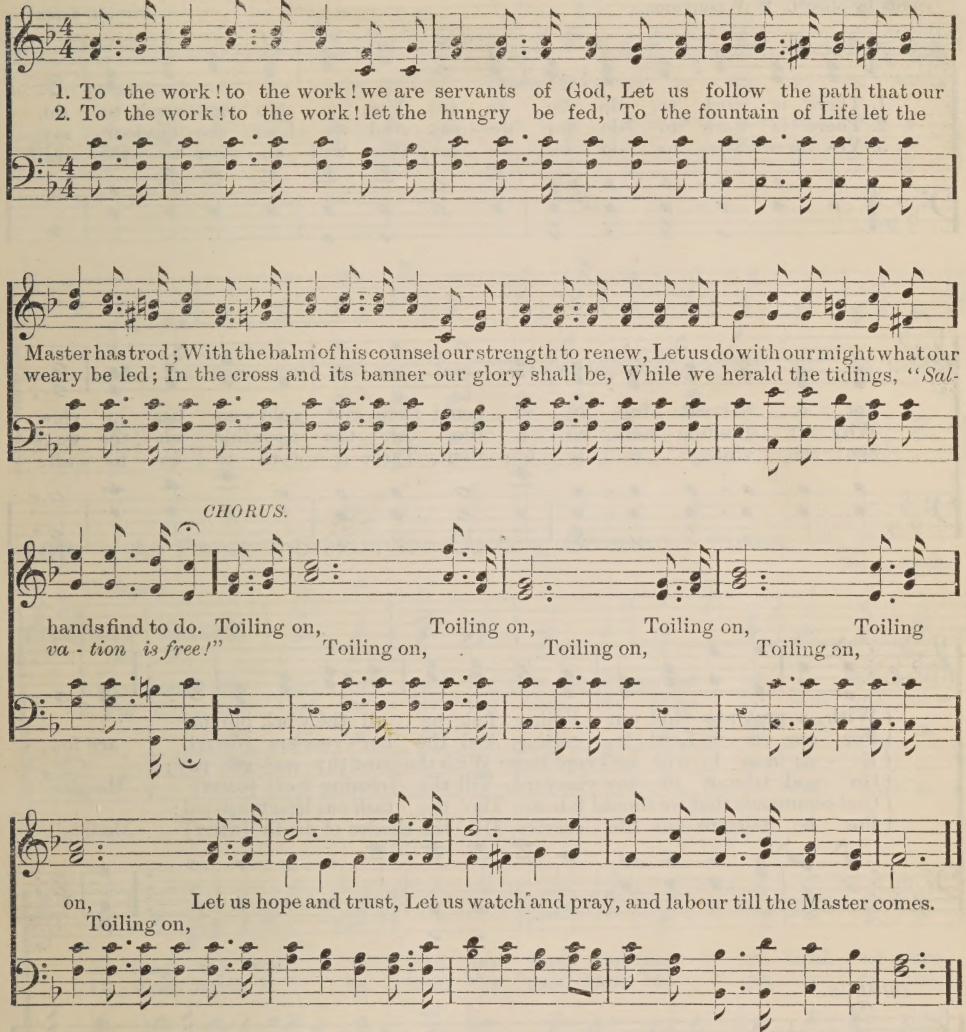

1. Now, the sowing and the weeping, Working hard, and wait-ing long;
2. Now, the long and toil-some du-ty, Stone by stone to carve and bring;
Af-ter-ward, the gold-en reaping, Har-vest-home and grate-ful song.
Af-ter-ward, the per-fect beau-ty Of the pal-ace of the King.

3 Now, the spirit conflict-riven,
Wounded heart, and painful strife
Afterward, the triumph given,
And the victor's crown of life.

4 Now, the training, hard and lowly,
Weary feet and aching brow;
Afterward, the service holy,
And the Master's, "Enter thou!"

—*Miss F. R. Havergal.*

167 To the Work! To the Work! We are Servants of God.

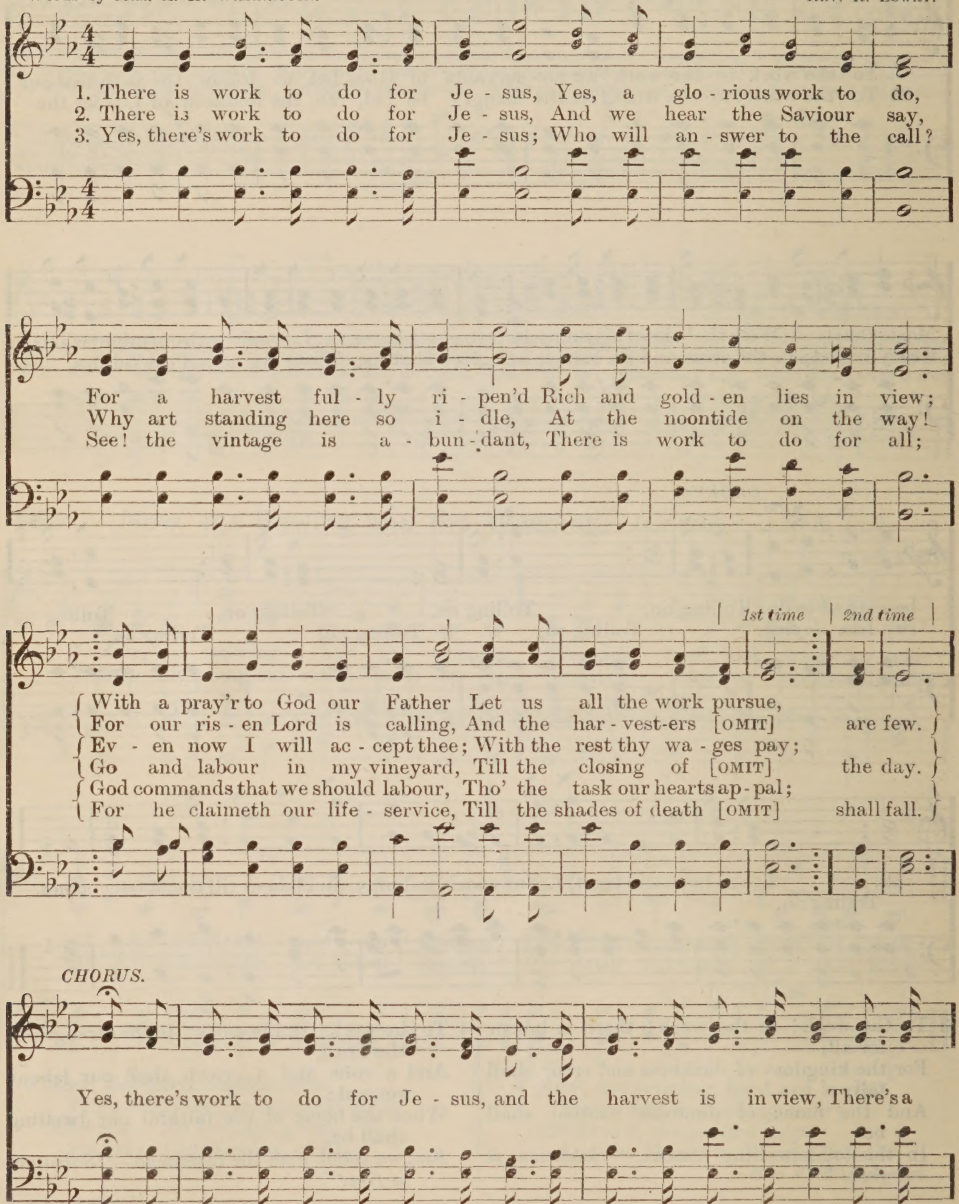

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us follow the path that our
2. To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed, To the fountain of Life let the
Master has trod; With the balm of his counsel our strength to renew, Let us do with our might what our
weary be led; In the cross and its banner our glory shall be, While we herald the tidings, "Sal-
CHORUS.
hands find to do. Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling
va - tion is free!" Toiling on, Toiling on, Toiling on,
on, Let us hope and trust, Let us watch and pray, and labour till the Master comes.
Toiling on,

3 To the work! to the work! there is labour for all,
For the kingdom of darkness and error shall fall;
And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be
In the loud-swelling chorus, "*Salvation is free!*"

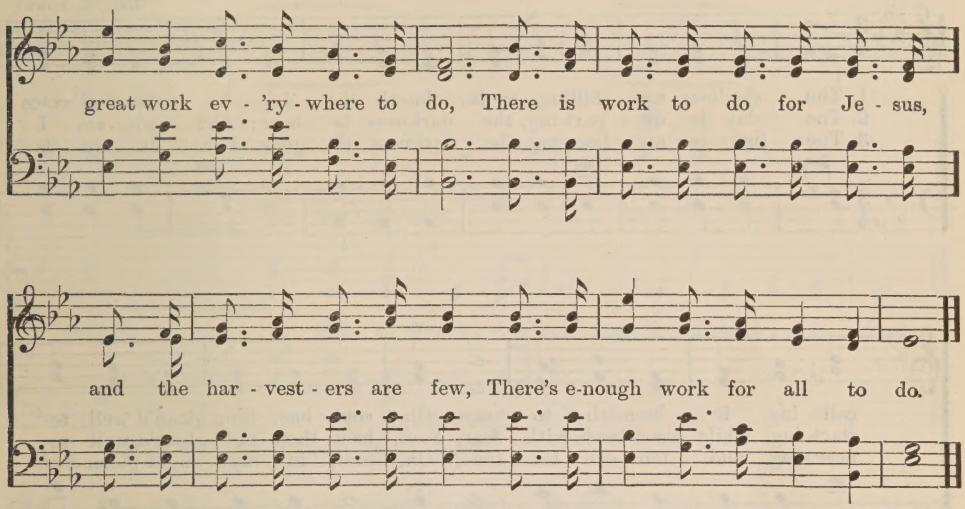
4 To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord,
And a robe and a crown shall our labour reward;
When the home of the faithful our dwelling shall be,
And we shout with the ransomed—"*Salvation is free!*"

—*Fanny Crosby.*

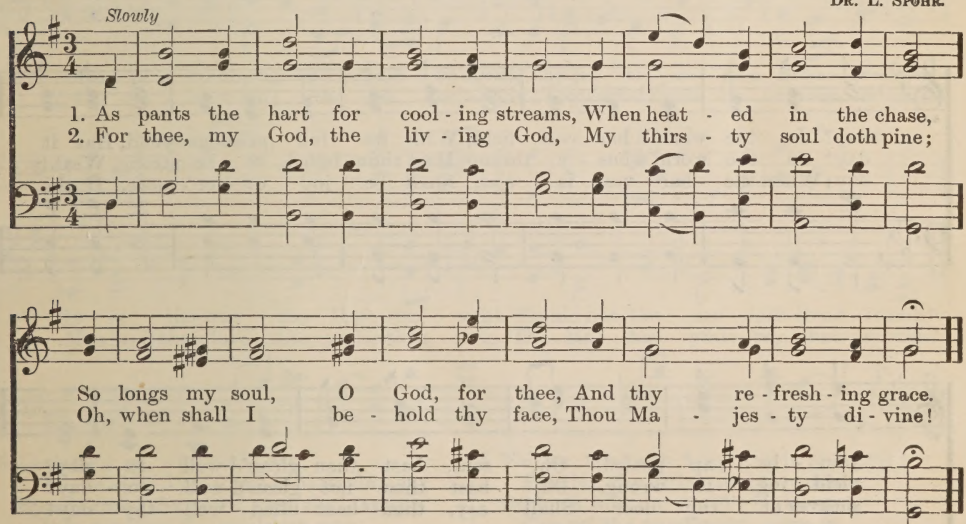
168 There is Work to Do for Jesus.

Words by MRS. L. H. WASHINGTON. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There is work to do for Je - sus, Yes, a glo - rious work to do,
2. There is work to do for Je - sus, And we hear the Saviour say,
3. Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus; Who will an - swer to the call?
For a harvest ful - ly ri - pen'd Rich and gold - en lies in view;
Why art standing here so i - dle, At the noontide on the way!
See! the vintage is a - bun - dant, There is work to do for all;
1st time
2nd time
With a pray'r to God our Father Let us all the work pursue,
For our ris - en Lord is calling, And the har - vest-ers [OMIT] are few.
Ev - en now I will ac - cept thee; With the rest thy wa - ges pay;
Go and labour in my vineyard, Till the closing of [OMIT] the day.
God commands that we should labour, Tho' the task our hearts ap - pal;
For he claimeth our life - service, Till the shades of death [OMIT] shall fall.
CHORUS.
Yes, there's work to do for Je - sus, and the harvest is in view, There's a

There is Work to Do for Jesus—*Concluded.*



169 As Pants the Hart for Cooling Streams. (SPOHR.—C.M.)

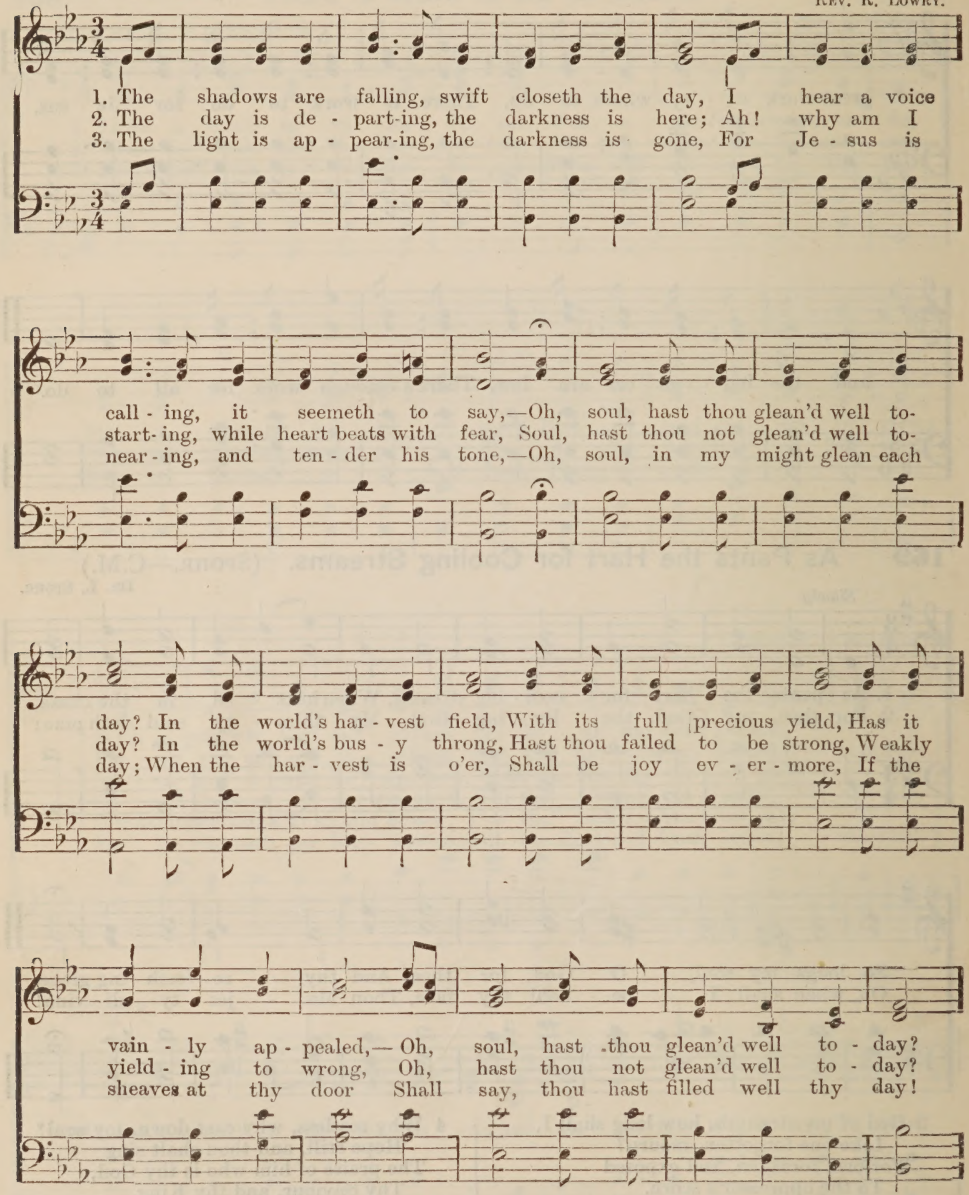
DR. L. SPOHR.

Slowly
1. As pants the hart for cool - ing streams, When heat - ed in the chase,
2. For thee, my God, the liv - ing God, My thirs - ty soul doth pine;
So longs my soul, O God, for thee, And thy re - fresh - ing grace.
Oh, when shall I be - hold thy face, Thou Ma - jes - ty di - vine!

3 God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten, mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and exposed
To the oppressor's scorn.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy Saviour, and thy King.

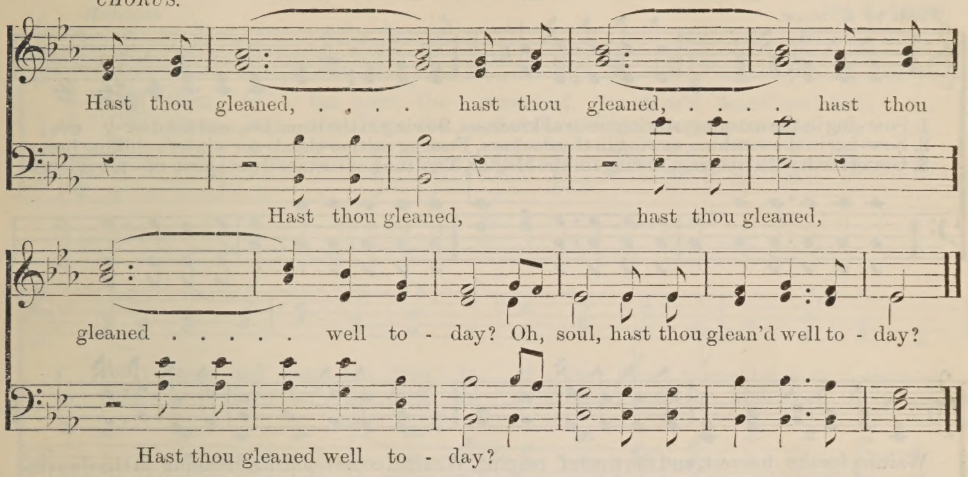
—*Tate and Brady.*

170 The Shadows are Falling.

Words by Dr. Blackall. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. The shadows are falling, swift closeth the day, I hear a voice
2. The day is de - part-ing, the darkness is here; Ah! why am I
3. The light is ap - pear-ing, the darkness is gone, For Je - sus is
call - ing, it seemeth to say,—Oh, soul, hast thou glean'd well to-
start-ing, while heart beats with fear, Soul, hast thou not glean'd well to-
near - ing, and ten - der his tone,—Oh, soul, in my might glean each
day? In the world's har - vest field, With its full precious yield, Has it
day? In the world's bus - y throng, Hast thou failed to be strong, Weakly
day; When the har - vest is o'er, Shall be joy ev - er - more, If the
vain - ly ap - pealed,— Oh, soul, hast thou glean'd well to - day?
yield - ing to wrong, Oh, hast thou not glean'd well to - day?
sheaves at thy door Shall say, thou hast filled well thy day!

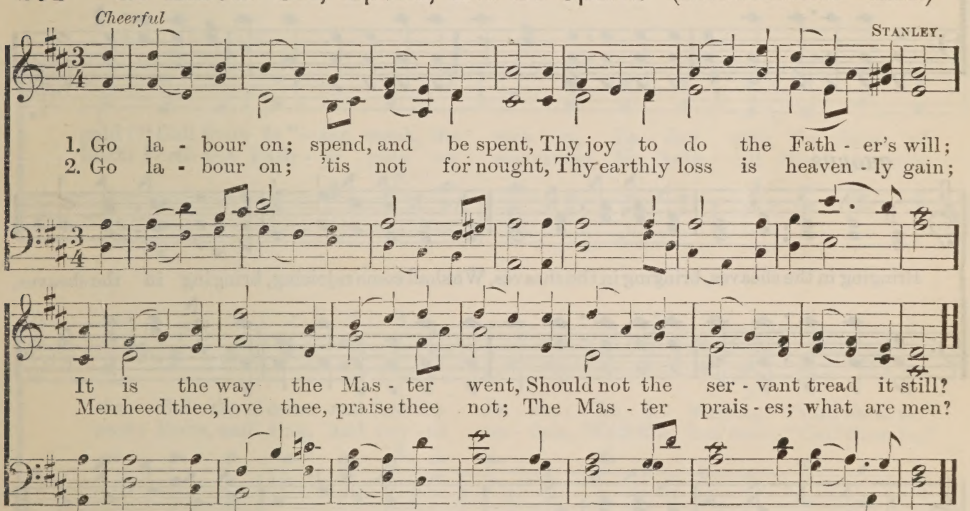
The Shadows are Falling—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


Hast thou gleaned, ... hast thou gleaned, ... hast thou
Hast thou gleaned, hast thou gleaned,
gleaned . . . . . well to - day? Oh, soul, hast thou glean'd well to - day?
Hast thou gleaned well to - day?

171 Go Labour On; Spend, and be Spent. (MONTGOMERY.—L.M.)

Cheerful STANLEY.


1. Go la - bour on; spend, and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fath - er's will;
2. Go la - bour on; 'tis not for nought, Thy earthly loss is heaven - ly gain;
It is the way the Mas - ter went, Should not the ser - vant tread it still?
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not; The Mas - ter prais - es; what are men?

3 Go labour on, while it is day,
The world's dark night is hastening on;
Speed, speed thy work, cast sloth away;
It is not thus that souls are won.

4 Men die in darkness at thy side
Without a hope to cheer the tomb;
Take up the torch, and wave it wide,
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

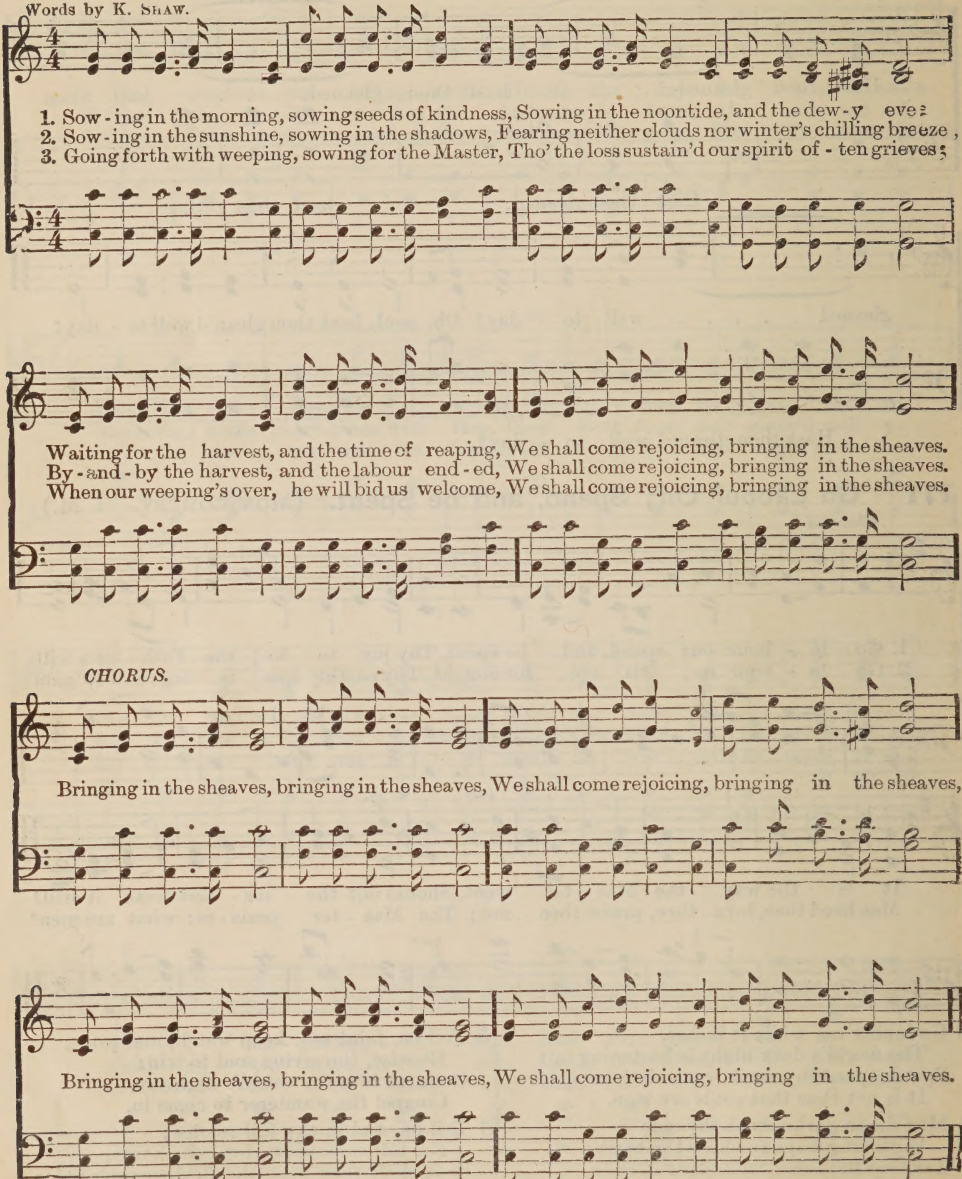
5 Toil on, faint not, keep watch, and pray;
Be wise, the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.

6 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold I come!"

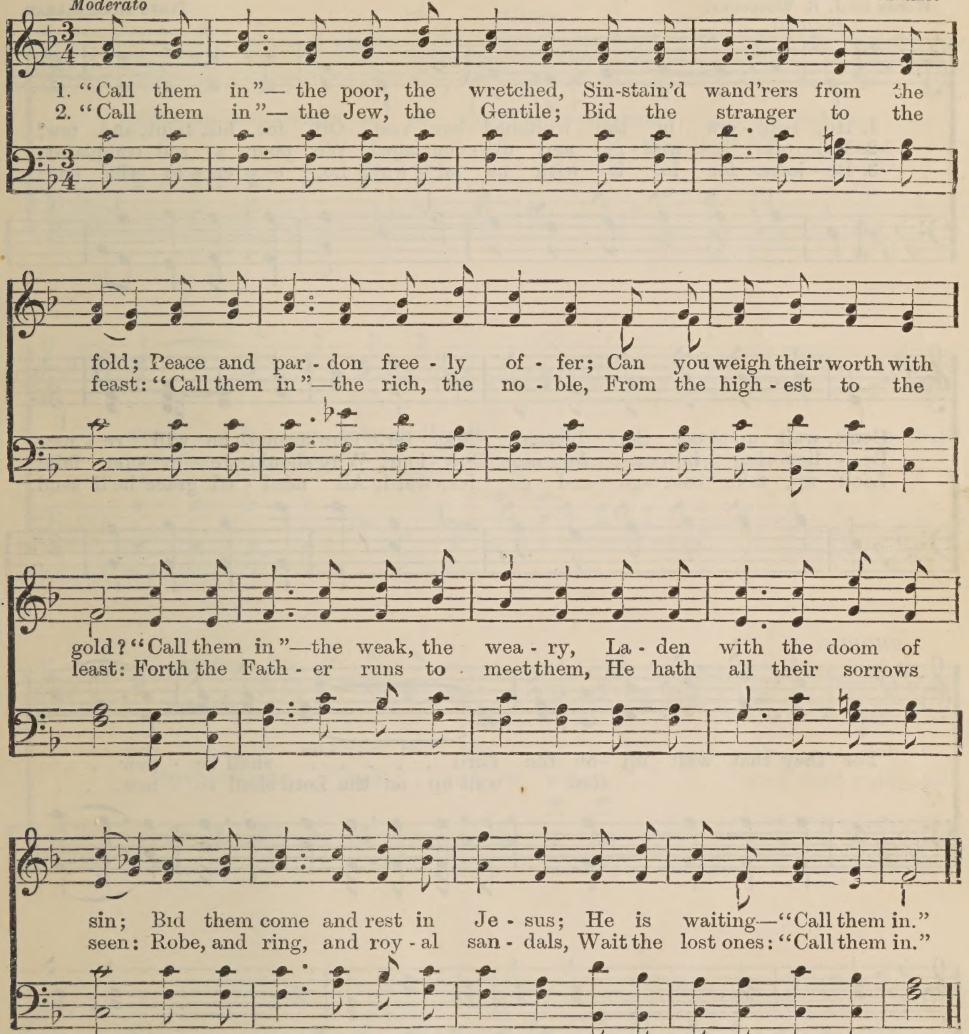
—*H. Bonar.*

172 Sowing in the Morning, Sowing Seeds of Kindness.

Words by K. SHAW.


1. Sow - ing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide, and the dew - y eve;
2. Sow - ing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze,
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustain'd our spirit of - ten grieves;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
By - and - by the harvest, and the labour end - ed, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's over, he will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
CHORUS.
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

173 "Call Them In"—the Poor, the Wretched.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato
1. "Call them in"— the poor, the wretched, Sin-stain'd wand'rers from the fold; Peace and par - don free - ly of - fer; Can you weigh their worth with gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the wea - ry, La - den with the doom of sin; Bid them come and rest in Je - sus; He is waiting—"Call them in."
2. "Call them in"— the Jew, the Gentile; Bid the stranger to the feast: "Call them in"—the rich, the no - ble, From the high - est to the least: Forth the Fath - er runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows seen: Robe, and ring, and roy - al san - dals, Wait the lost ones: "Call them in."

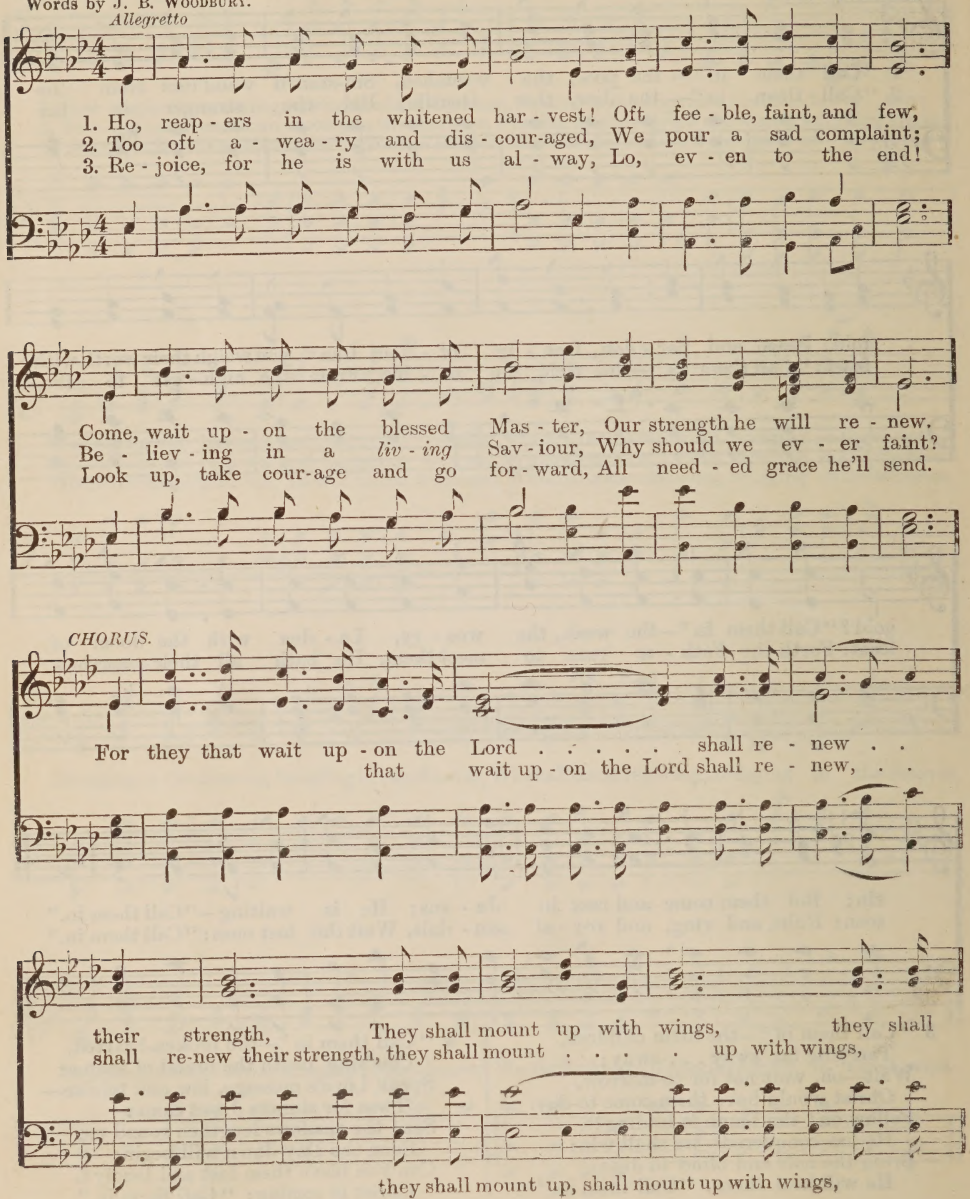
3 "Call them in"—the little children,
Tarrying far away . . . away;
Wait—oh, wait not for to-morrow,
Christ would have them come to-day.
Follow on! the Lamb is leading!
He has conquered—we shall win:
Bring the halt and blind to Jesus;
He will heal them: "Call them in."

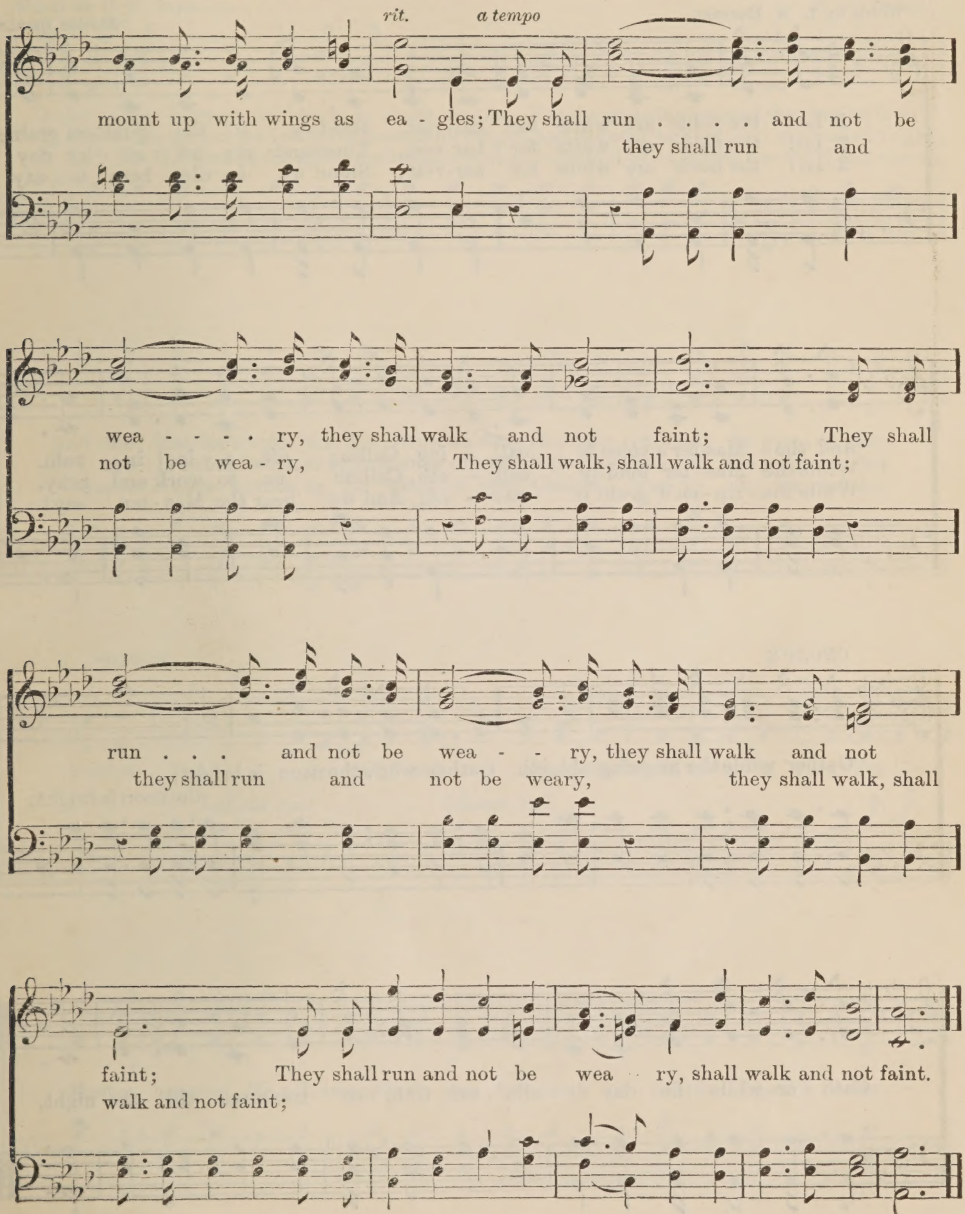
4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,
Cow'ring 'neath the brand of shame;
Speak Love's message, low and tender—
'Twas for sinners Jesus came:
See! the shadows lengthen round us,
Soon the Day-dawn will begin;
Can you leave them lost and lonely?
Christ is coming: "Call them in."

—*Anna Shipton.*

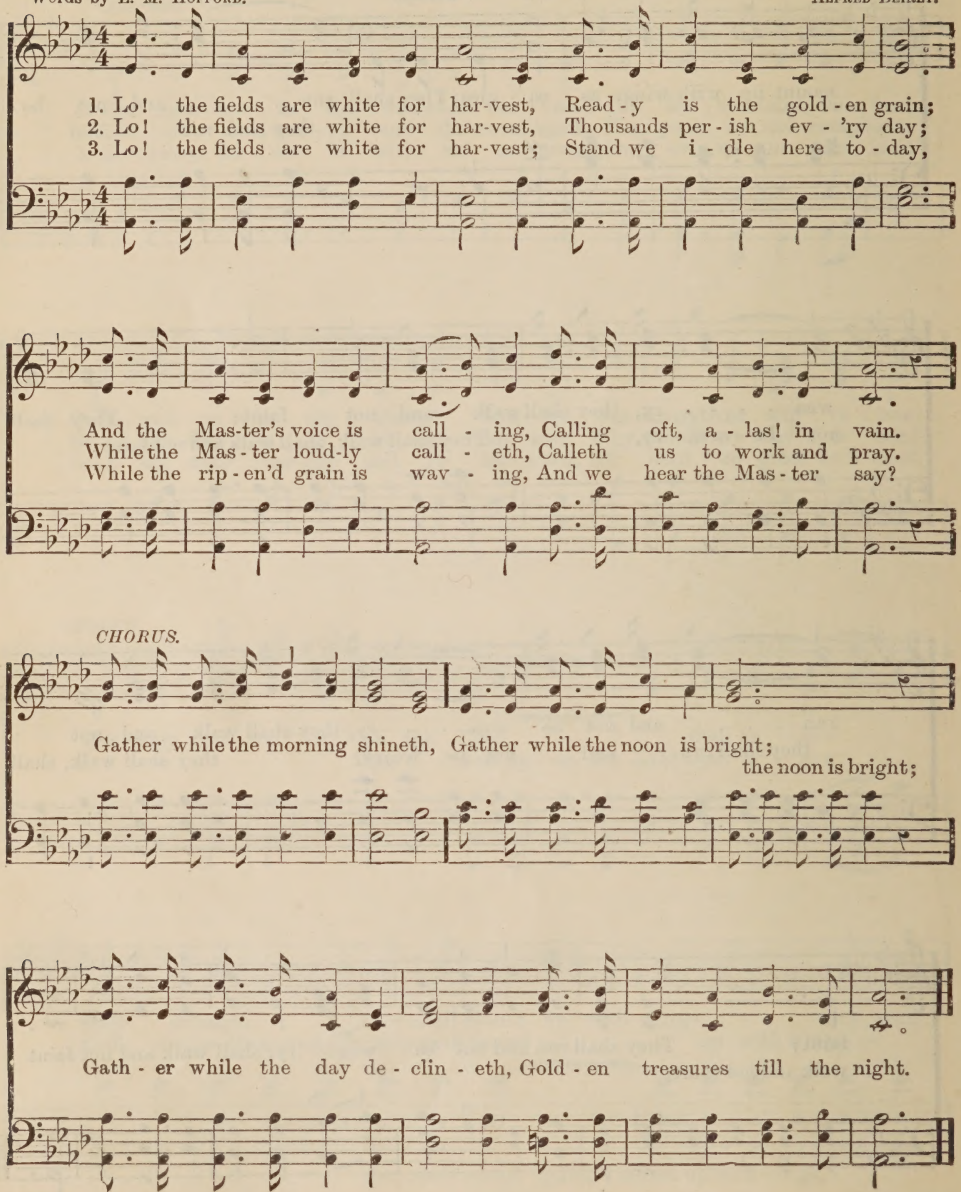
174 Ho, Reapers in the Whitened Harvest!

Words by J. B. WOODBURY. JAMES MCGRANAHAN.


Allegretto
1. Ho, reap - ers in the whitened har - vest! Oft fee - ble, faint, and few,
2. Too oft a - wea - ry and dis - cour-aged, We pour a sad complaint;
3. Re - joice, for he is with us al - way, Lo, ev - en to the end!
Come, wait up - on the blessed Mas - ter, Our strength he will re - new.
Be - liev - ing in a liv - ing Sav - iour, Why should we ev - er faint?
Look up, take cour-age and go for - ward, All need - ed grace he'll send.
CHORUS.
For they that wait up - on the Lord . . . . . shall re - new . .
that wait up - on the Lord shall re - new, . .
their strength, They shall mount up with wings, they shall
shall re-new their strength, they shall mount . . . . up with wings,
they shall mount up, shall mount up with wings,

Ho, Reapers in the Whitened Harvest!—*Concluded.*

rit.
a tempo
mount up with wings as ea - gles; They shall run . . . . and not be
they shall run and
wea - - - - ry, they shall walk and not faint; They shall
not be wea - ry, They shall walk, shall walk and not faint;
run . . . and not be wea - - ry, they shall walk and not
they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk, shall
faint; They shall run and not be wea - ry, shall walk and not faint.
walk and not faint;

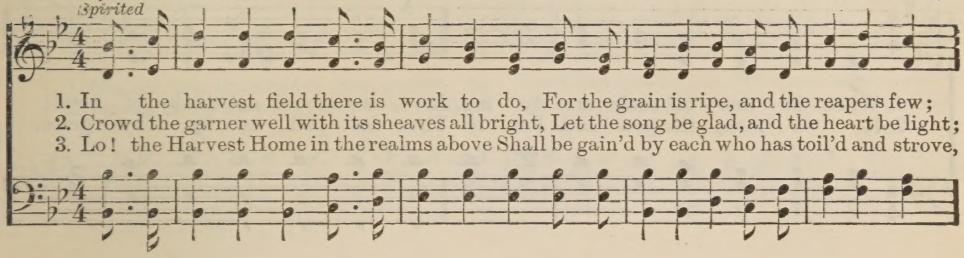
175 Lo! the Fields are White for Harvest.

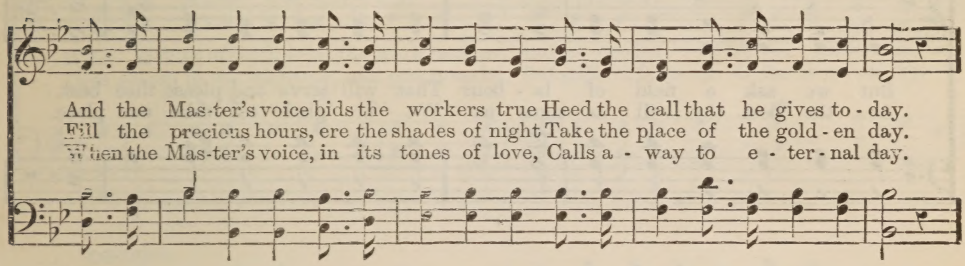
Words by L. M. HOFFORD. ALFRED BEIRLY.

1. Lo! the fields are white for har-vest, Read-y is the gold-en grain;
2. Lo! the fields are white for har-vest, Thousands per-ish ev-'ry day;
3. Lo! the fields are white for har-vest; Stand we i-dle here to-day,
And the Mas-ter's voice is call-ing, Calling oft, a-las! in vain.
While the Mas-ter loud-ly call-eth, Calleth us to work and pray.
While the rip-en'd grain is wav-ing, And we hear the Mas-ter say?
CHORUS.
Gather while the morning shineth, Gather while the noon is bright;
the noon is bright;
Gath-er while the day de-clin-eth, Gold-en treasures till the night.

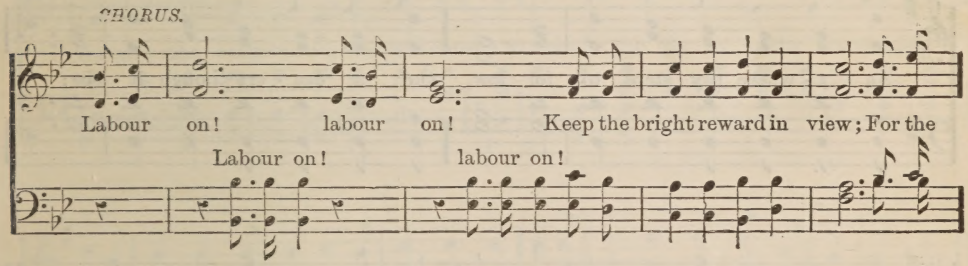
136 In the Harvest Field There is Work to Do.

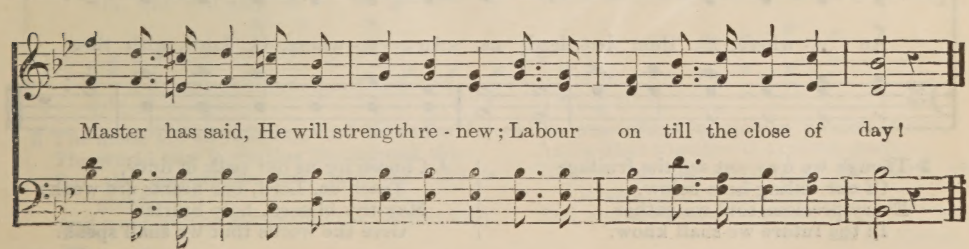
Words by C. R. BLACKALL. W. H. DOANE.

Spirited

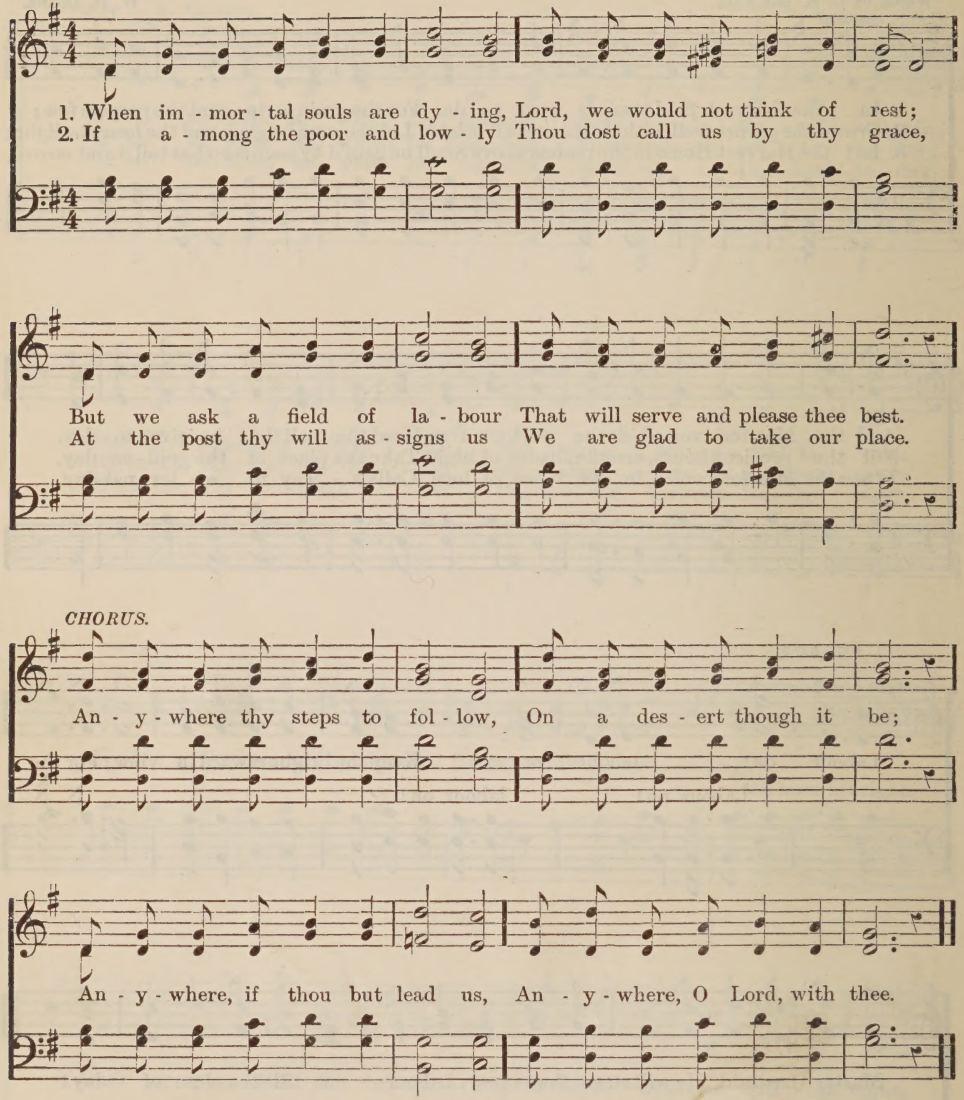

1. In the harvest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe, and the reapers few;
2. Crowd the garner well with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad, and the heart be light;
3. Lo! the Harvest Home in the realms above Shall be gain'd by each who has toil'd and strove,


And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true Heed the call that he gives to - day.
Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night Take the place of the gold - en day.
When the Mas-ter's voice, in its tones of love, Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day.





177 When Immortal Souls are Dying.

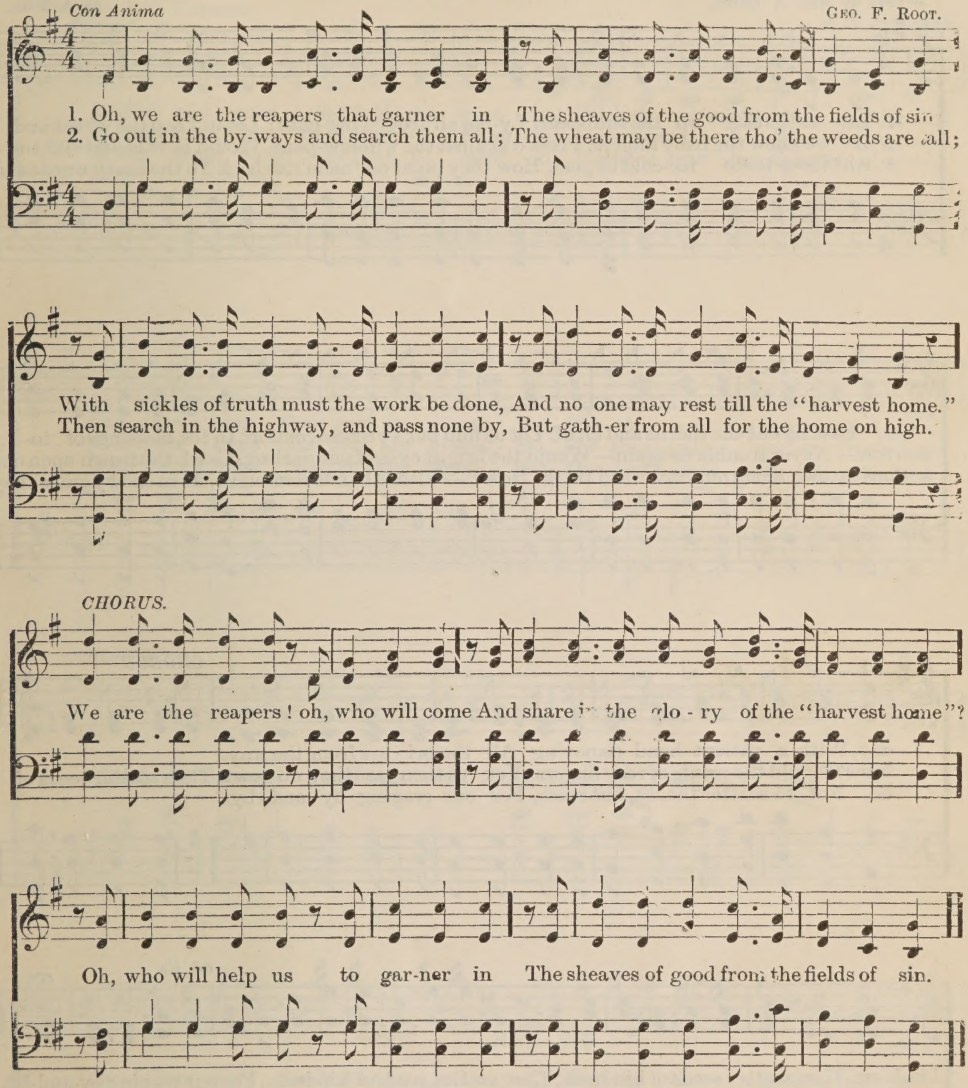
JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. When im - mor - tal souls are dy - ing, Lord, we would not think of rest;
2. If a - mong the poor and low - ly Thou dost call us by thy grace,
But we ask a field of la - bour That will serve and please thee best.
At the post thy will as - signs us We are glad to take our place.
CHORUS.
An - y - where thy steps to fol - low, On a des - ert though it be;
An - y - where, if thou but lead us, An - y - where, O Lord, with thee.

3 Though we may not see the fruitage
Of our toiling here below,
Every precious soul we gather
In the future we shall know.

4 Choose for us our path of duty,
Teach us, Lord, our hearts are weak;
May thy blessed, holy Spirit
Give the words that we shall speak.

—*Jennie Garnett.*

178 Oh, We are the Reapers.

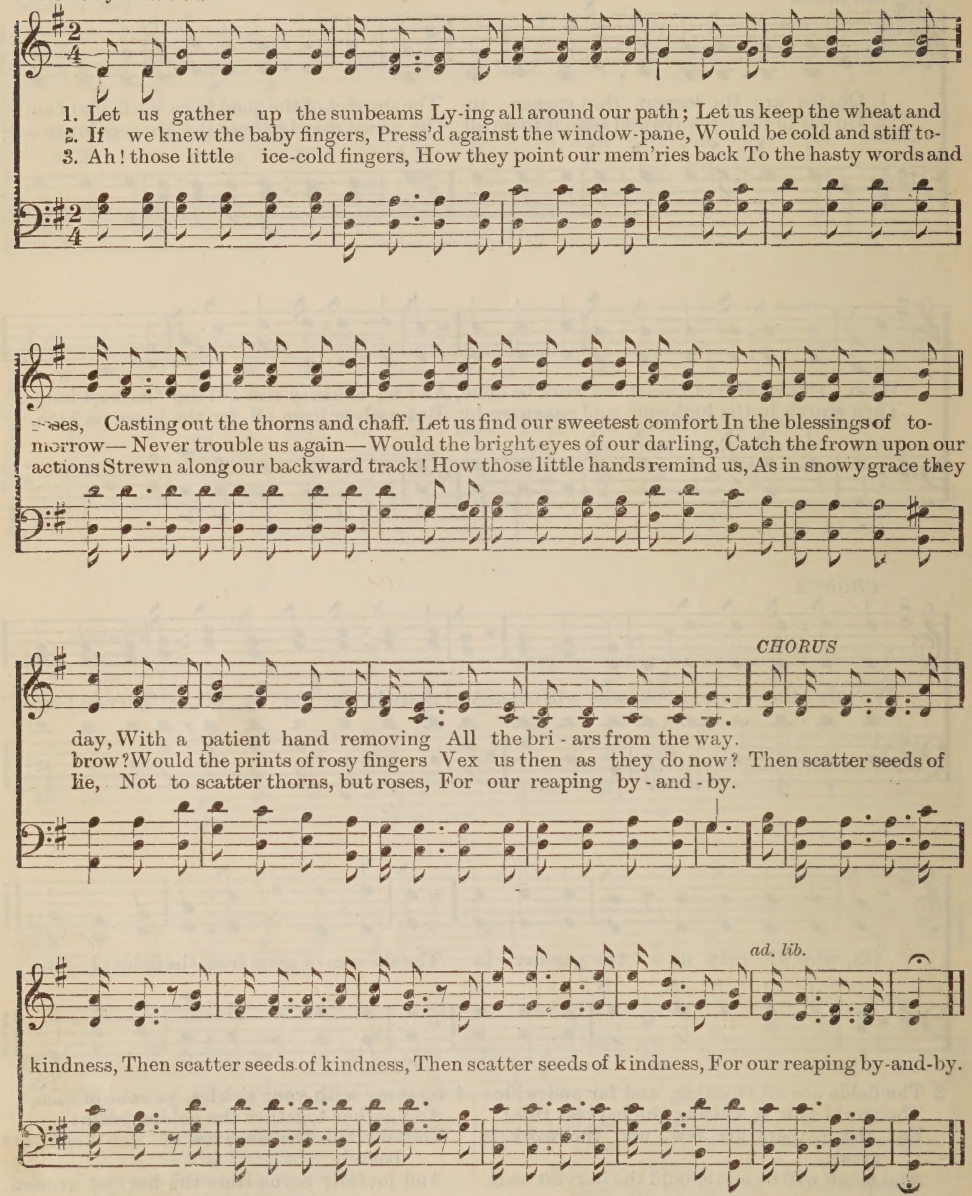
Con Anima GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Oh, we are the reapers that garner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin
2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there tho' the weeds are tall;
With sickles of truth must the work be done, And no one may rest till the "harvest home."
Then search in the highway, and pass none by, But gath-er from all for the home on high.
CHORUS.
We are the reapers! oh, who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home"?
Oh, who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

3 The fields are all ripening, and far and wide
The world now is waiting the harvest tide;
But the reapers are few, and the work is great,
And much will be lost should the harvest wait.

4 So come with your sickles, ye sons of men,
And gather together the golden grain;
Toil on till the sheaves of the Lord are bound,
And joyfully borne from the harvest ground.

—*E. E. Rexford.*

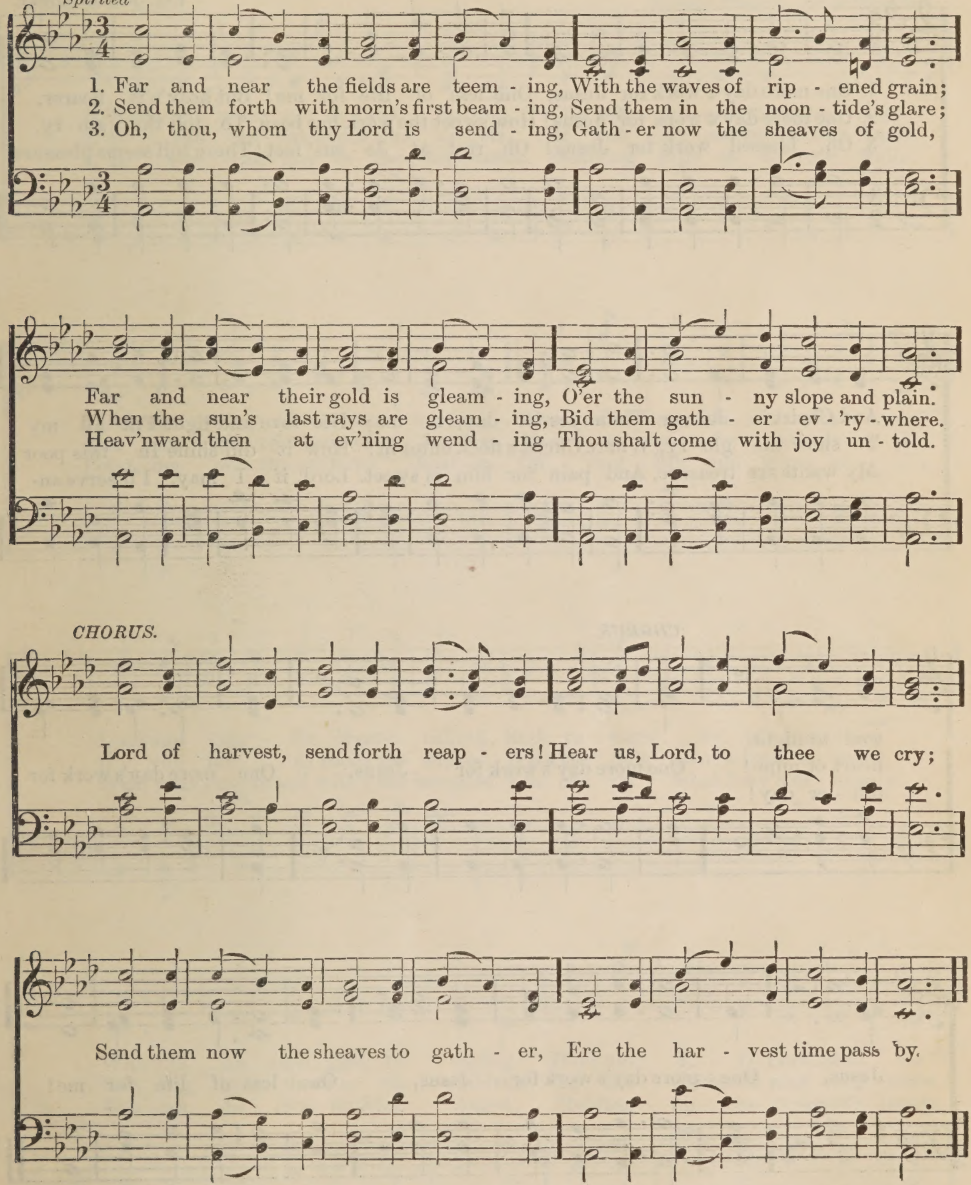
179 Let us Gather Up the Sunbeams.

Words by MRS. A. SMITH. S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams Ly-ing all around our path; Let us keep the wheat and
2. If we knew the baby fingers, Press'd against the window-pane, Would be cold and stiff to-
3. Ah! those little ice-cold fingers, How they point our mem'ries back To the hasty words and
ses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest comfort In the blessings of to-
morrow— Never trouble us again— Would the bright eyes of our darling, Catch the frown upon our
actions Strewn along our backward track! How those little hands remind us, As in snowy grace they
CHORUS
day, With a patient hand removing All the bri - ars from the way.
brow? Would the prints of rosy fingers Vex us then as they do now? Then scatter seeds of
lie, Not to scatter thorns, but roses, For our reaping by - and - by.
ad. lib.
kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by-and-by.

180 Far and Near the Fields are Teeming.

Words by J. O. THOMPSON. J. B. O. CLEMM.

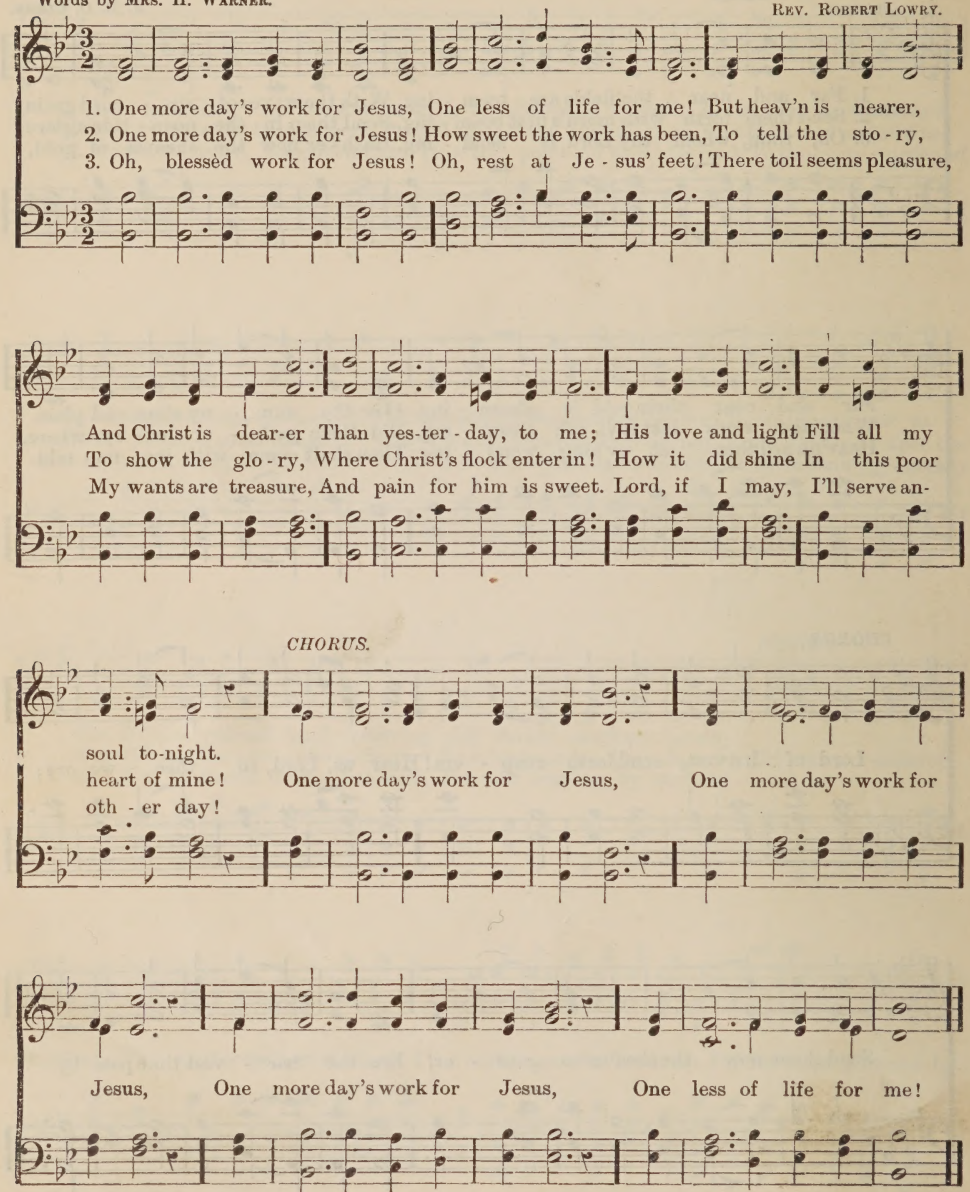
Spirited


1. Far and near the fields are teem - ing, With the waves of rip - ened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beam - ing, Send them in the noon - tide's glare;
3. Oh, thou, whom thy Lord is send - ing, Gath - er now the sheaves of gold,
Far and near their gold is gleam - ing, O'er the sun - ny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleam - ing, Bid them gath - er ev - 'ry - where.
Heav'nward then at ev'ning wend - ing Thou shalt come with joy un - told.
CHORUS.
Lord of harvest, send forth reap - ers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Send them now the sheaves to gath - er, Ere the har - vest time pass by.

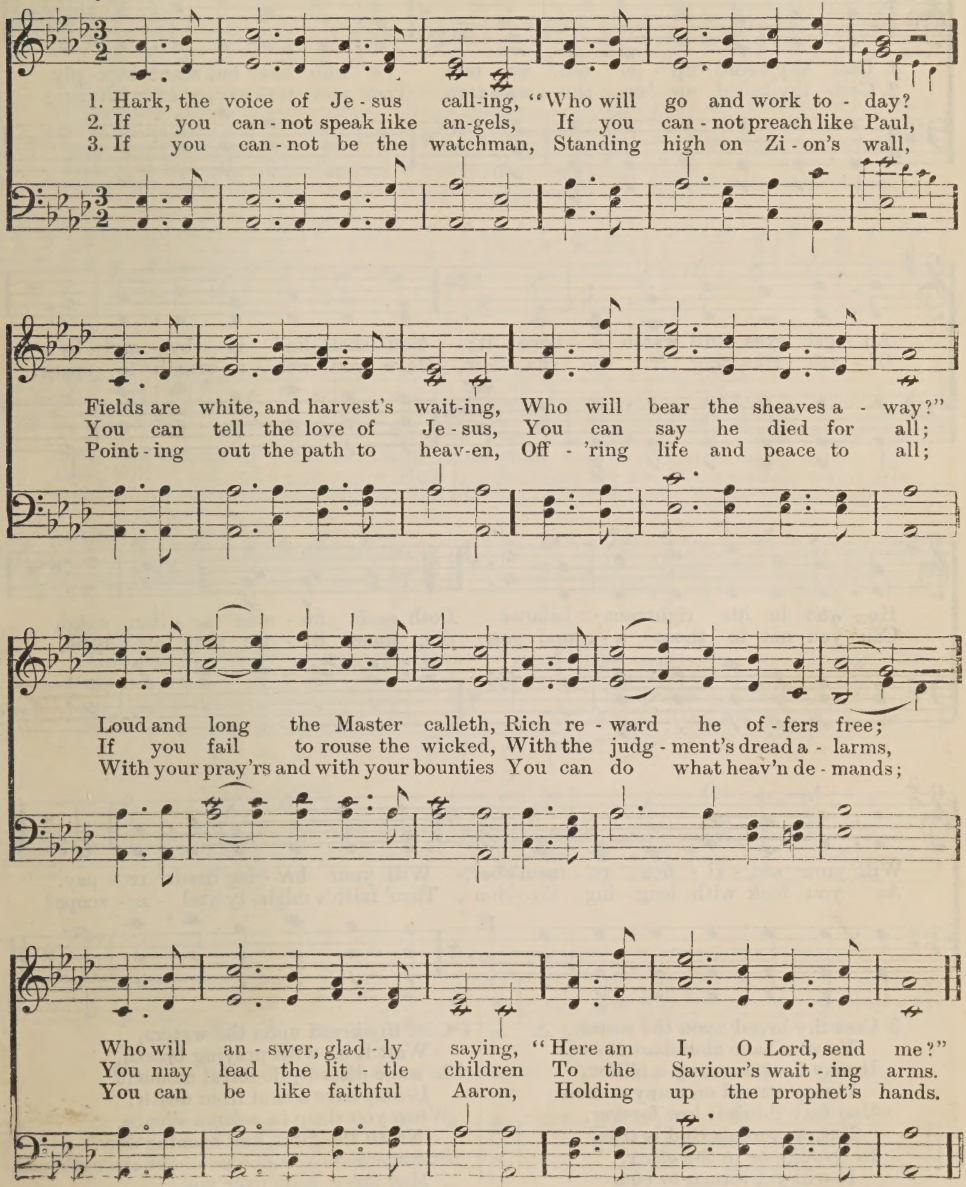
181 One More Day's Work for Jesus. (EDINBURGH.—7,6,5,5,6,4,6.)

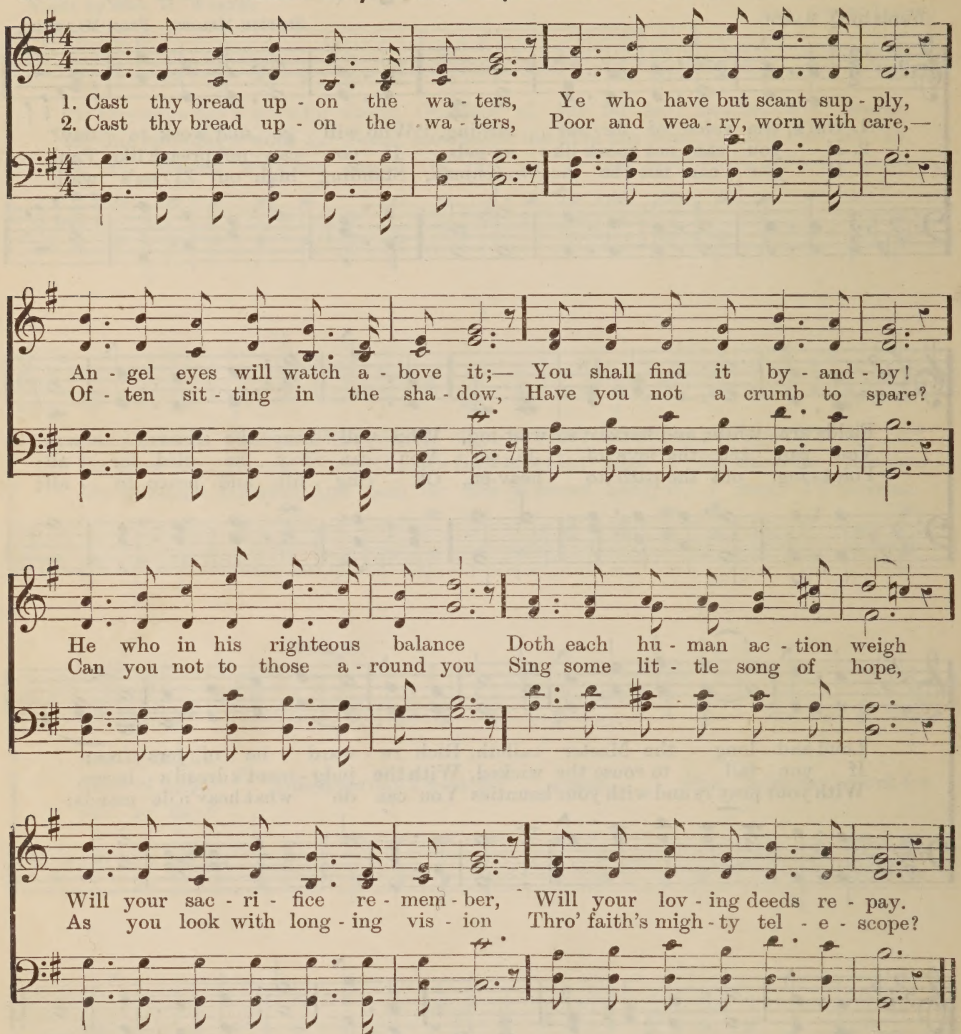
Words by MRS. H. WARNER.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me! But heav'n is nearer,
2. One more day's work for Jesus! How sweet the work has been, To tell the sto - ry,
3. Oh, blessèd work for Jesus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems pleasure,
And Christ is dear-er Than yes-ter - day, to me; His love and light Fill all my
To show the glo - ry, Where Christ's flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor
My wants are treasure, And pain for him is sweet. Lord, if I may, I'll serve an-
CHORUS.
soul to-night.
heart of mine! One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for
oth - er day!
Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One less of life for me!

182 Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling. (Autumn.—8s & 7s.)

Words by D. March. Spanish Melody. From Marechio.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to - day?
2. If you can - not speak like an-gels, If you can - not preach like Paul,
3. If you can - not be the watchman, Standing high on Zi - on's wall,
Fields are white, and harvest's wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
You can tell the love of Je - sus, You can say he died for all;
Point - ing out the path to heav-en, Off - 'ring life and peace to all;
Loud and long the Master calleth, Rich re - ward he of - fers free;
If you fail to rouse the wicked, With the judg - ment's dread a - larms,
With your pray'rs and with your bounties You can do what heav'n de - mands;
Who will an - swer, glad - ly saying, "Here am I, O Lord, send me?"
You may lead the lit - tle children To the Saviour's wait - ing arms.
You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hands.

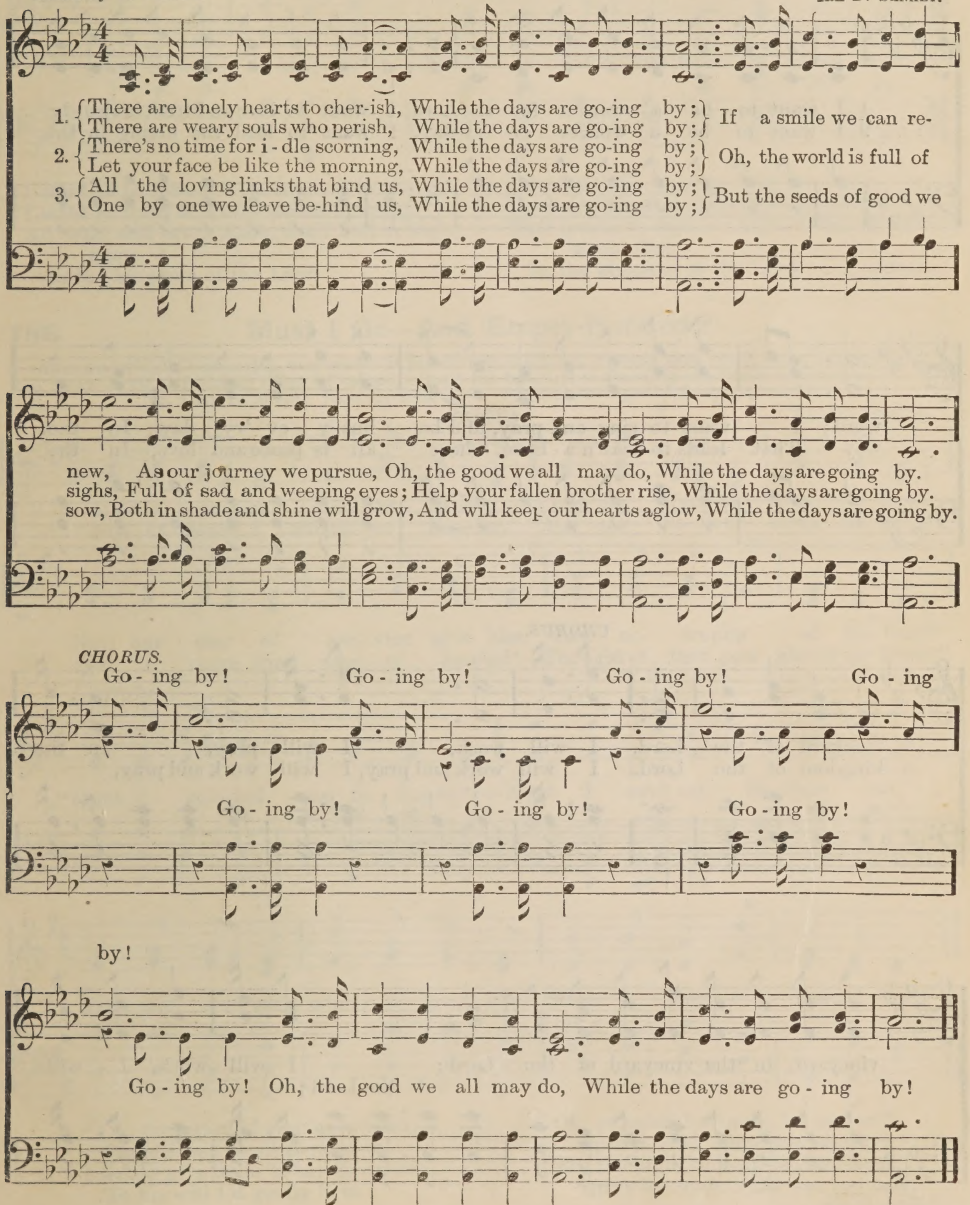
183 Cast Thy Bread Upon the Waters.

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Poor and wea - ry, worn with care,—
An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by - and - by!
Of - ten sit - ting in the sha - dow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
He who in his righteous balance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh
Can you not to those a - round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deeds re - pay.
As you look with long - ing vis - ion Thro' faith's migh - ty tel - e - scope?

3 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Ye who have abundant store;
It may float on many a billow,
It may strand on many a shore;
You may think it lost forever,
But, as sure as God is true,
In this life or in the other,
It will yet return to you.

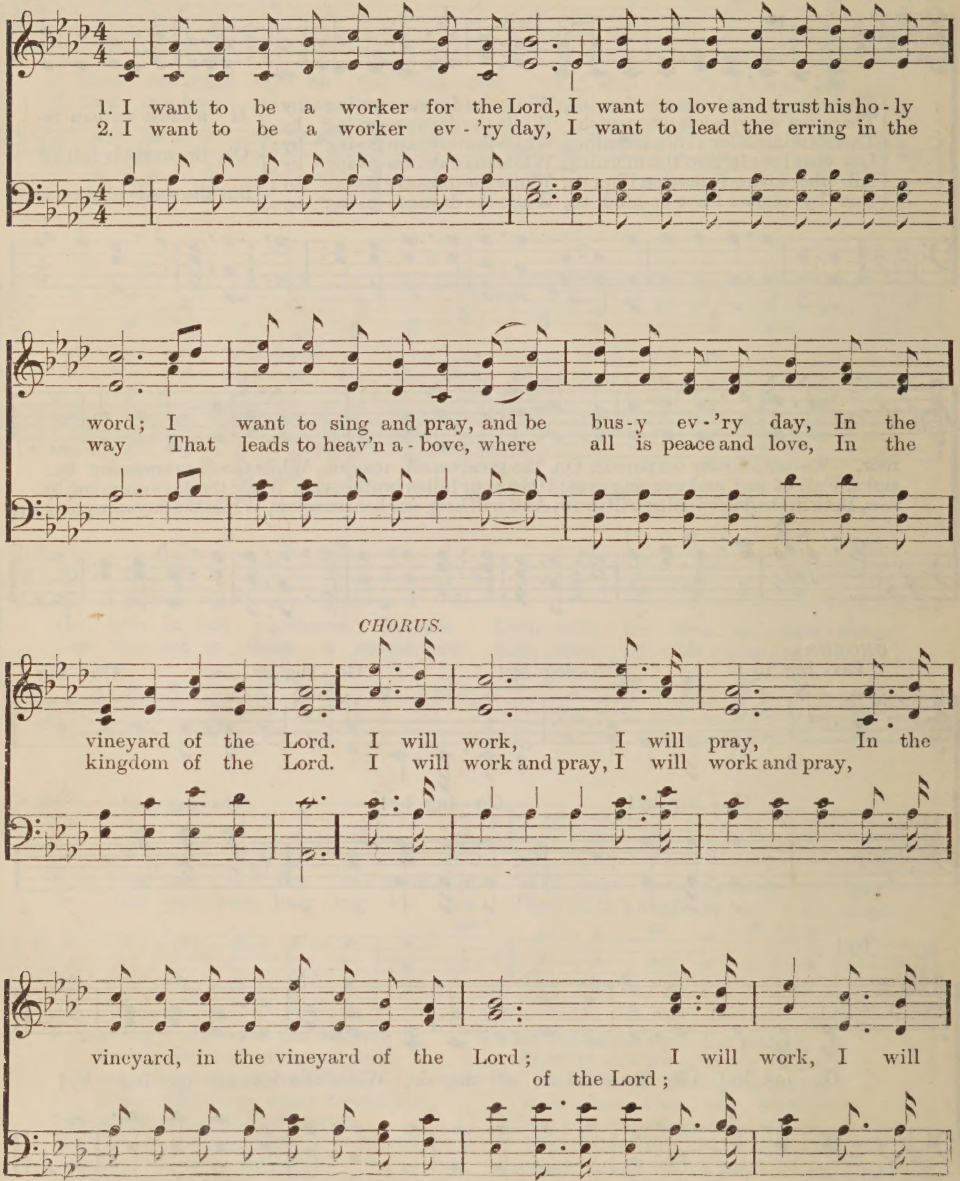
4 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Waft it on with praying breath,
In some distant, doubtful moment
It may save a soul from death;
When you sleep in solemn silence,
'Neath the morn and evening dew,
Stranger hands, which you have strengthened,
May strew lilies over you.

—*R. Edgar.*

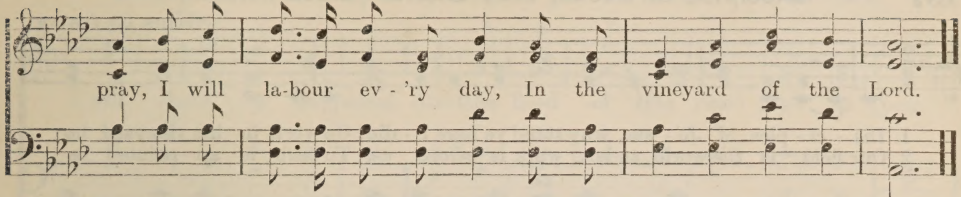
184 There are Lonely Hearts to Cherish.

Words by G. Cooper. Ira D. Sankey.

1. There are lonely hearts to cher-ish, While the days are go-ing by;
There are weary souls who perish, While the days are go-ing by;
If a smile we can re-
2. There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are go-ing by;
Let your face be like the morning, While the days are go-ing by;
Oh, the world is full of
3. All the loving links that bind us, While the days are go-ing by;
One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go-ing by;
But the seeds of good we
new, As our journey we pursue, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
sighs, Full of sad and weeping eyes; Help your fallen brother rise, While the days are going by.
sow, Both in shade and shine will grow, And will keep our hearts aglow, While the days are going by.
CHORUS.
Go-ing by! Go-ing by! Go-ing by! Go-ing
Go-ing by! Go-ing by! Go-ing by!
by!
Go-ing by! Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by!

185 I Want to Be a Worker for the Lord.

J. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his ho - ly
2. I want to be a worker ev - 'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
word; I want to sing and pray, and be bus - y ev - 'ry day, In the
way That leads to heav'n a - bove, where all is peace and love, In the
CHORUS.
vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,
vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; I will work, I will
of the Lord;

I Want to be a Worker for the Lord—*Concluded.*



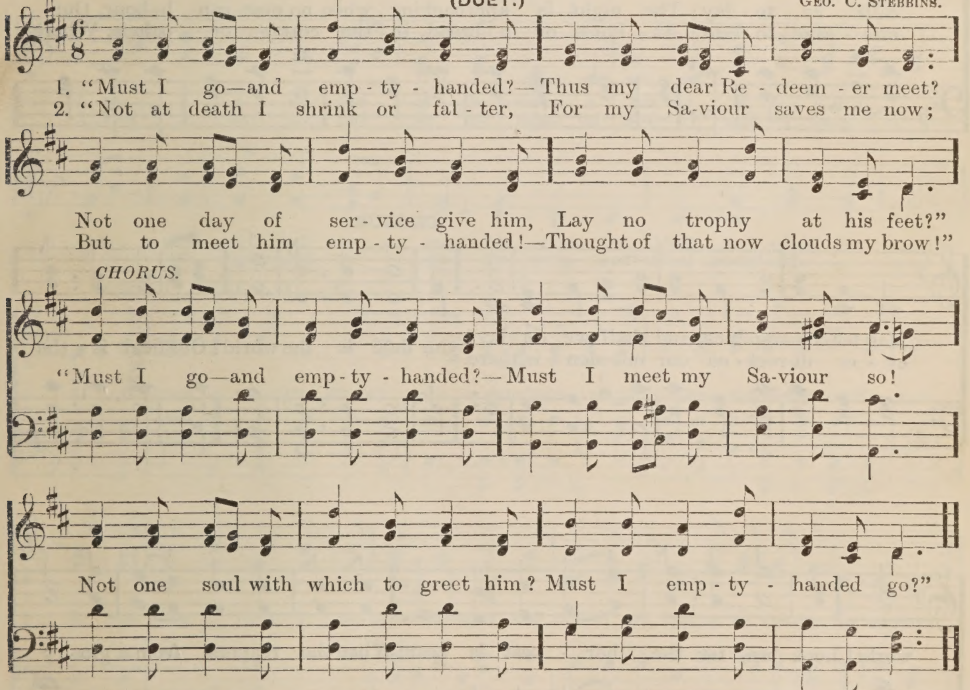
3 I want to be a worker strong and brave,
I want to trust in Jesus' power to save;
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home
In the kingdom of the Lord.

4 I want to be a worker; help me, Lord,
To lead the lost and erring to thy word,
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die,
In the kingdom of the Lord. —*J. Baltzell.*

186 Must I Go—And Empty-Handed?

After a month of Christian life, nearly all of it passed upon a sick bed, a young man, nearly thirty years of age, lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend, he exclaimed: "No, I am not afraid; Jesus saves me now! But oh, *must I go—and empty-handed?*"

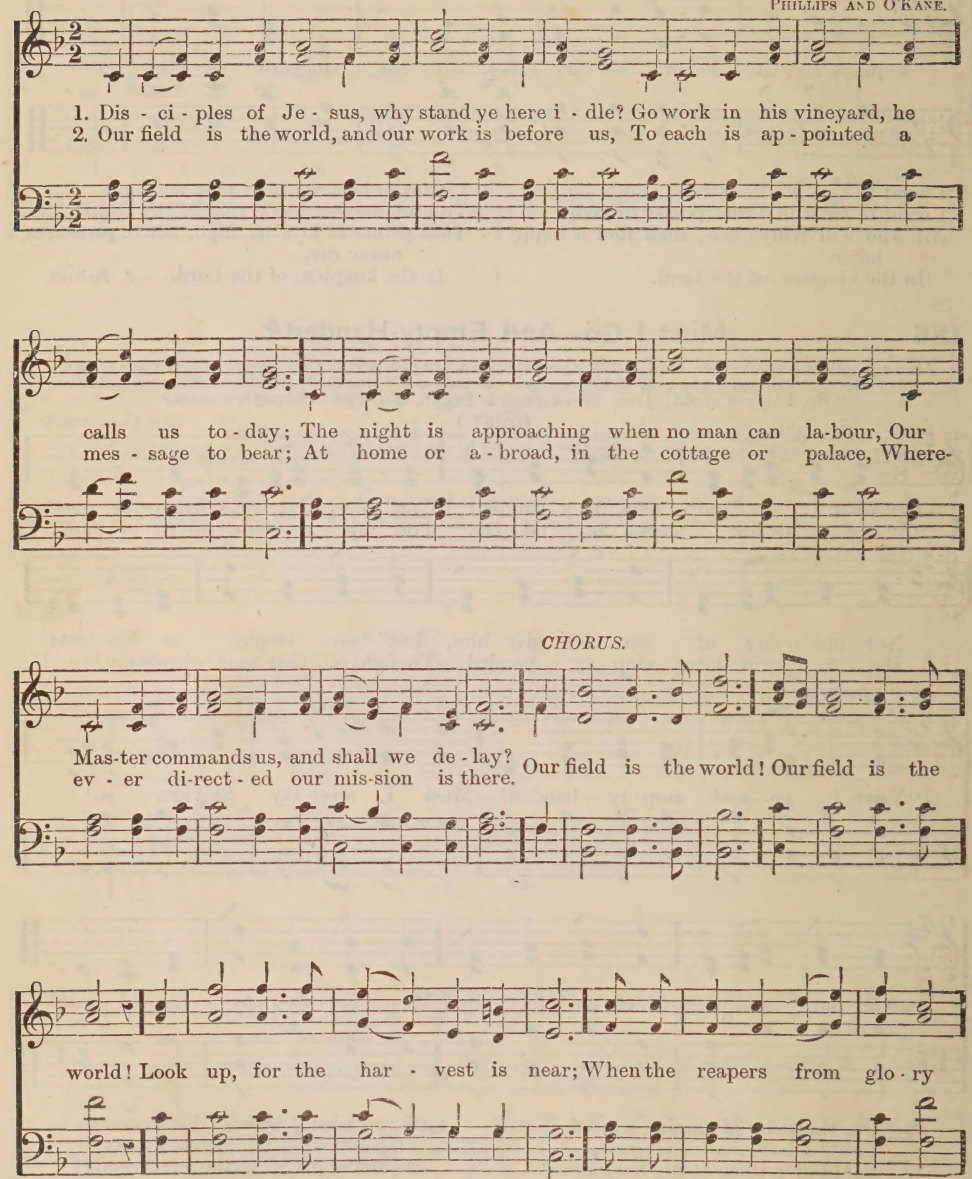
(DUET.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. "Must I go—and emp - ty - handed?—Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. "Not at death I shrink or fal - ter, For my Sa-viour saves me now;
Not one day of ser - vice give him, Lay no trophy at his feet?"
But to meet him emp - ty - handed!—Thought of that now clouds my brow!"
CHORUS.
"Must I go—and emp - ty - handed?—Must I meet my Sa-viour so!
Not one soul with which to greet him? Must I emp - ty - handed go?"

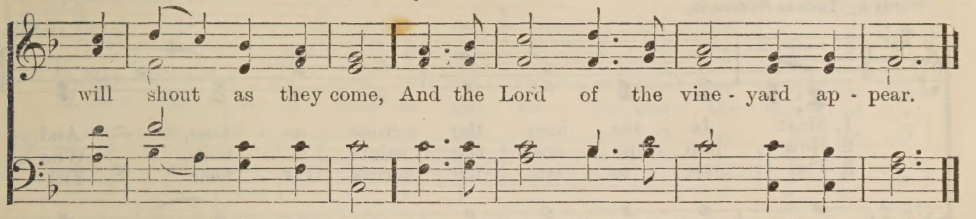
3 "Oh, the years of sinning wasted,
Could I but recall them now,
I would give them to my Saviour:
To his will I'd gladly bow."

4 Oh, ye saints! arouse; be earnest!
Up and work while yet 'tis day,
Ere the night of death o'ertake you!
Strive for souls while yet you may.
—*C. C. Luther.*

187 Disciples of Jesus, Why Stand Ye Here Idle?

PHILLIPS AND O'KANE.

1. Dis - ci - ples of Je - sus, why stand ye here i - dle? Go work in his vineyard, he
2. Our field is the world, and our work is before us, To each is ap - pointed a
calls us to - day; The night is approaching when no man can la-bour, Our
mes - sage to bear; At home or a - broad, in the cottage or palace, Where-
CHORUS.
Mas-ter commands us, and shall we de - lay? Our field is the world! Our field is the
ev - er di-rect - ed our mis-sion is there.
world! Look up, for the har - vest is near; When the reapers from glo - ry

Disciples of Jesus, Why Stand Ye Here Idle?—*Concluded.*



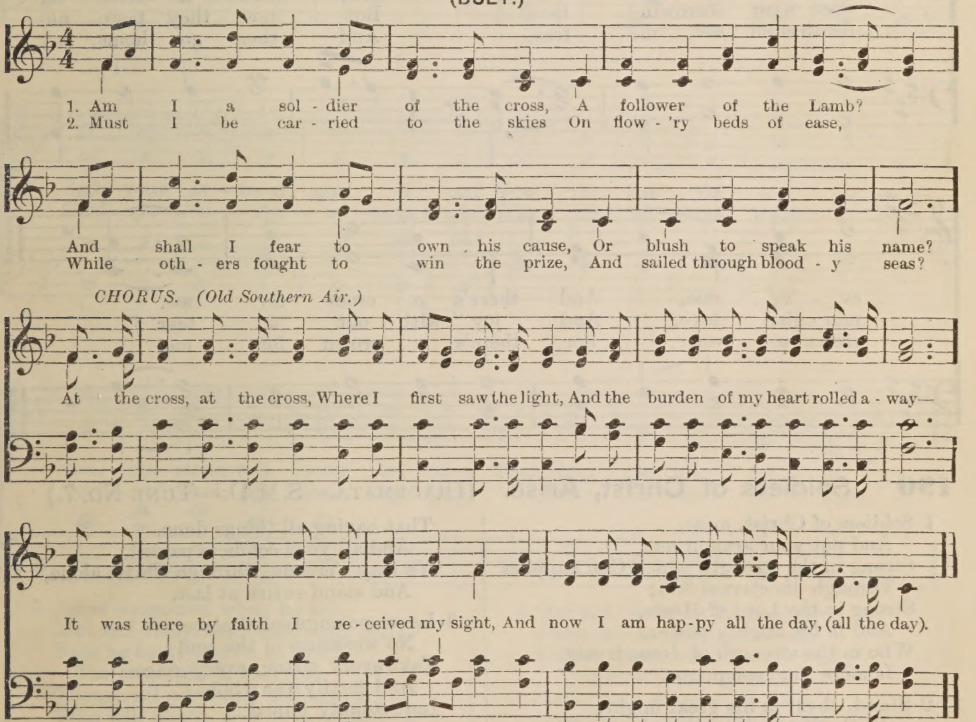
3 Perhaps we are called from the highways and hedges,
To gather the lowly, despised, and oppressed;
If this be our duty, then why should we falter?
We'll do it, and trust to our Saviour the rest.

4 Instead of the thorn shall the myrtle be planted:
The desert shall blossom and bloom as the rose;
The palm tree rejoicing, shall spread forth her branches;
The lamb and the lion together repose.

—*P. Phillips.*

188 Am I a Soldier of the Cross?

(DUET.)

M. J. MAXWELL.

1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A follower of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
And shall I fear to own his cause, Or blush to speak his name?
While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed through blood - y seas?
CHORUS. (Old Southern Air.)
At the cross, at the cross, Where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled a - way—
It was there by faith I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day, (all the day).

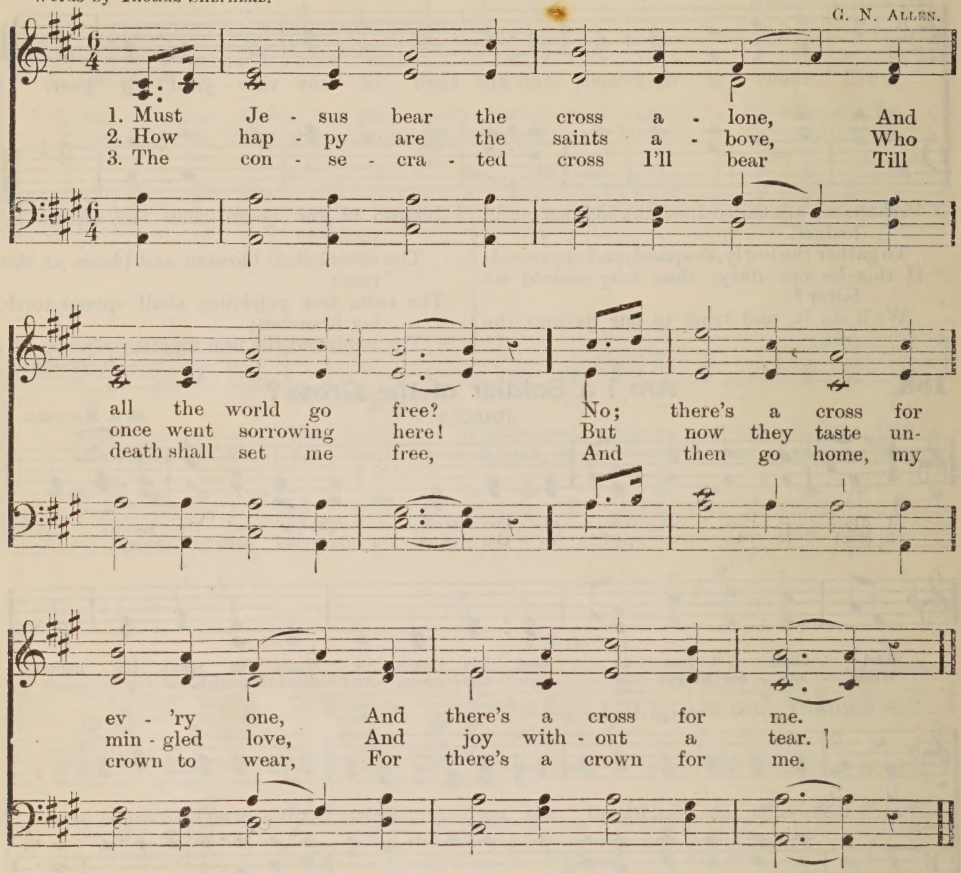
3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace?
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy Word.

—*I. Watts.*

189 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone? (MAITLAND.—C.M.)

Words by THOMAS SHEPHERD.

G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who
3. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear Till
all the world go free? No; there's a cross for
once went sorrowing here! But now they taste un-
death shall set me free, And then go home, my
ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.

190 Soldiers of Christ, Arise. (DIADEMATA.—S.M.D.—TUNE NO. 7.)

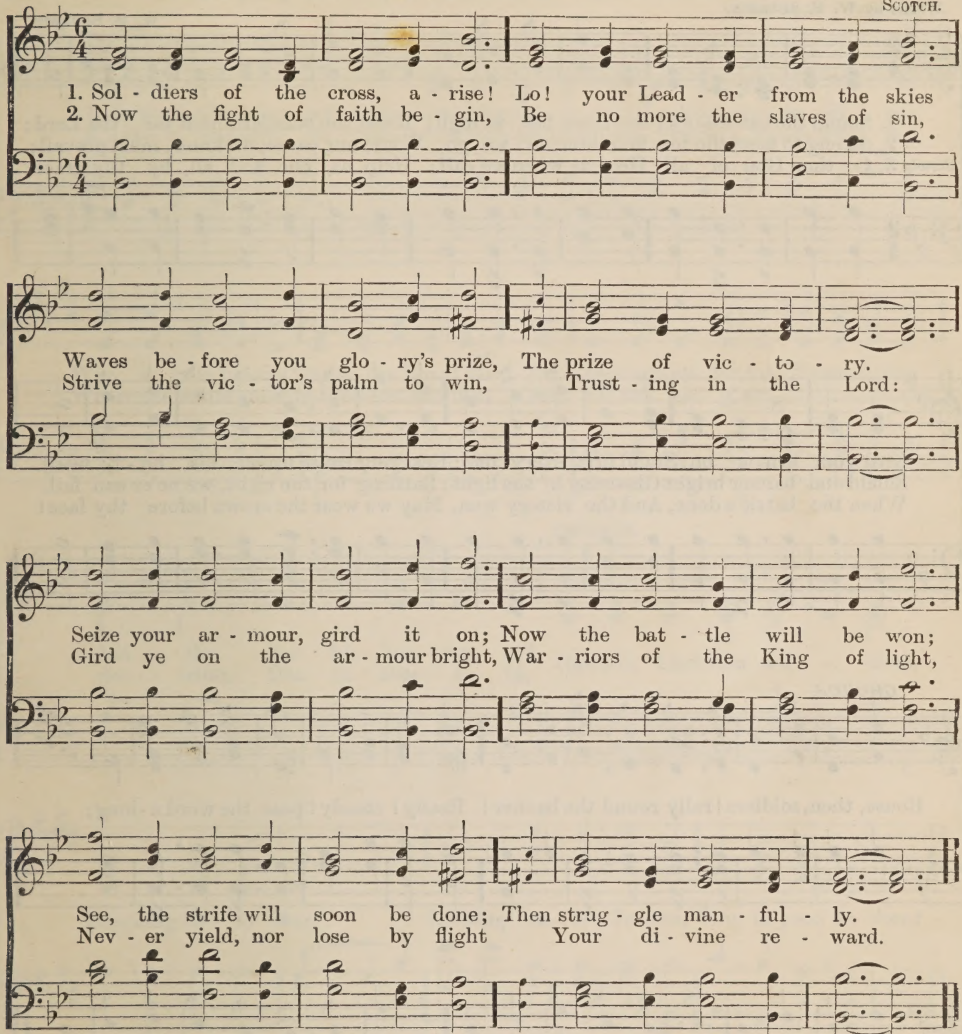
1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on;
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;
Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

2 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God;
That having all things done,
And all your conflicts passed,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

3 Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul;
Take every virtue, every grace
And fortify the whole;
Indissolubly joined,
To battle all proceed;
But arm yourselves with all the mind
That was in Christ, your Head.

—*C. Wesley*

191 Soldiers of the Cross, Arise! (CALEDONIA.—7,7,7,6.)

SCOTCH.

1. Sol - diers of the cross, a - rise! Lo! your Lead - er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be - gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
Waves be - fore you glo - ry's prize, The prize of vic - to - ry.
Strive the vic - tor's palm to win, Trust - ing in the Lord:
Seize your ar - mour, gird it on; Now the bat - tle will be won;
Gird ye on the ar - mour bright, War - riors of the King of light,
See, the strife will soon be done; Then strug - gle man - ful - ly.
Nev - er yield, nor lose by flight Your di - vine re - ward.

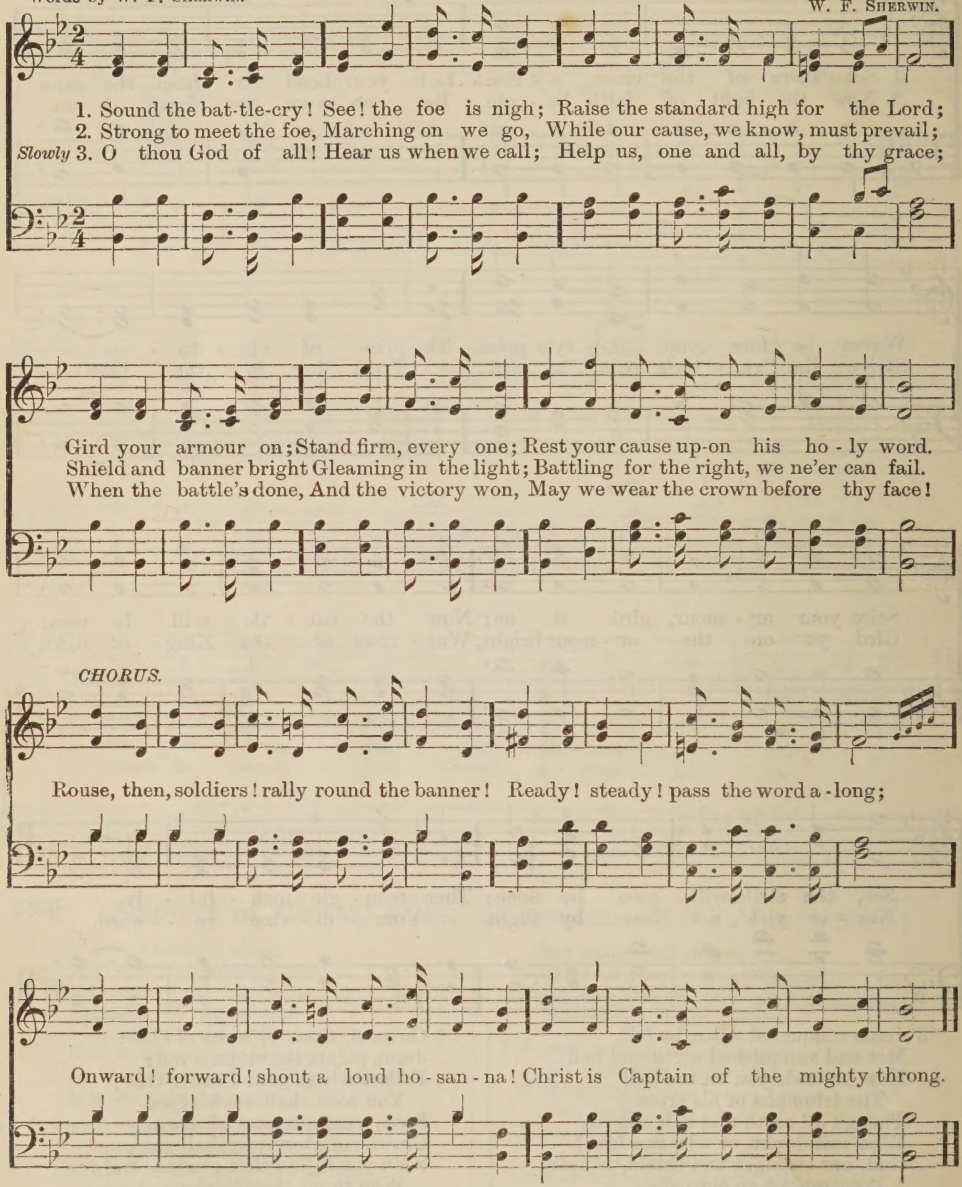
3 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now he leads you on to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God, our strength and shield, is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

4 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod;
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain,
Soon you'll join that glorious train
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

—*J. B. Watterbury.*

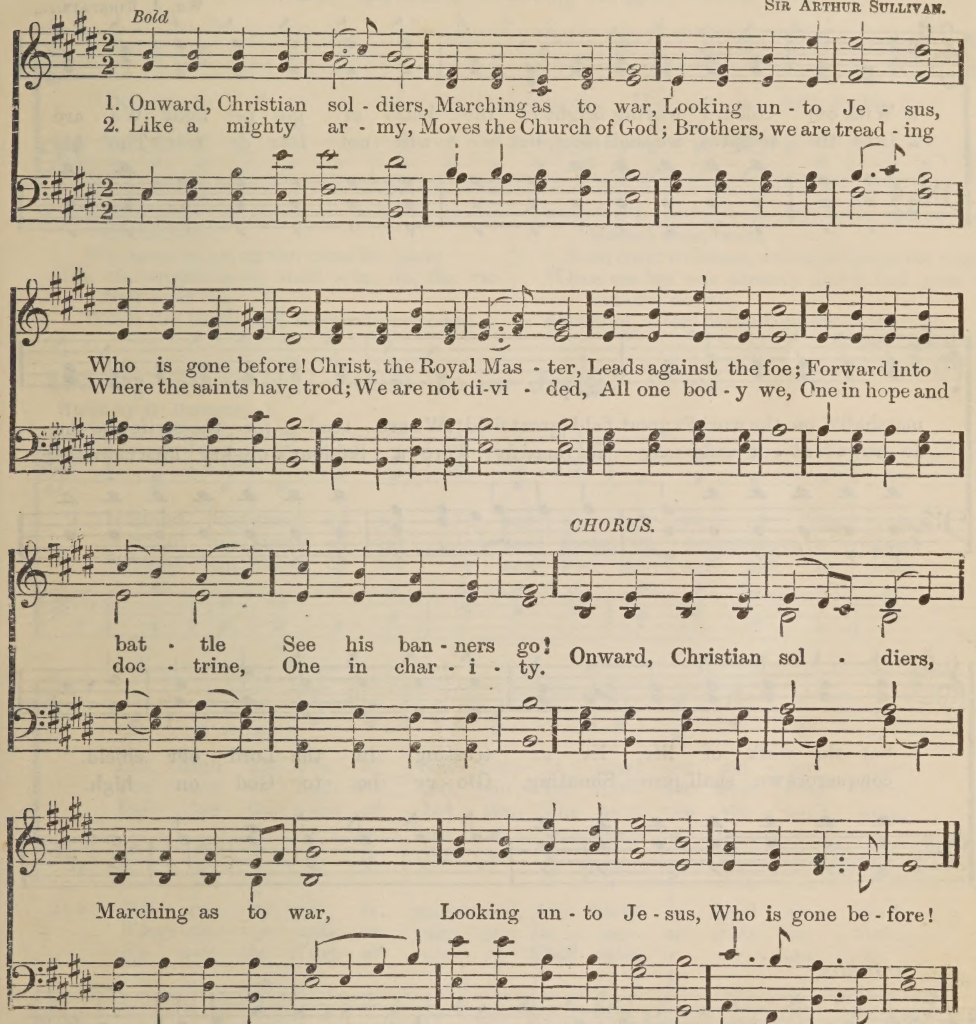
192 Sound the Battle-Cry! See! the Foe is Nigh.

Words by W. F. SHERWIN. W. F. SHERWIN.


1. Sound the bat-tle-cry! See! the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high for the Lord;
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause, we know, must prevail;
Slowly 3. O thou God of all! Hear us when we call; Help us, one and all, by thy grace;
Gird your armour on; Stand firm, every one; Rest your cause up-on his ho - ly word.
Shield and banner bright Gleaming in the light; Battling for the right, we ne'er can fail.
When the battle's done, And the victory won, May we wear the crown before thy face!
CHORUS.
Rouse, then, soldiers! rally round the banner! Ready! steady! pass the word a - long;
Onward! forward! shout a loud ho - san - na! Christ is Captain of the mighty throng.

193 Onward, Christian Soldiers. (ST. GERTRUDE.)

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

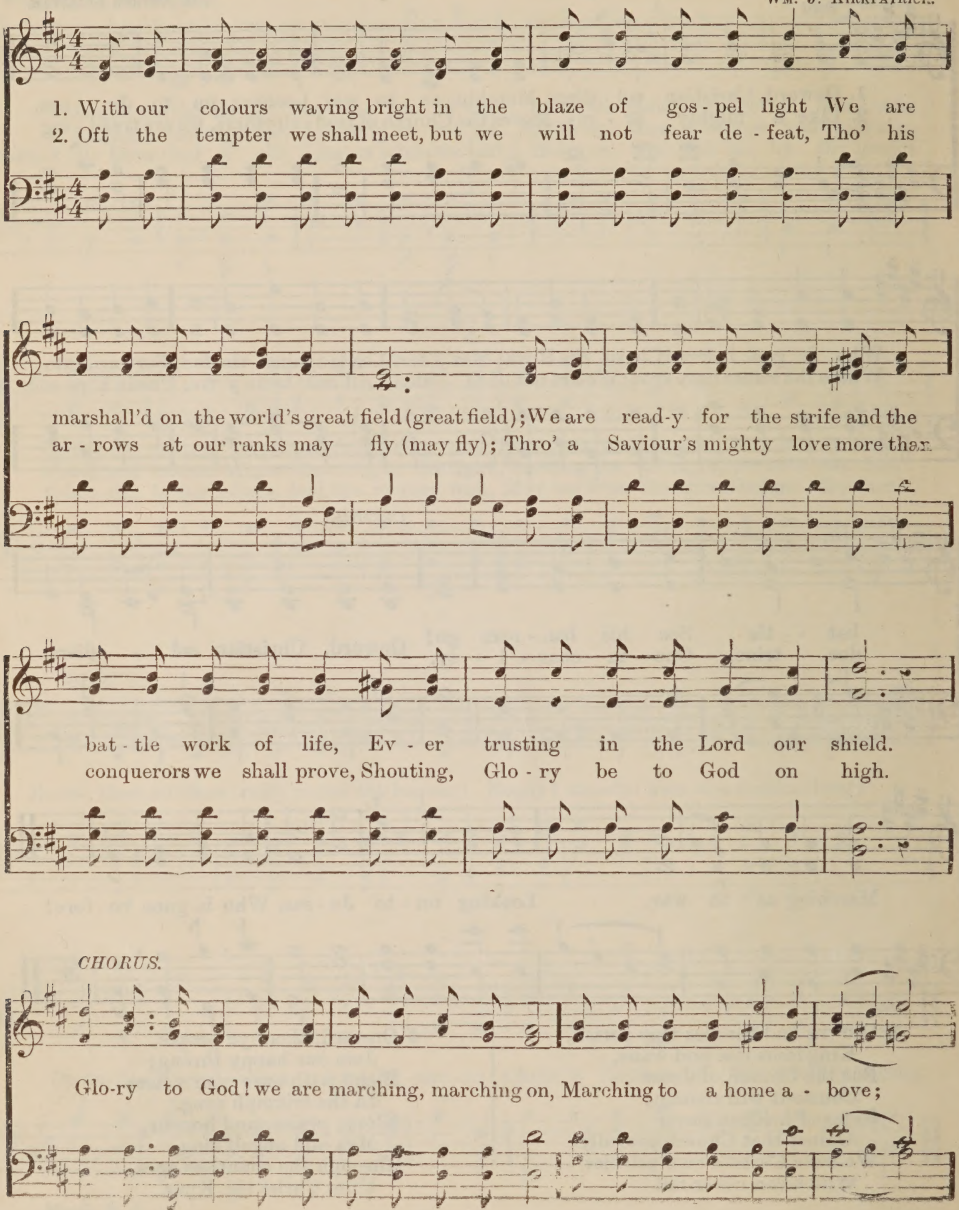

Bold
1. Onward, Christian sol - diers, Marching as to war, Looking un - to Je - sus,
2. Like a mighty ar - my, Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are tread - ing
Who is gone before! Christ, the Royal Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; Forward into
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vi - ded, All one bod - y we, One in hope and
CHORUS.
bat - tle See his ban - ners go!
doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Onward, Christian sol - diers,
Marching as to war, Looking un - to Je - sus, Who is gone be - fore!

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise
Which can never fail.

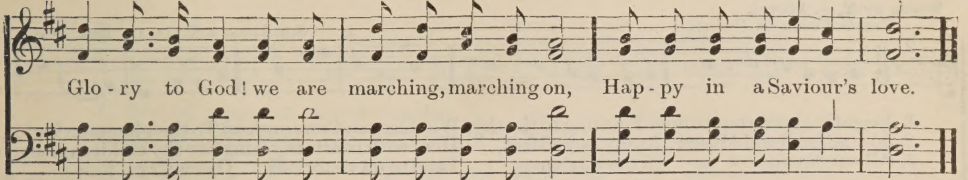
4 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng;
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph song.
Glory, praise, and honour,
Men and angels sing,
Through the countless ages,
Unto Christ the King.

—*S. B. Gould.*

194 With Our Colours Waving Bright.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. With our colours waving bright in the blaze of gos - pel light We are
2. Oft the tempter we shall meet, but we will not fear de - feat, Tho' his
marshall'd on the world's great field (great field); We are read-y for the strife and the
ar - rows at our ranks may fly (may fly); Thro' a Saviour's mighty love more than
bat - tle work of life, Ev - er trusting in the Lord our shield.
conquerors we shall prove, Shouting, Glo - ry be to God on high.
CHORUS.
Glo-ry to God! we are marching, marching on, Marching to a home a - bove;

With Our Colours Waving Bright—*Concluded.*



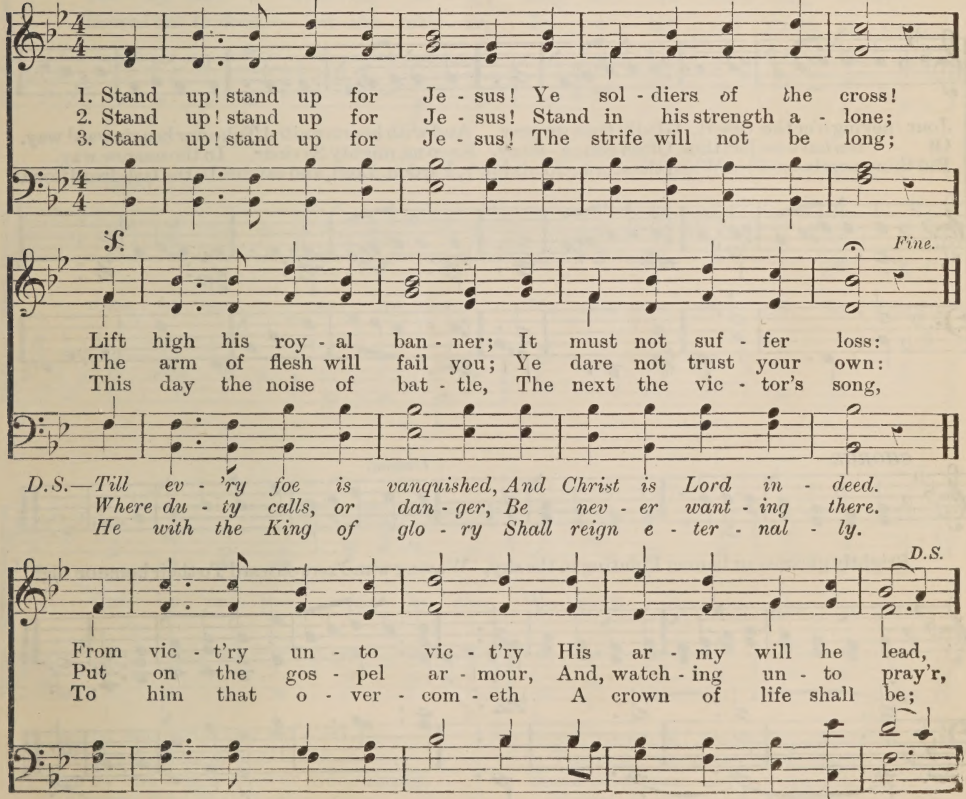
3 We have girded on the sword and the armour of the Lord,
We have taken up the cross he bore;
Oh, the trophies we shall win, oh, the victory over sin,
When the battle and the strife are o'er!

4 Soon we'll reach the pearly gate, where the blessed army wait,
Soon their welcome, welcome song may ring;
When we lay our armour down and receive a starry crown,
Shouting, Glory be to God our King!

—*Jennie Garnett.*

195 Stand Up! Stand Up for Jesus! (Webb.—7s & 6s.)

Words by G. Duffield.

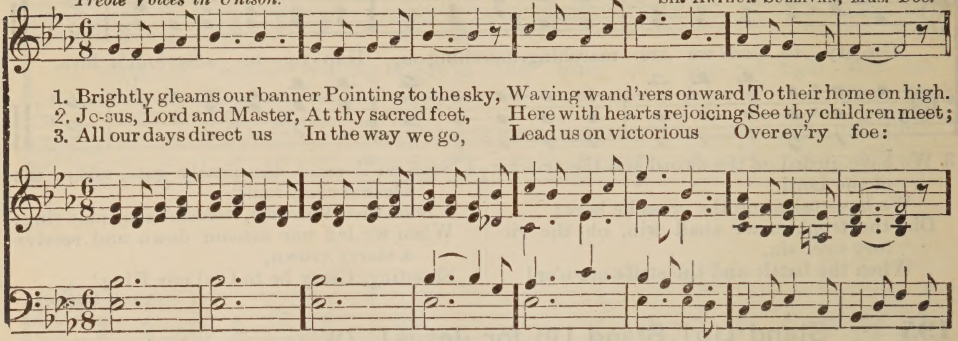

1. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross!
2. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! Stand in his strength a - lone;
3. Stand up! stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long;
f.
Fine.
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner; It must not suf - fer loss:
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
This day the noise of bat - tle, The next the vic - tor's song,
D.S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.
D.S.
From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my will he lead,
Put on the gos - pel ar - mour, And, watch - ing un - to pray'r,
To him that o - ver - com - eth A crown of life shall be;

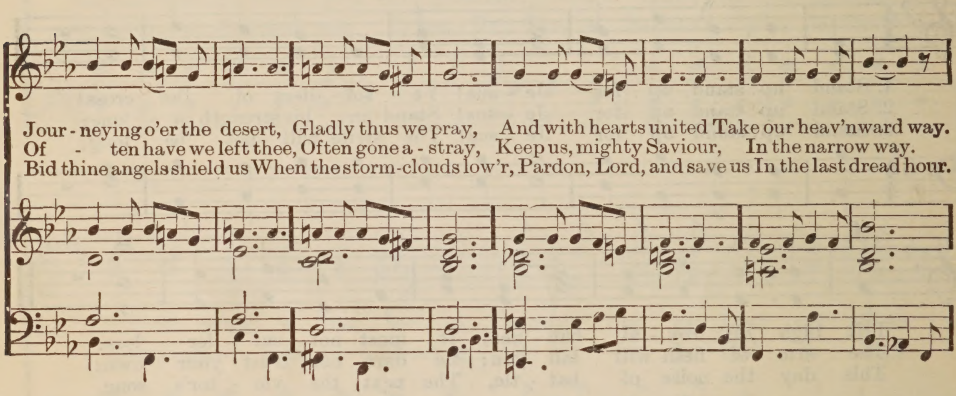
196 Brightly Gleams Our Banner. (St. Theresa.—6s & 5s.)

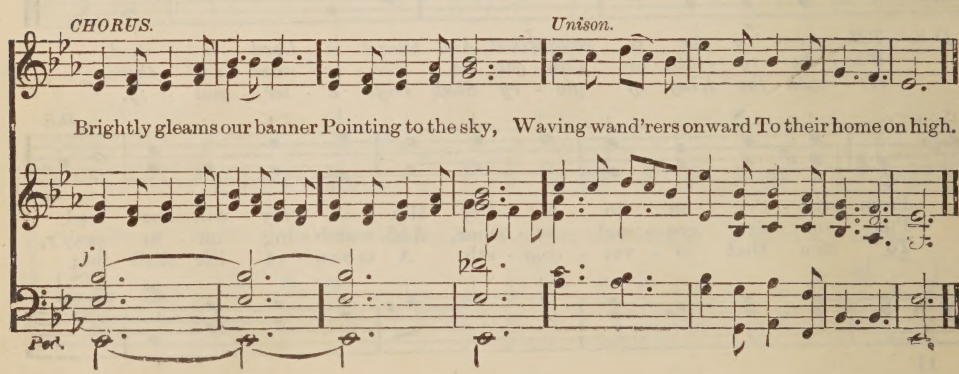
Words by T. J. Potter.

Treble Voices in Unison.

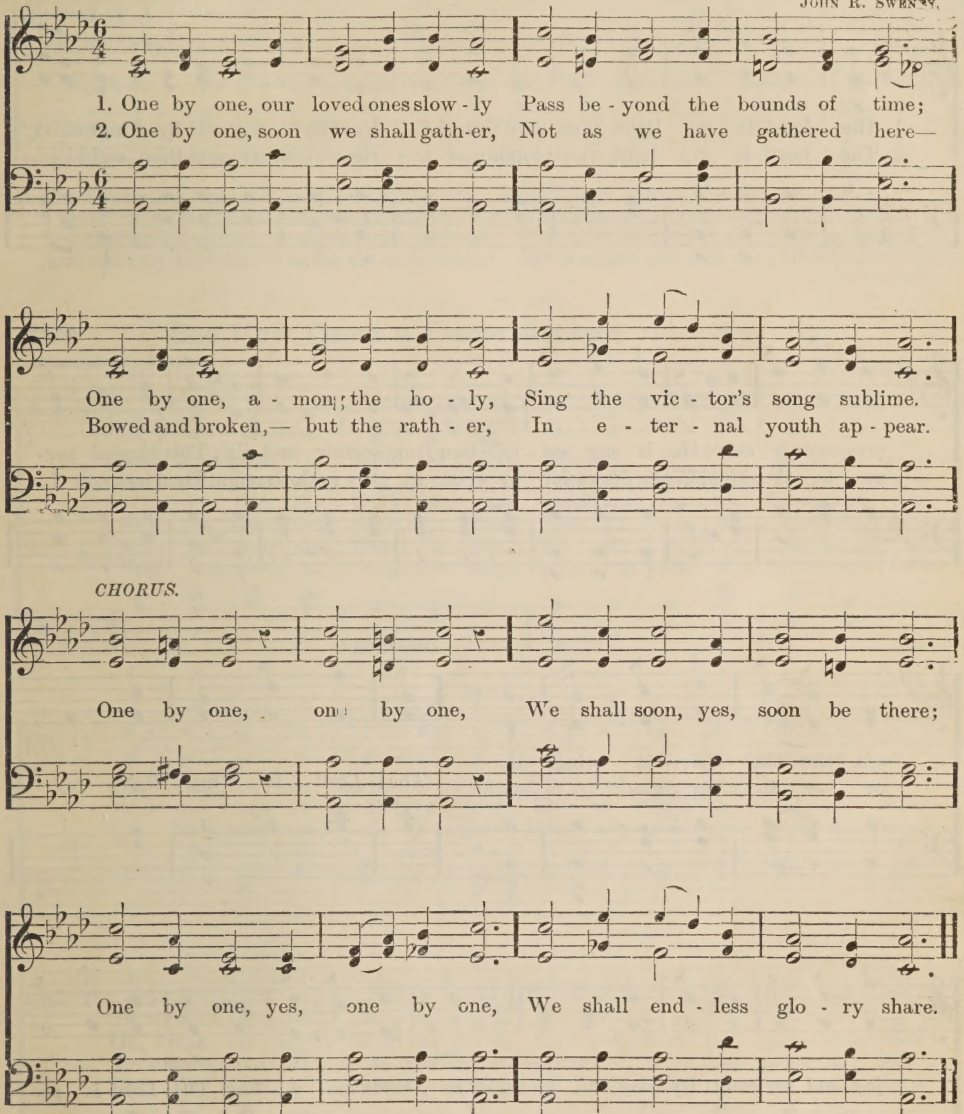
Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mus. Doc.


1. Brightly gleams our banner Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'rers onward To their home on high.
2. Je-sus, Lord and Master, At thy sacred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing See thy children meet;
3. All our days direct us In the way we go, Lead us on victorious Over ev'ry foe:


Jour - neying o'er the desert, Gladly thus we pray, And with hearts united Take our heav'nward way.
Of - ten have we left thee, Often gone a - stray, Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the narrow way.
Bid thine angels shield us When the storm-clouds low'r, Pardon, Lord, and save us In the last dread hour.



197 One by One.

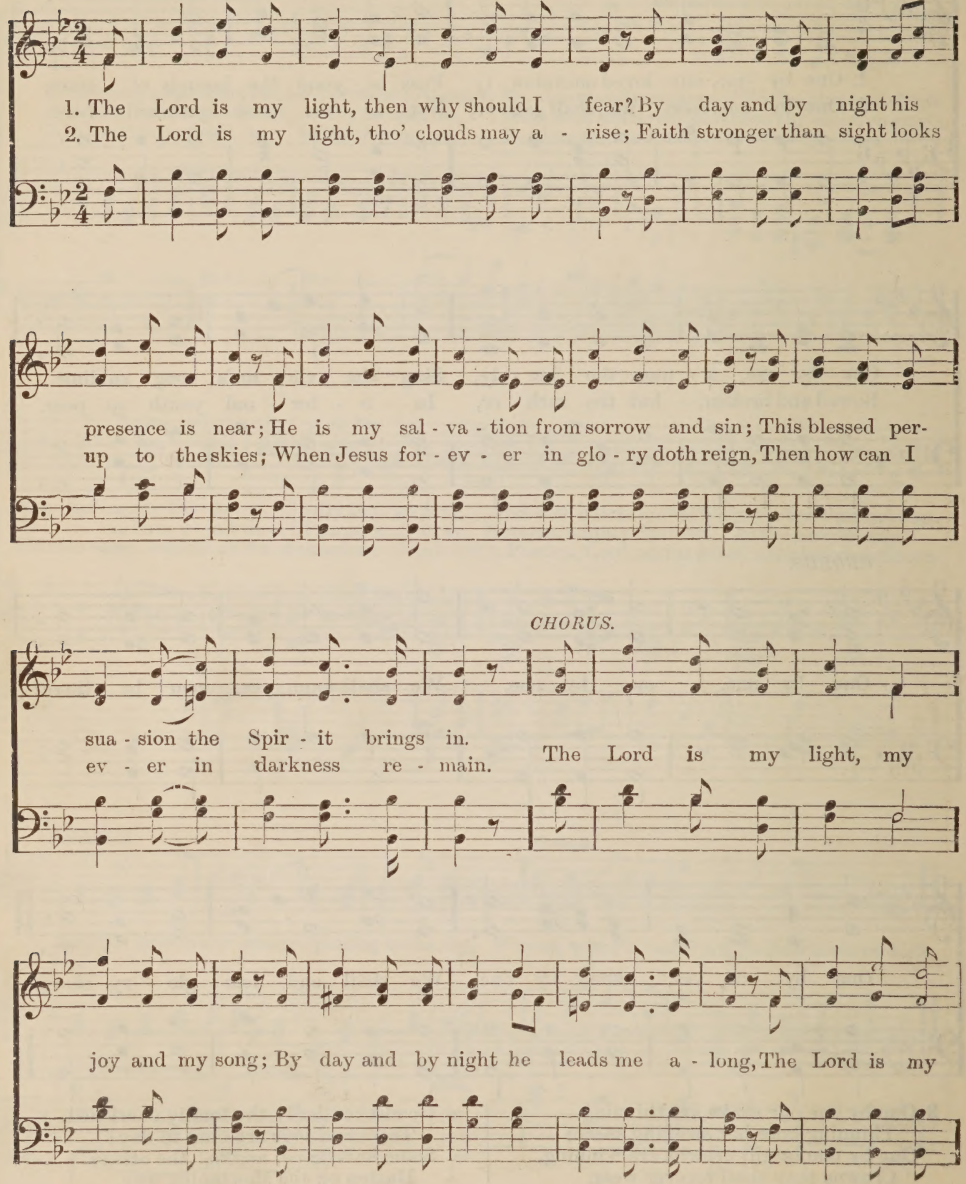
JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. One by one, our loved ones slow - ly Pass be - yond the bounds of time;
2. One by one, soon we shall gath-er, Not as we have gathered here—
One by one, a - mong the ho - ly, Sing the vic - tor's song sublime.
Bowed and broken,— but the rath - er, In e - ter - nal youth ap - pear.
CHORUS.
One by one, one by one, We shall soon, yes, soon be there;
One by one, yes, one by one, We shall end - less glo - ry share.

3 One by one our ranks are thinning—
Thinning here but swelling there;
One by one bright crowns are winning,
Crowns they shall forever wear.

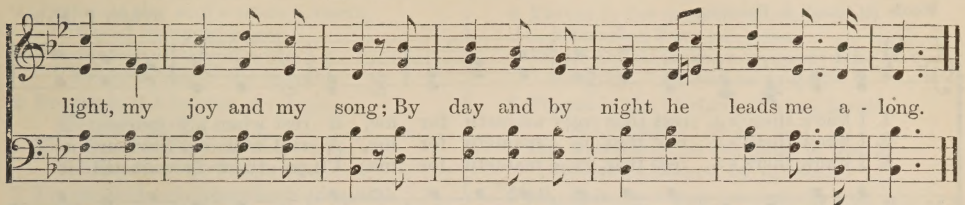
4 Good-bye! hail! the fondly cherished,
Tears and joys are ours to-day;
Some have gone, and lo! the others
Hasten on the shortening way.

—*E. H. Stokes.*

198 The Lord is My Light, then Why Should I Fear?

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. The Lord is my light, then why should I fear? By day and by night his
2. The Lord is my light, tho' clouds may a - rise; Faith stronger than sight looks
presence is near; He is my sal - va - tion from sorrow and sin; This blessed per-
up to the skies; When Jesus for - ev - er in glo - ry doth reign, Then how can I
CHORUS.
sua - sion the Spir - it brings in.
ev - er in darkness re - main.
The Lord is my light, my
joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me a - long, The Lord is my

The Lord is My Light, then Why Should I Fear?—*Concluded.*



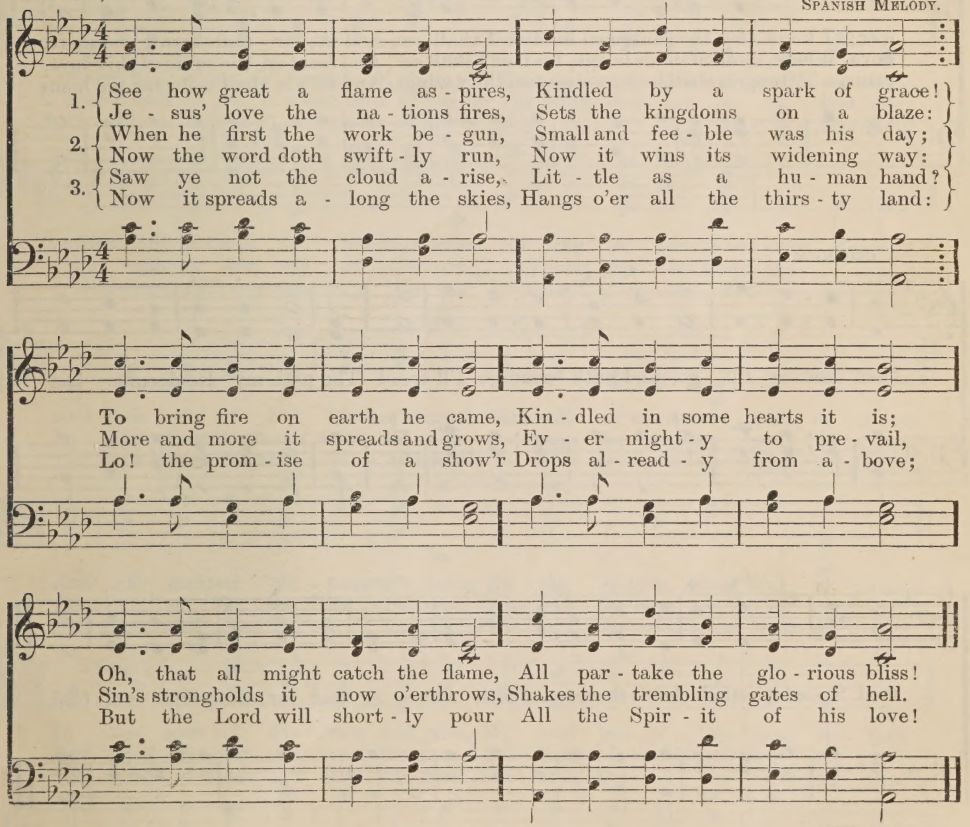
3 The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength;
I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
My weakness in mercy he covers with power,
And walking by faith he saves me each hour.

4 The Lord is my light, my all and in all;
There is in his sight no darkness at all;
He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King;
With saints and with angels his praises I sing.

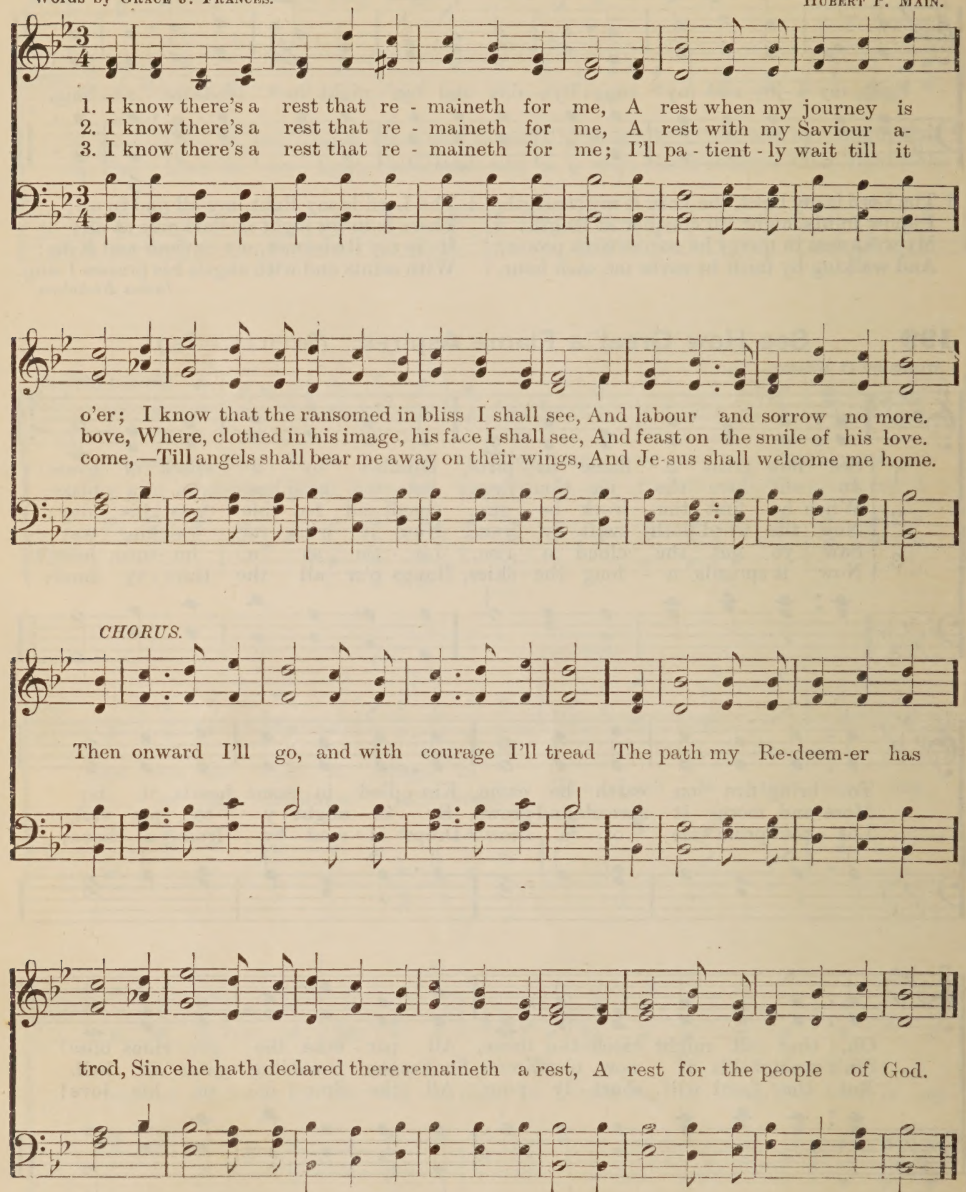
—*James Nicholson.*

199 See How Great a Flame Aspires. (SEVILLE.—7S.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

SPANISH MELODY.

1. See how great a flame as - pires, Kindled by a spark of grace!
Je - sus' love the na - tions fires, Sets the kingdoms on a blaze:
2. When he first the work be - gun, Small and fee - ble was his day;
Now the word doth swift - ly run, Now it wins its widening way:
3. Saw ye not the cloud a - rise, Lit - tle as a hu - man hand?
Now it spreads a - long the skies, Hangs o'er all the thirs - ty land:
To bring fire on earth he came, Kin - dled in some hearts it is;
More and more it spreads and grows, Ev - er might - y to pre - vail,
Lo! the prom - ise of a show'r Drops al - read - y from a - bove;
Oh, that all might catch the flame, All par - take the glo - rious bliss!
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows, Shakes the trembling gates of hell.
But the Lord will short - ly pour All the Spir - it of his love!

200 I Know There's a Rest that Remaineth for Me.

Words by GRACE J. FRANCES. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I know there's a rest that re - maineth for me, A rest when my journey is
2. I know there's a rest that re - maineth for me, A rest with my Saviour a-
3. I know there's a rest that re - maineth for me; I'll pa - tient - ly wait till it
o'er; I know that the ransomed in bliss I shall see, And labour and sorrow no more.
bove, Where, clothed in his image, his face I shall see, And feast on the smile of his love.
come,—Till angels shall bear me away on their wings, And Je-sus shall welcome me home.
CHORUS.
Then onward I'll go, and with courage I'll tread The path my Re-deem-er has
trod, Since he hath declared there remaineth a rest, A rest for the people of God.

201 Prayer is the Soul's Desire. (St. Agnes, Durham.–C.M.–Tune No. 134.)

1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, "Behold he prays!"

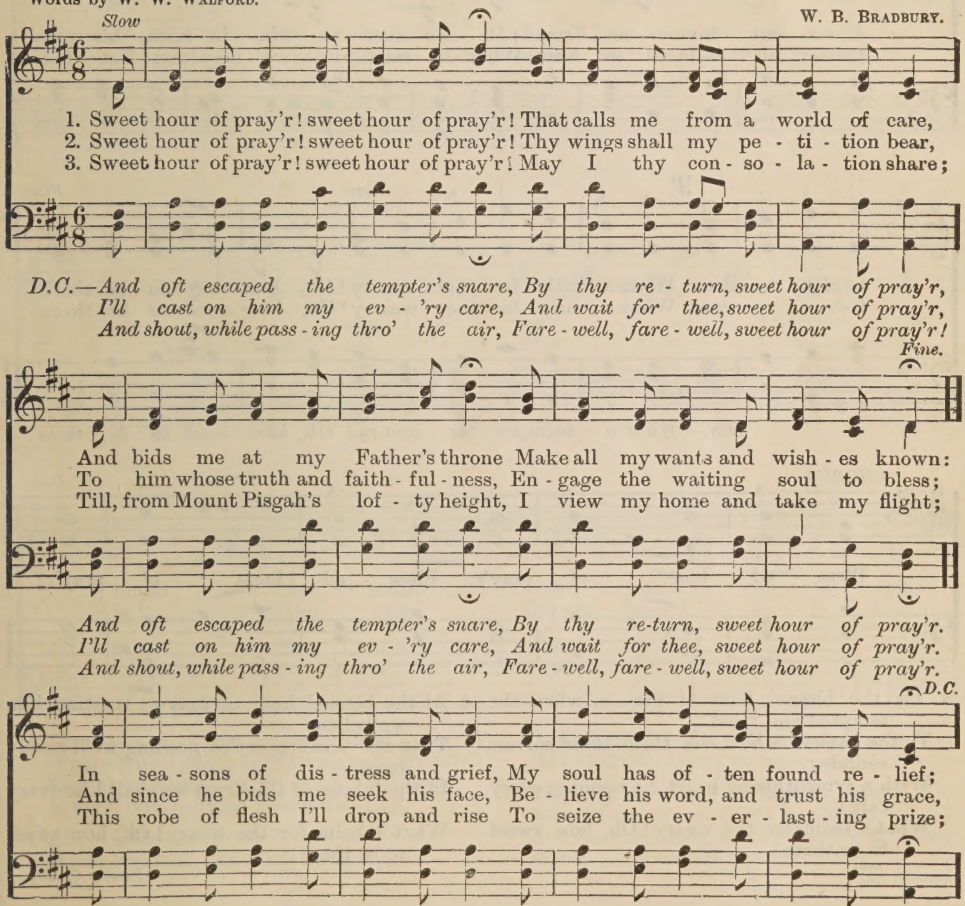
5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

6 Oh, thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord, teach us how to pray.

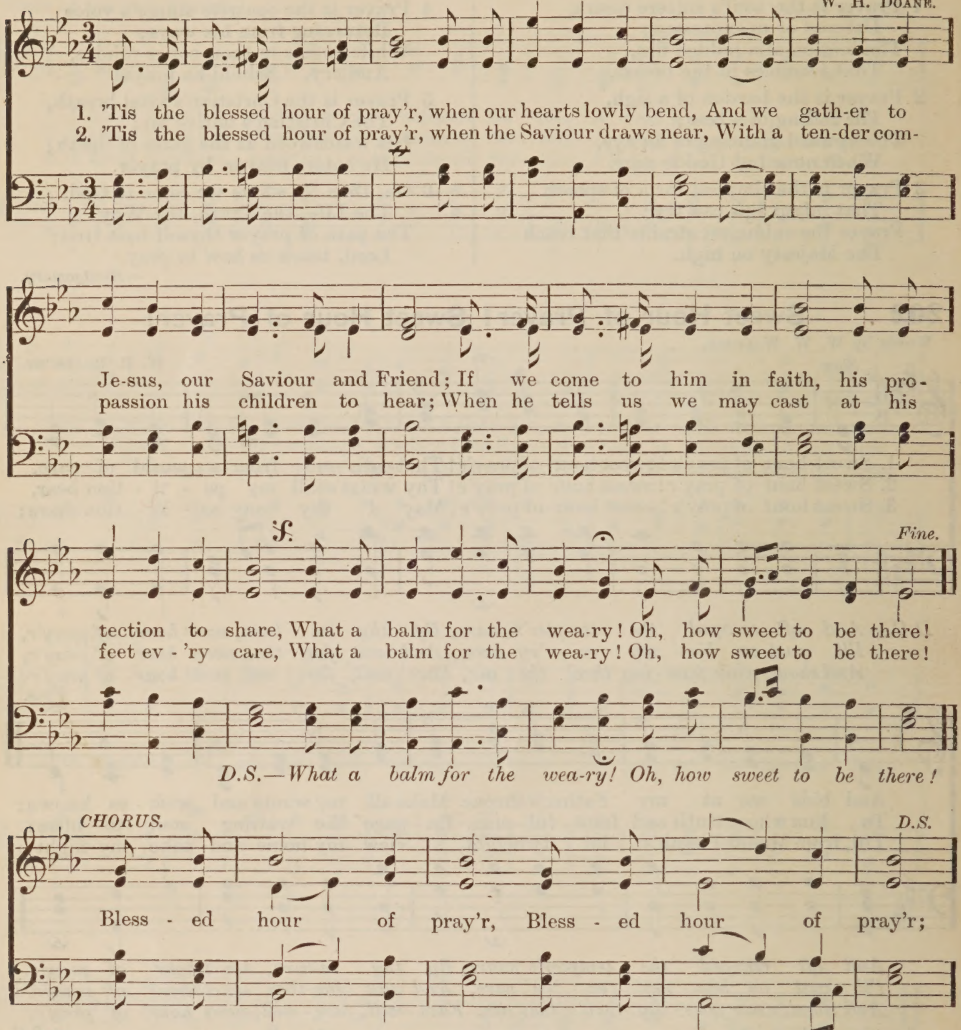
—*Montgomery.*

202 Sweet Hour of Prayer! Sweet Hour of Prayer!

Words by W. W. Walford.

W. B. Bradbury.

Slow
1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear,
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share;
D.C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r,
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r,
And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r!
Fine.
And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To him whose truth and faith - ful - ness, En - gage the waiting soul to bless;
Till, from Mount Pisgah's lof - ty height, I view my home and take my flight;
And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of pray'r.
I'll cast on him my ev - 'ry care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r.
And shout, while pass - ing thro' the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r.
D.C.
In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has of - ten found re - lief;
And since he bids me seek his face, Be - lieve his word, and trust his grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;

203 'Tis the Blessed Hour of Prayer.

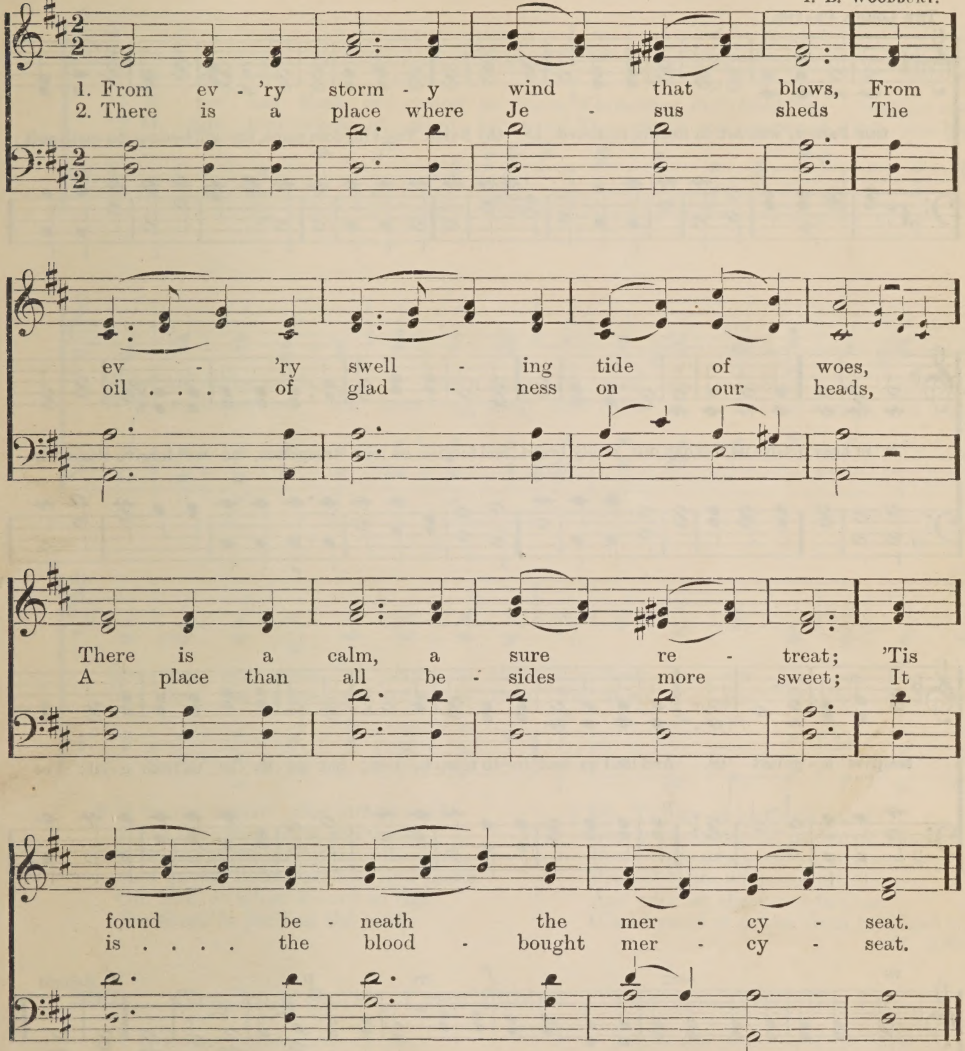
W. H. DOANE.

1. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when our hearts lowly bend, And we gath-er to
2. 'Tis the blessed hour of pray'r, when the Saviour draws near, With a ten-der com-
Je-sus, our Saviour and Friend; If we come to him in faith, his pro-
passion his children to hear; When he tells us we may cast at his
tection to share, What a balm for the wea-ry! Oh, how sweet to be there!
feet ev - 'ry care, What a balm for the wea-ry! Oh, how sweet to be there!
Fine.
D.S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! Oh, how sweet to be there!
CHORUS.
D.S.
Bless - ed hour of pray'r, Bless - ed hour of pray'r;

3 'Tis the blessed hour of prayer, when the tempted and tried
To the Saviour who loves them their sorrow confide;
With a sympathizing heart he removes every care;
What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

4 At the blessed hour of prayer, trusting him we believe
That the blessing we're needing we'll surely receive,
In the fulness of this trust we shall lose every care,
What a balm for the weary! Oh, how sweet to be there!

—*Fanny Crosby.*

204 From Every Stormy Wind That Blows. (EUCHARIST.—L.M.)

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The
ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
oil . . . of glad - ness on our heads,
There is a calm, a sure re - treat; 'Tis
A place than all be - sides more sweet; It
found be - neath the mer - cy - seat.
is . . . . the blood - bought mer - cy - seat.

3 There is a place where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

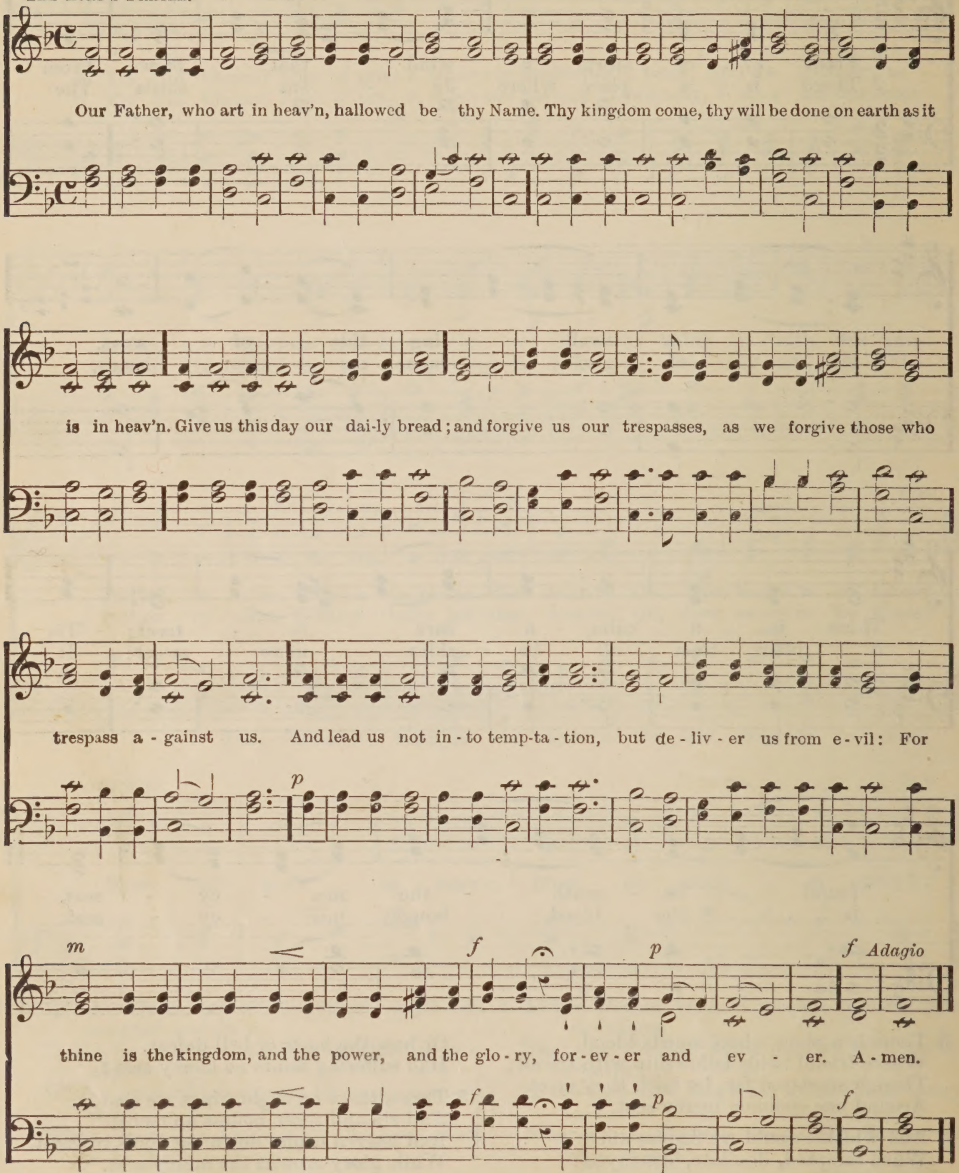
4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

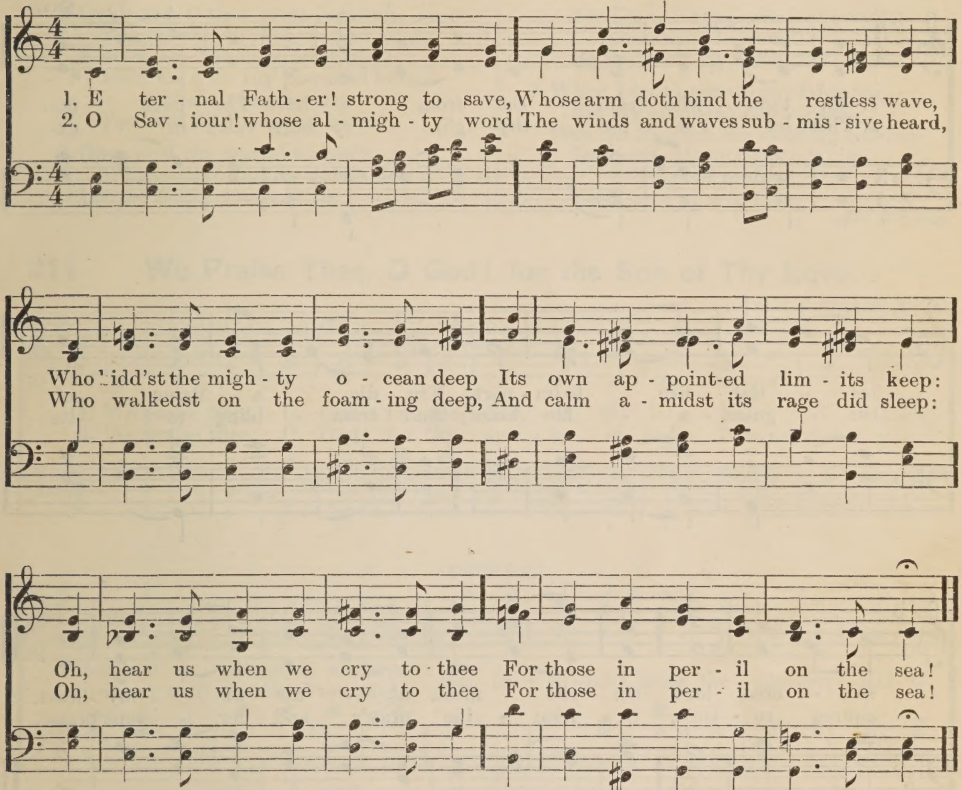
—*H. Stowell.*

205 Our Father, Who Art in Heaven. (CHANT.)

THE LORD'S PRAYER.


Our Father, who art in heav'n, hallowed be thy Name. Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it
is in heav'n. Give us this day our dai-ly bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who
trespass a - gainst us. And lead us not in - to temp-ta - tion, but de - liv - er us from e - vil: For
thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glo - ry, for - ev - er and ev - er. A - men.
m
f
p
f Adagio
p
f
p
f

206 Eternal Father! Strong to Save. (MELITA.—6-8s.)


1. E ter - nal Fath - er! strong to save, Whose arm doth bind the restless wave,
2. O Sav - iour! whose al - migh - ty word The winds and waves sub - mis - sive heard,
Who bidd'st the migh - ty o - cean deep Its own ap - point-ed lim - its keep:
Who walkedst on the foam - ing deep, And calm a - midst its rage did sleep:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea!
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee For those in per - il on the sea!

3 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
Upon the chaos dark and rude,
Who bad'st its angry tumults cease,
And gavest light, and life, and peace:
Oh, hear us when we cry to thee
For those in peril on the sea!

4 Oh, Trinity of love and power!
Our brethren shield in danger's hour;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go;
And ever let there rise to thee
Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

—*W. Whiting.*

207 Gracious Spirit, Love Divine. (PRAYER.—TUNE NO. 115.)

1 Gracious Spirit, Love divine,
Let thy light within me shine!
All my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

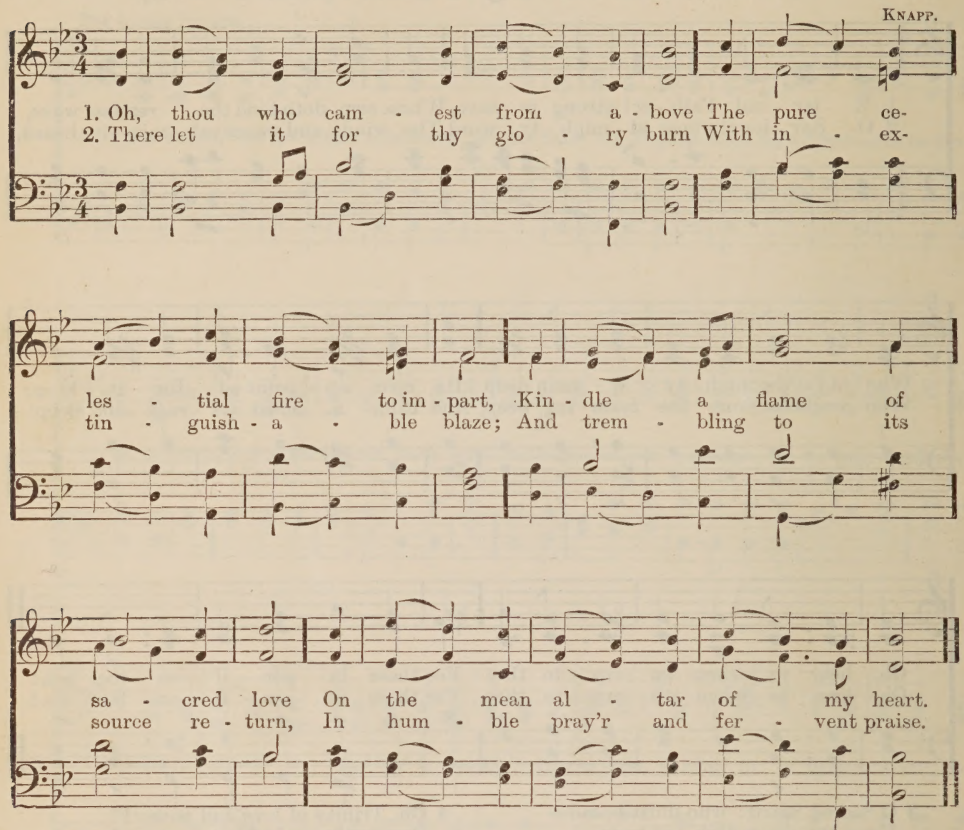
2 Speak thy pardoning grace to me;
Set the burdened sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.

—*J. Stalker.*

208 Oh, Thou Who Camest From Above. (WAREHAM.—L.M.)

KNAPP.

1. Oh, thou who cam - est from a - bove The pure ce-
2. There let it for thy glo - ry burn With in - ex-
les - tial fire to im - part, Kin - dle a flame of
tin - guish - a - ble blaze; And trem - bling to its
sa - cred love On the mean al - tar of my heart.
source re - turn, In hum - ble pray'r and fer - vent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete.

—*C. Wesley.*

209 Oh, for a Closer Walk with God. (BELMONT.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 14.)

1 Oh, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light, to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed,
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void,
The world can never fill.

4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
That drove thee from my breast.

—*W. Cowper.*

210 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah. (GUIDE.–8,7,8,7,4,7.–TUNE No. 86.)

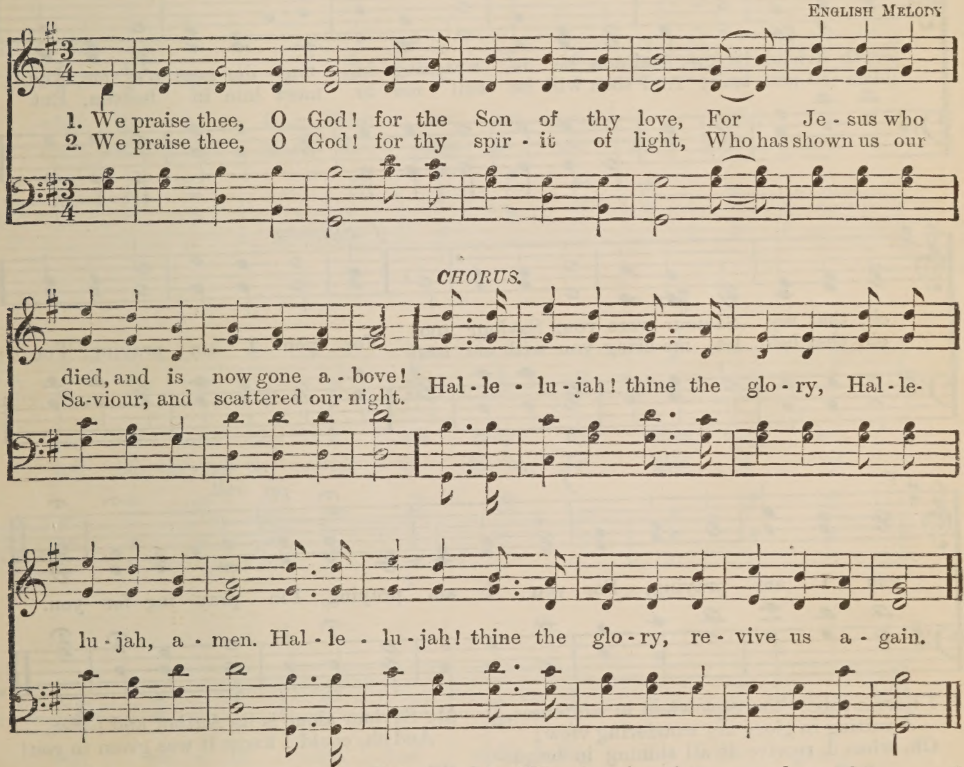
1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
‖: Bread of heaven! :‖
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,
Lead me all my journey through:
‖: Strong Deliverer! :‖
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
‖: Songs of praises :‖
I will ever give to thee.

—*W. Williams*

211 We Praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy Love.

ENGLISH MELODY

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love, For Je - sus who
2. We praise thee, O God! for thy spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
CHORUS.
died, and is now gone a - bove! Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le-
Sa-viour, and scattered our night.
lu - jah, a - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

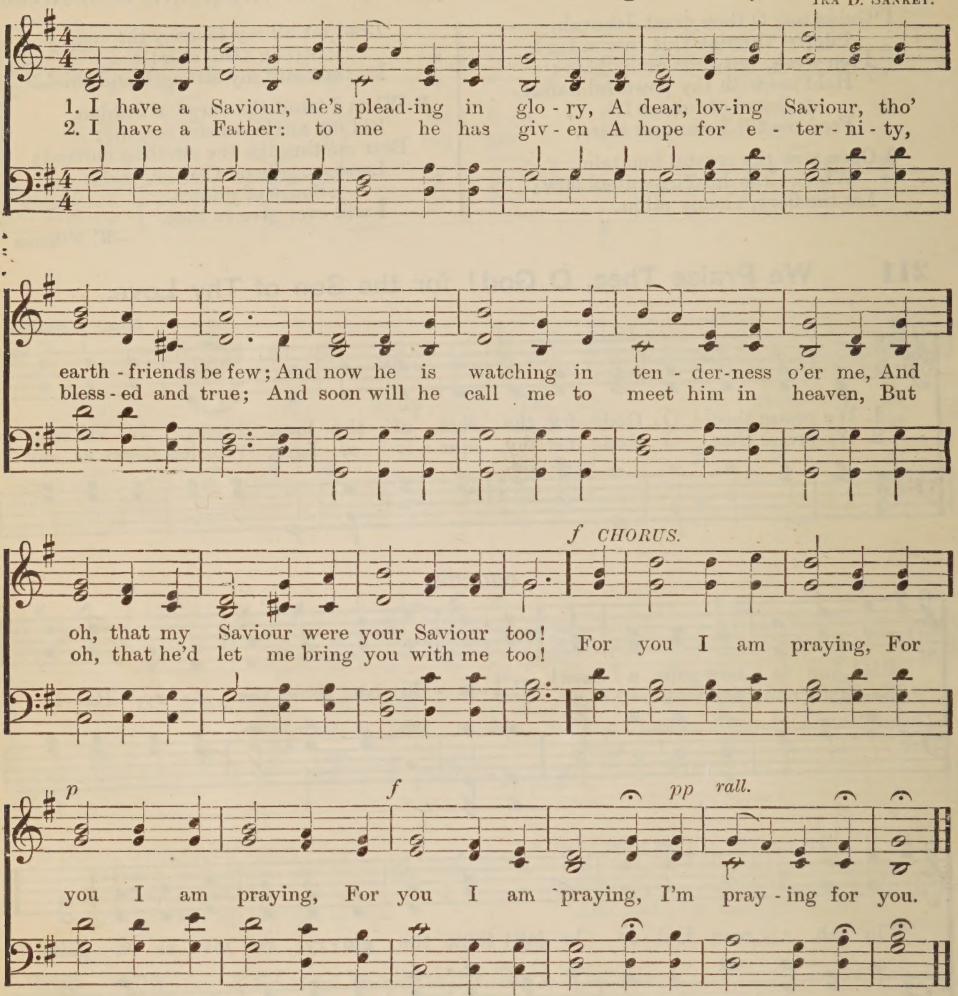
3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain.

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

—*W. P. McKay.*

212 I Have a Saviour, He's Pleading in Glory.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. I have a Saviour, he's plead-ing in glo - ry, A dear, lov-ing Saviour, tho'
2. I have a Father: to me he has giv - en A hope for e - ter - ni - ty,
earth - friends be few; And now he is watching in ten - der-ness o'er me, And
bless - ed and true; And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven, But
f CHORUS.
oh, that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
For you I am praying, For
p
f
pp
rall.
you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving one too!

4 I have a peace: it is calm as a river—
A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

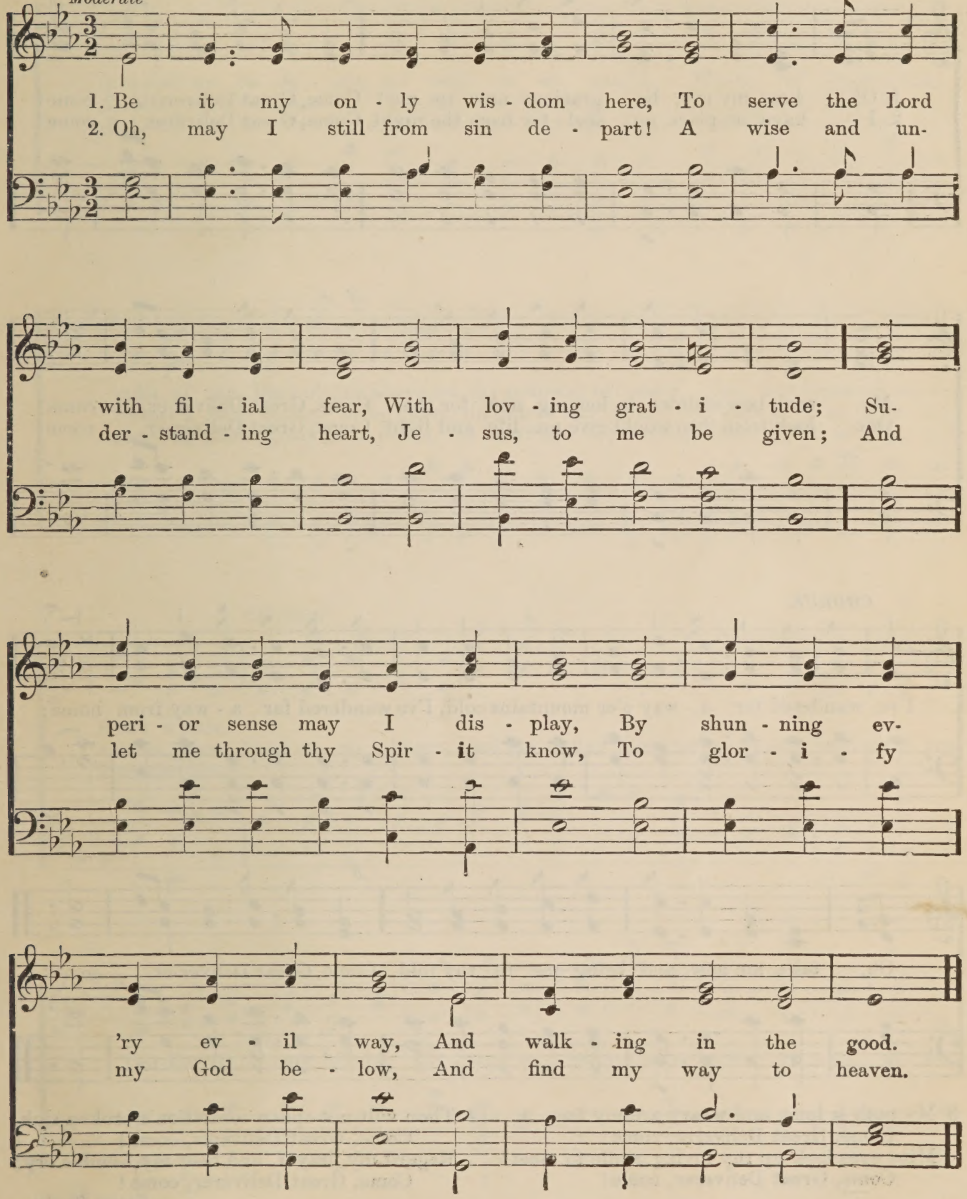
5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you!

—*S. O. Cluff.*

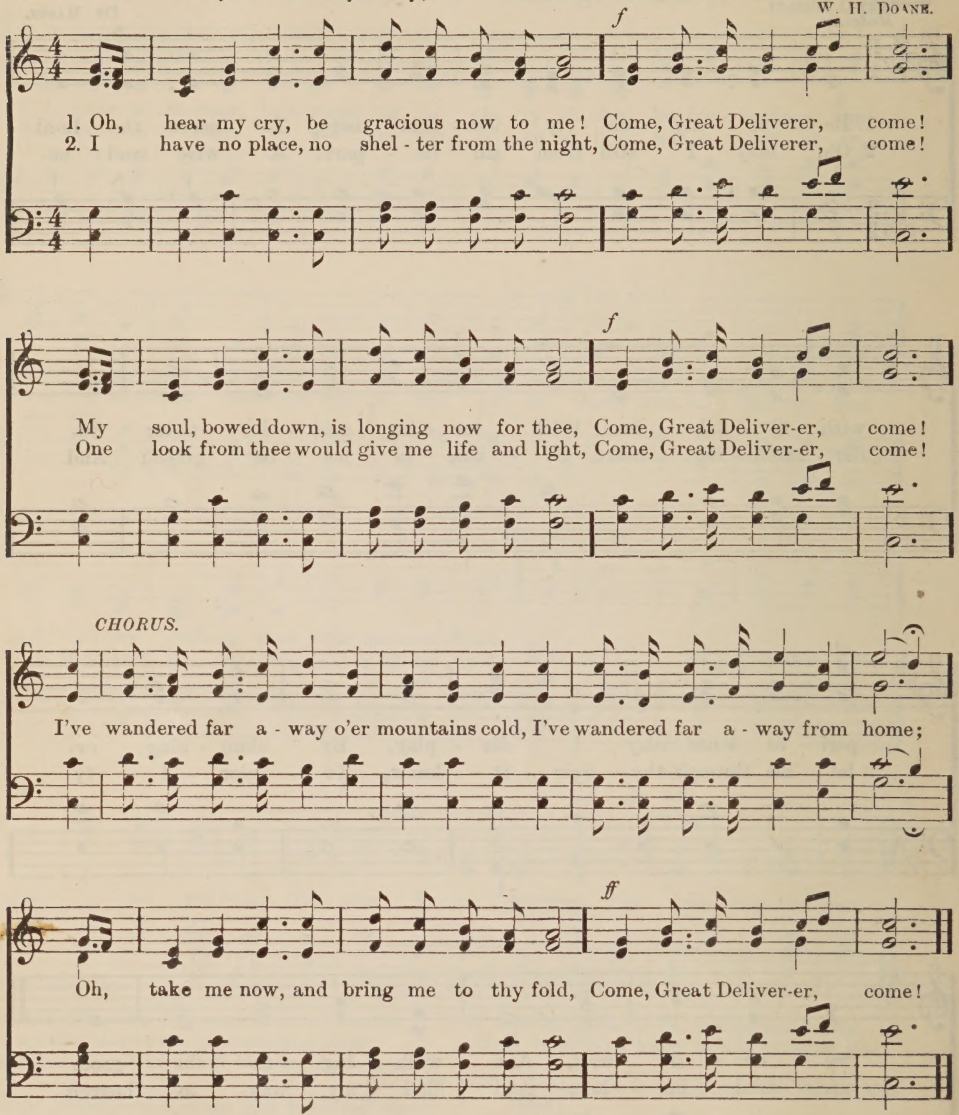
213 Be It My Only Wisdom Here. (MERIBAH.—8,8,6,8,8,6.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

Moderate

DR. MASON.

1. Be it my on - ly wis - dom here, To serve the Lord
2. Oh, may I still from sin de - part! A wise and un-
with fil - ial fear, With lov - ing grat - i - tude; Su-
der - stand - ing heart, Je - sus, to me be given; And
peri - or sense may I dis - play, By shun - ning ev-
let me through thy Spir - it know, To glor - i - fy
'ry ev - il way, And walk - ing in the good.
my God be - low, And find my way to heaven.

214 Oh, Hear My Cry, Be Gracious Now to Me.

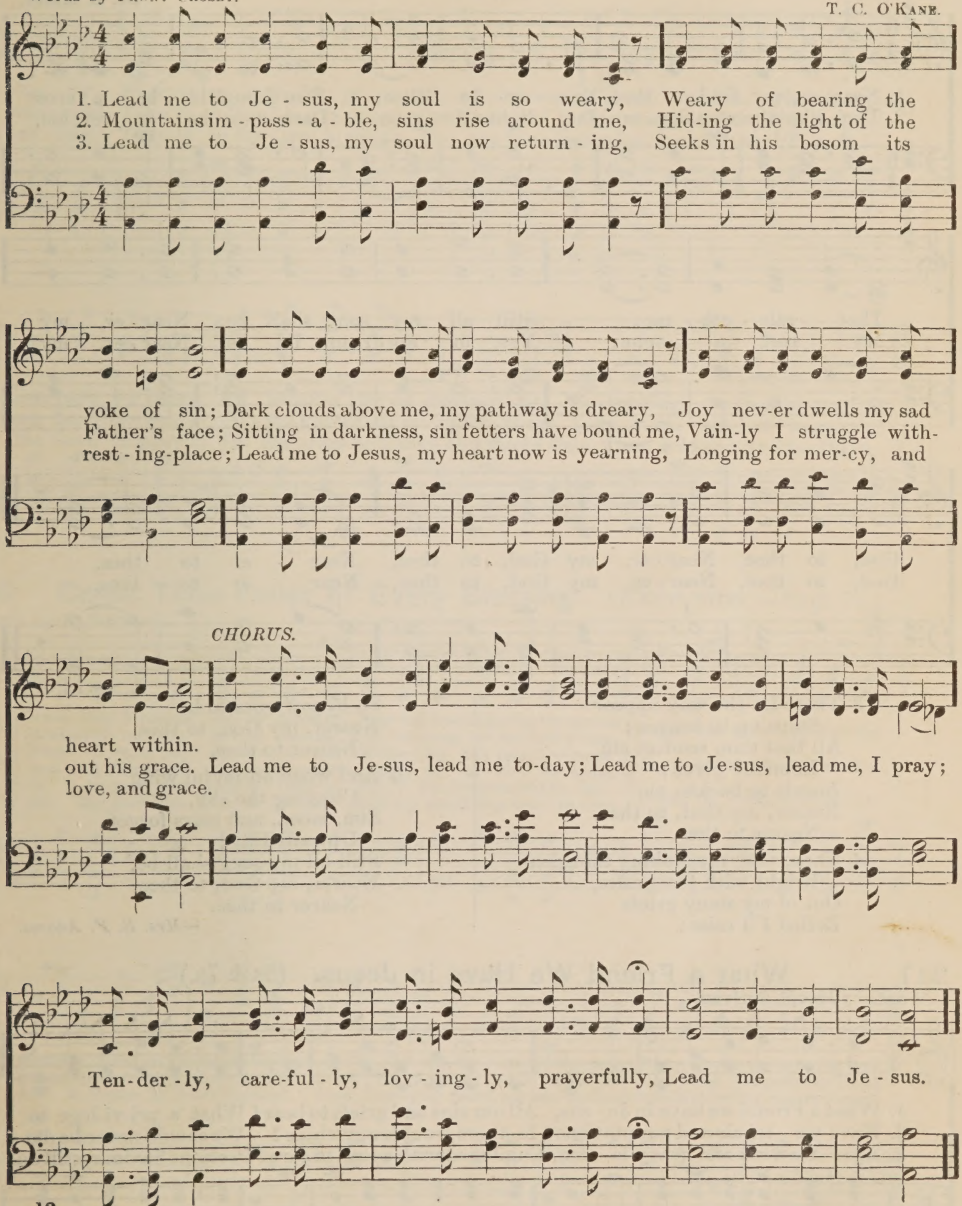
W. H. DOANE.

f
1. Oh, hear my cry, be gracious now to me! Come, Great Deliverer, come!
2. I have no place, no shel - ter from the night, Come, Great Deliverer, come!
f
My soul, bowed down, is longing now for thee, Come, Great Deliver-er, come!
One look from thee would give me life and light, Come, Great Deliver-er, come!
CHORUS.
I've wandered far a - way o'er mountains cold, I've wandered far a - way from home;
ff
Oh, take me now, and bring me to thy fold, Come, Great Deliver-er, come!

3 My path is lone, and weary are my feet,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Mine eyes look up thy loving smile to meet!
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

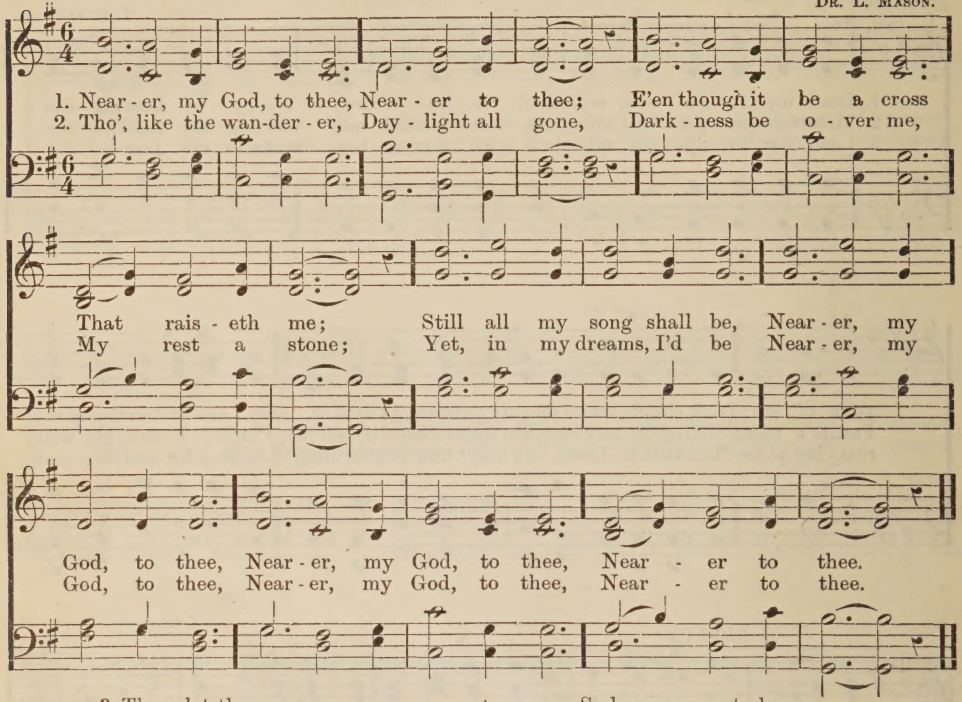
4 Thou wilt not spurn contrition's broken sigh,
Come, Great Deliverer, come!
Regard my prayer, and hear my humble cry;
Come, Great Deliverer, come!

—*Fanny Crosby.*

215 Lead Me to Jesus, My Soul is So Weary.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. T. C. O'KANE.

1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so weary, Weary of bearing the
2. Mountains im - pass - a - ble, sins rise around me, Hid-ing the light of the
3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now return - ing, Seeks in his bosom its
yoke of sin; Dark clouds above me, my pathway is dreary, Joy nev-er dwells my sad
Father's face; Sitting in darkness, sin fetters have bound me, Vain-ly I struggle with-
rest - ing-place; Lead me to Jesus, my heart now is yearning, Longing for mer-cy, and
CHORUS.
heart within.
out his grace. Lead me to Je-sus, lead me to-day; Lead me to Je-sus, lead me, I pray;
love, and grace.
Ten-der - ly, care-ful - ly, lov - ing - ly, prayerfully, Lead me to Je - sus.

216 Nearer, My God, to Thee. (Bethany.—6,4,6,4,6,6,4.)

Dr. L. Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee; E'en though it be a cross
2. Tho', like the wan-der - er, Day - light all gone, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
My rest a stone; Yet, in my dreams, I'd be Near - er, my
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee.

3 There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

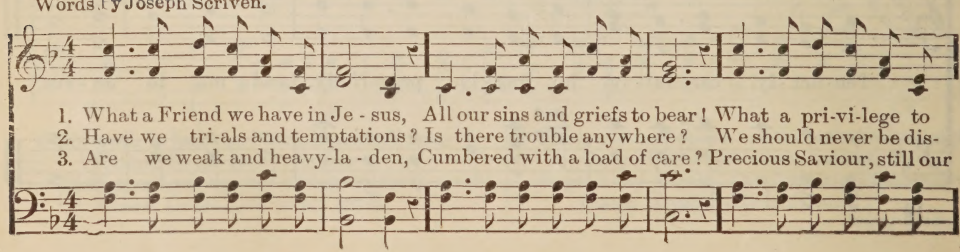
4 Then, with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

5 And when on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

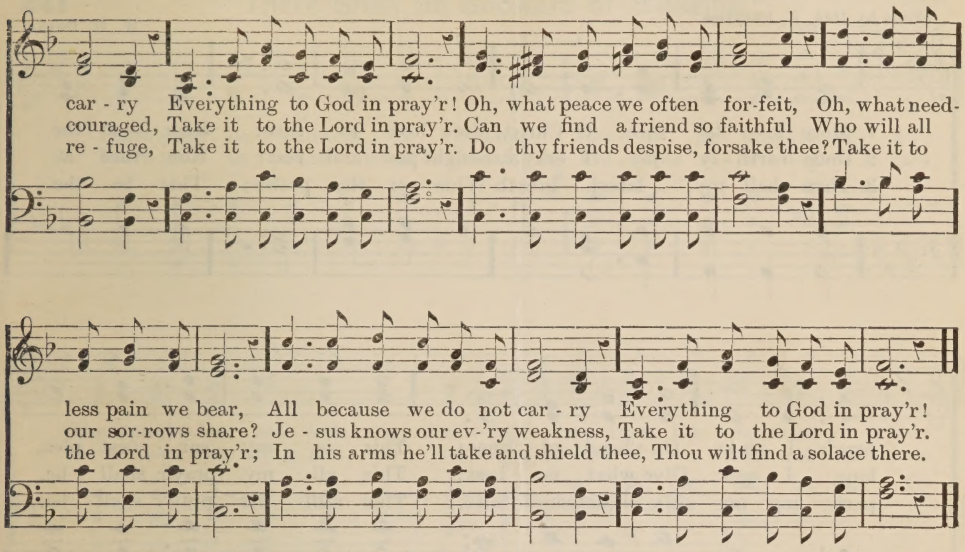
—*Mrs. S. F. Adams.*

217 What a Friend We Have in Jesus. (8s & 7s.)

Words by Joseph Scriven.

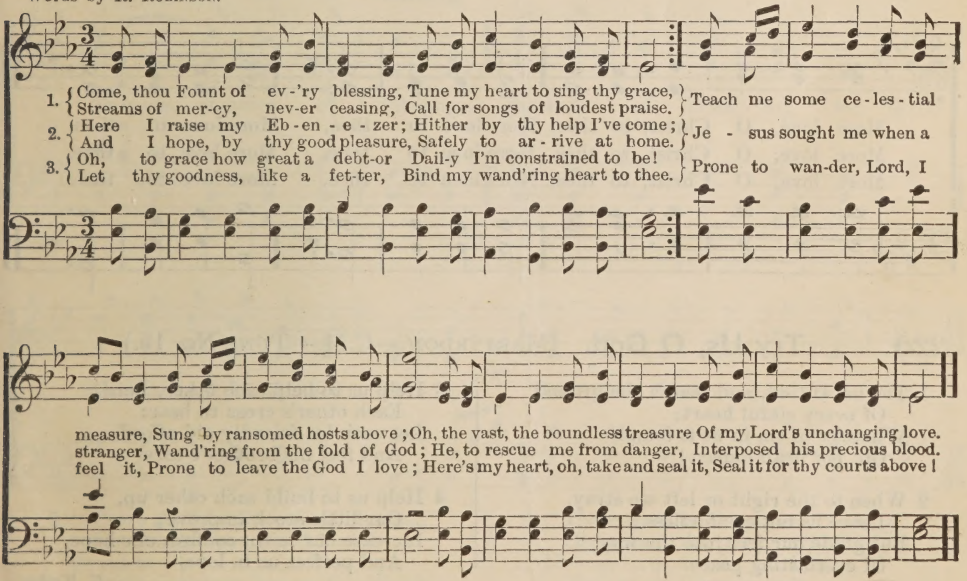

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a pri-vi-lege to
2. Have we tri-als and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere? We should never be dis-
3. Are we weak and heavy-la - den, Cumbered with a load of care? Precious Saviour, still our

What a Friend We Have in Jesus—*Concluded.*

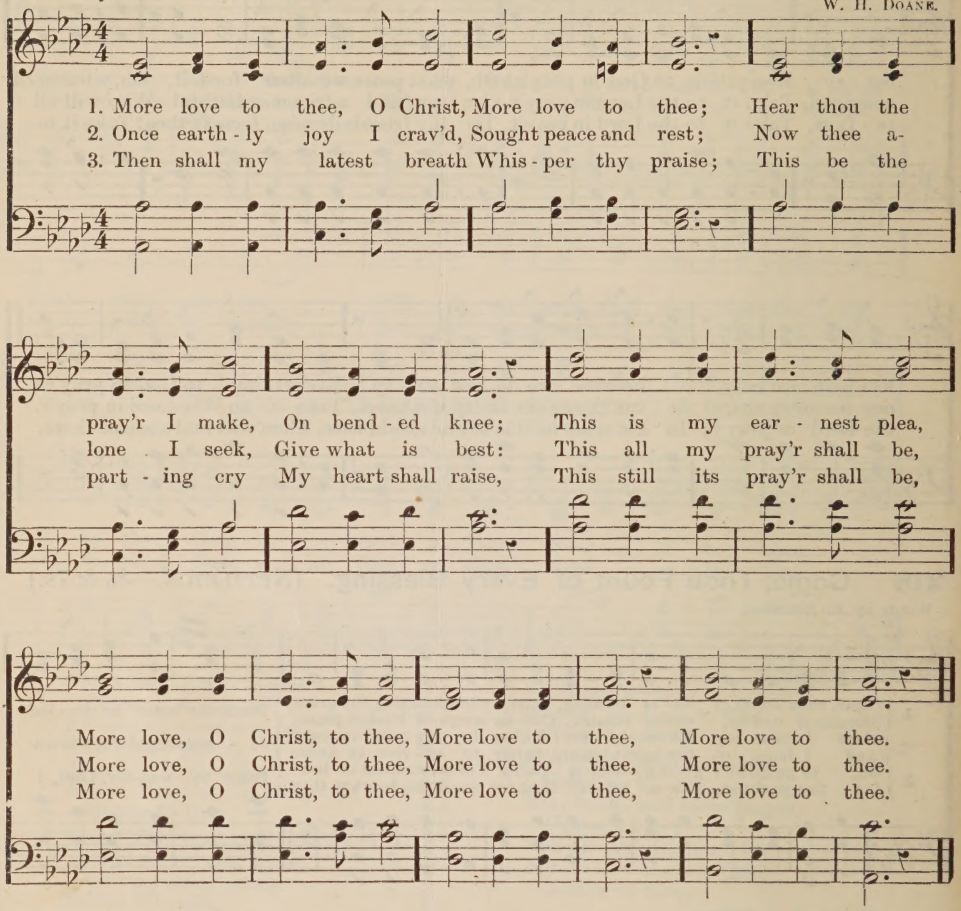

car - ry Everything to God in pray'r! Oh, what peace we often for-feit, Oh, what need-
couraged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Can we find a friend so faithful Who will all
re - fuge, Take it to the Lord in pray'r. Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to
less pain we bear, All because we do not car - ry Everything to God in pray'r!
our sor-rows share? Je - sus knows our ev-'ry weakness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
the Lord in pray'r; In his arms he'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a solace there.

218 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing. (NETTLETON.—8s & 7s.)

Words by R. ROBINSON.


1. Come, thou Fount of ev-'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace, Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise. Teach me some ce-les-tial
2. Here I raise my Eb-en-e-zer; Hither by thy help I've come; And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar-rive at home. Je - sus sought me when a
3. Oh, to grace how great a debt-or Dail-y I'm constrained to be! Let thy goodness, like a fet-ter, Bind my wand'ring heart to thee. Prone to wan-der, Lord, I
measure, Sung by ransomed hosts above; Oh, the vast, the boundless treasure Of my Lord's unchanging love.
stranger, Wand'ring from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed his precious blood.
feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it, Seal it for thy courts above!

219 More Love to Thee, O Christ. (6,4,6,4,6,6,4.)

Words by Mrs. E. Prentiss. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to thee, O Christ, More love to thee; Hear thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
3. Then shall my latest breath Whis-per thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make, On bend-ed knee; This is my ear-nest plea,
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
part-ing cry My heart shall raise, This still its pray'r shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.
More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.
More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee, More love to thee.

220 Try Us, O God. (Martyrdom.—C.M.—Tune No. 15.)

1 Try us, O God, and search the ground
Of every sinful heart;
Whate'er of sin in us is found,
Oh, bid it all depart!

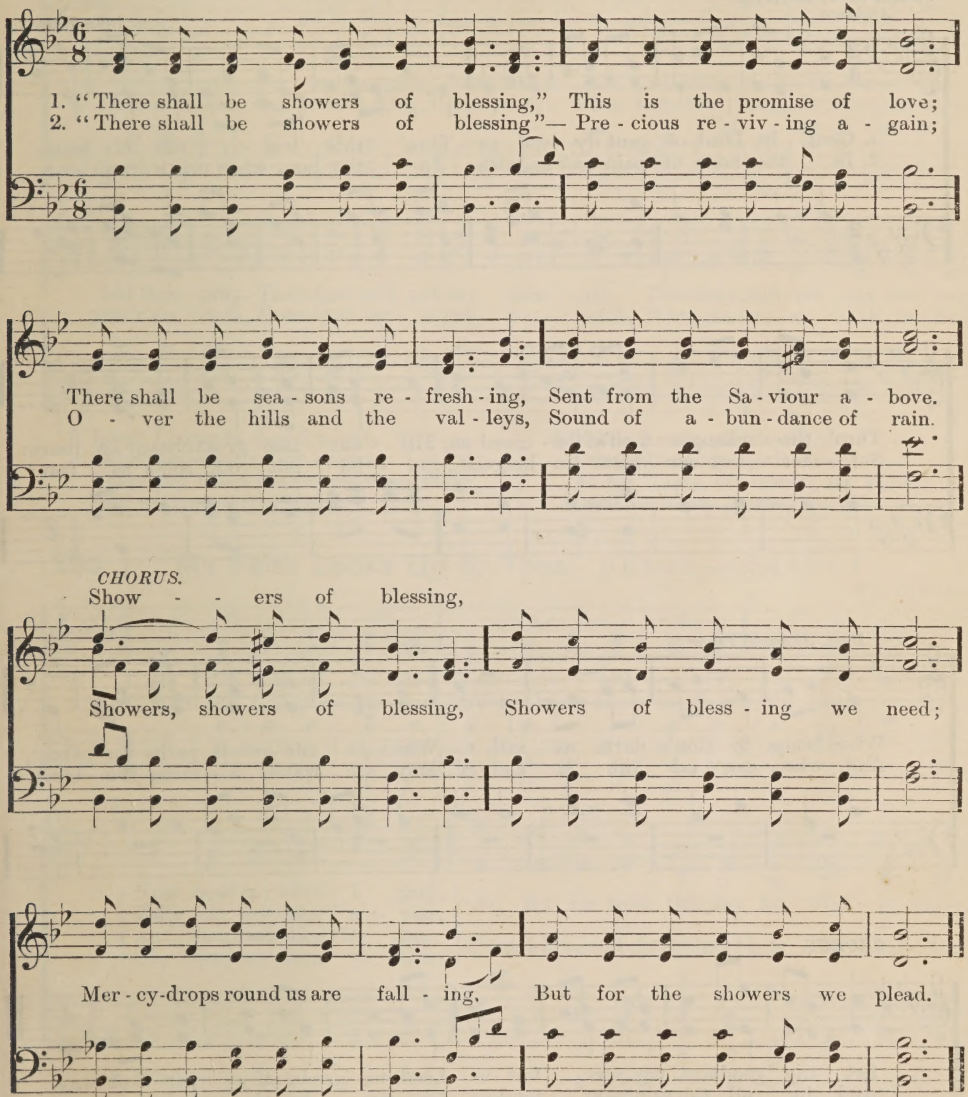
2 When to the right or left we stray,
Leave us not comfortless;
But guide our feet into the way
Of everlasting peace.

3 Help us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

4 Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

—*C. Wesley.*

221 "There Shall be Showers of Blessing."

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. "There shall be showers of blessing," This is the promise of love;
2. "There shall be showers of blessing"— Pre - cious re - viv - ing a - gain;
There shall be sea - sons re - fresh - ing, Sent from the Sa - viour a - bove.
O - ver the hills and the val - leys, Sound of a - bun - dance of rain.
CHORUS.
Show - - ers of blessing,
Showers, showers of blessing, Showers of bless - ing we need;
Mer - cy-drops round us are fall - ing, But for the showers we plead.

3 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Send them upon us, O Lord!
Grant to us now a refreshing,
Come, and now honour thy Word.

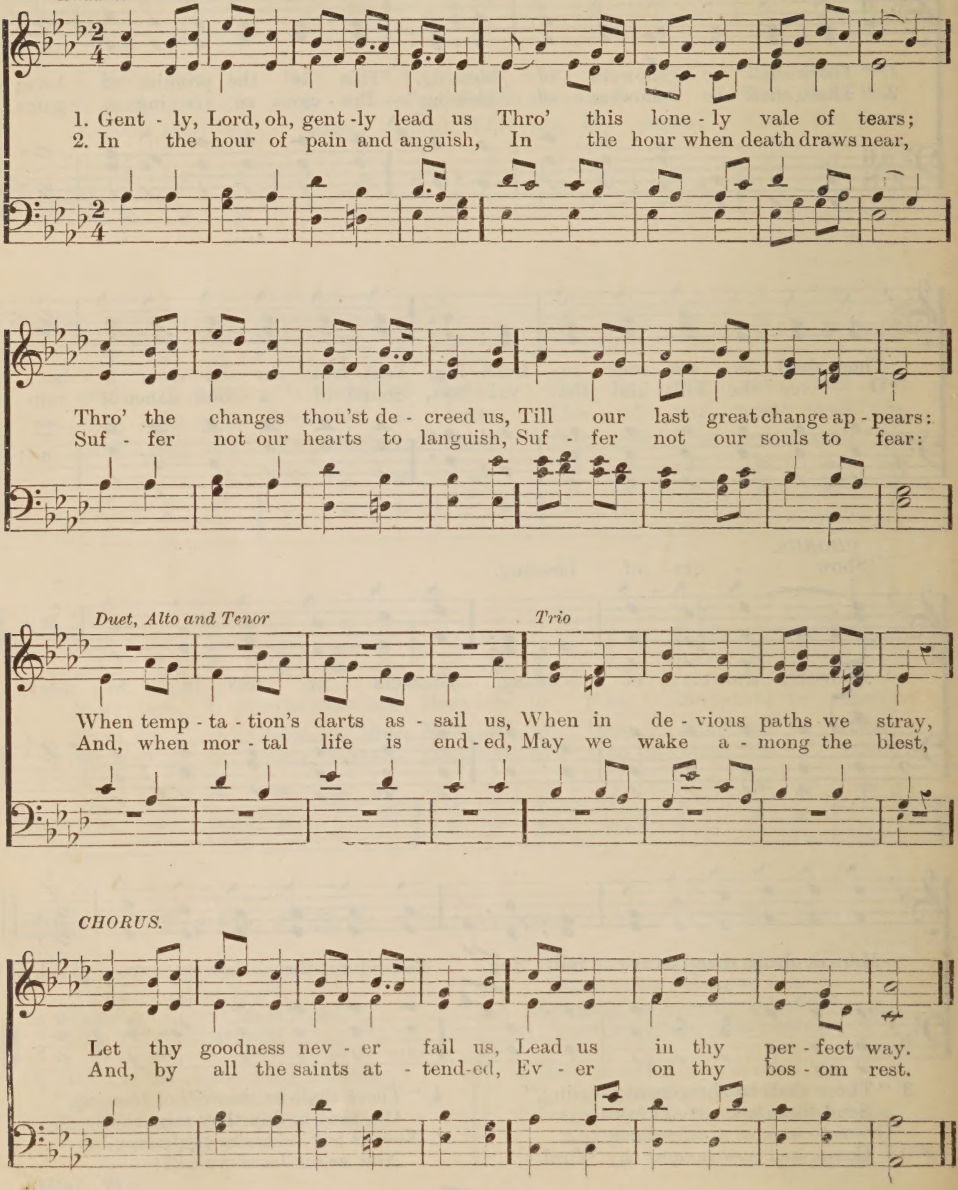
4 "There shall be showers of blessing,"
Oh, that to-day they might fall,
Now as to God we're confessing,
Now as on Jesus we call!

—*Dr. Nathan.*

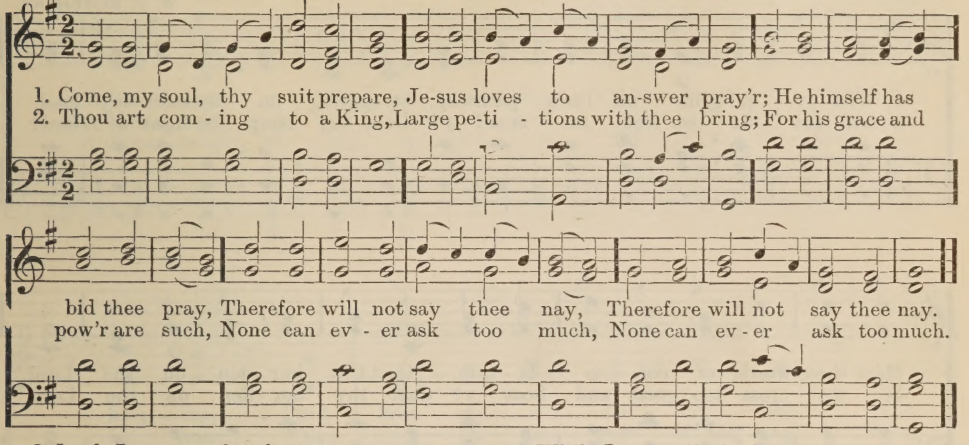
222 Gently, Lord, Oh, Gently Lead Us.

Words by T. HASTINGS.

Andante

Arr. from BAYLEY.

1. Gent - ly, Lord, oh, gent-ly lead us Thro' this lone - ly vale of tears;
2. In the hour of pain and anguish, In the hour when death draws near,
Thro' the changes thou'st de - creed us, Till our last great change ap - pears:
Suf - fer not our hearts to languish, Suf - fer not our souls to fear:
Duet, Alto and Tenor
Trio
When temp - ta - tion's darts as - sail us, When in de - vious paths we stray,
And, when mor - tal life is end - ed, May we wake a - mong the blest,
CHORUS.
Let thy goodness nev - er fail us, Lead us in thy per - fect way.
And, by all the saints at - tend-ed, Ev - er on thy bos - om rest.

223 Come, My Soul, Thy Suit Prepare. (HENDON.—7s.)

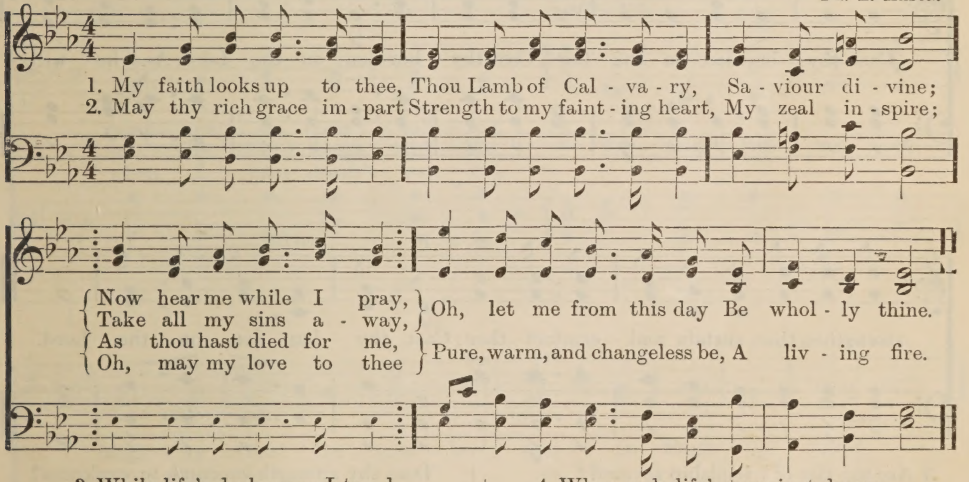

1. Come, my soul, thy suit prepare, Je-sus loves to an-swer pray'r; He himself has
2. Thou art com - ing to a King, Large pe-ti - tions with thee bring; For his grace and
bid thee pray, Therefore will not say thee nay, Therefore will not say thee nay.
pow'r are such, None can ev - er ask too much, None can ev - er ask too much.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

—*J. Newton.*

224 My Faith Looks Up to Thee. (OLIVET.—6,6,4,6,6,6,4.)

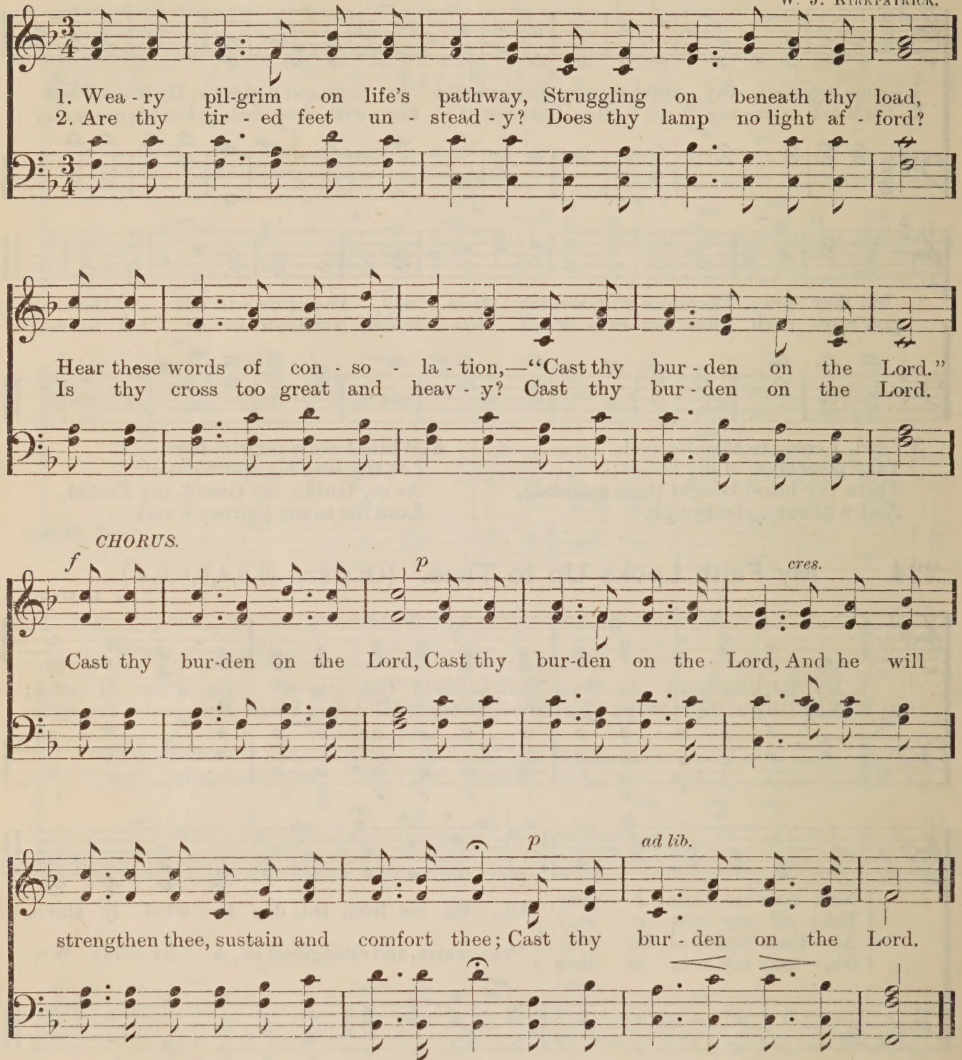
DR. L. MASON.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sa - viour di - vine;
2. May thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart, My zeal in - spire;
Now hear me while I pray, Take all my sins a - way,
As thou hast died for me, Oh, may my love to thee
Oh, let me from this day Be whol - ly thine.
Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour, then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul.

—*Ray Palmer.*

225 Weary Pilgrim on Life's Pathway.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea - ry pil-grim on life's pathway, Struggling on beneath thy load,
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un - stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
Hear these words of con - so - la - tion,—"Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and heav - y? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
CHORUS.
f
p
cres.
Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will
p
ad lib.
strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

3 Are the ties of friendship severed?
Hushed the voices fondly heard?
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish,
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

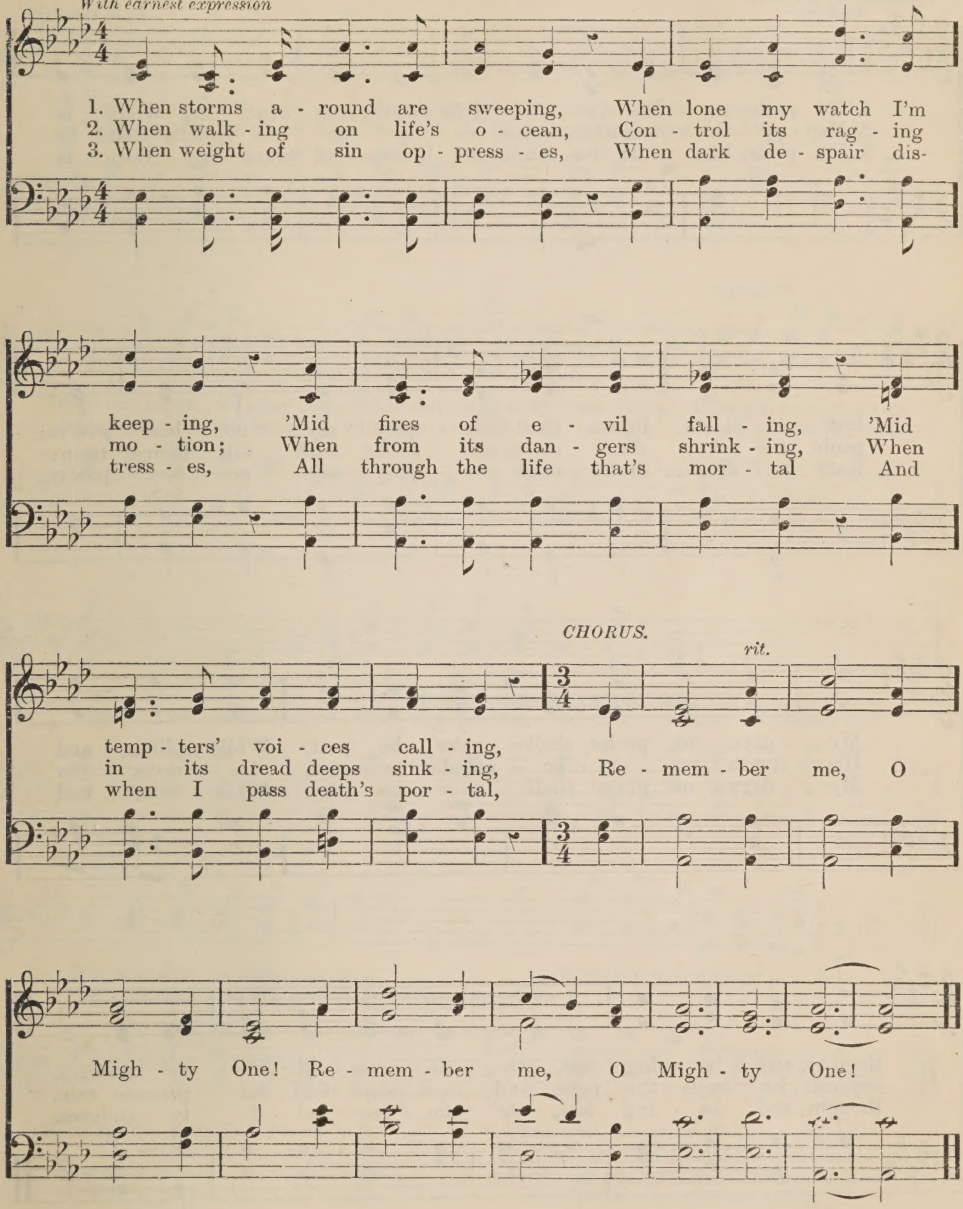
4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavour;
He will keep thee by his might.

—*W. J. Kirkpatrick.*

226 When Storms Around are Sweeping.

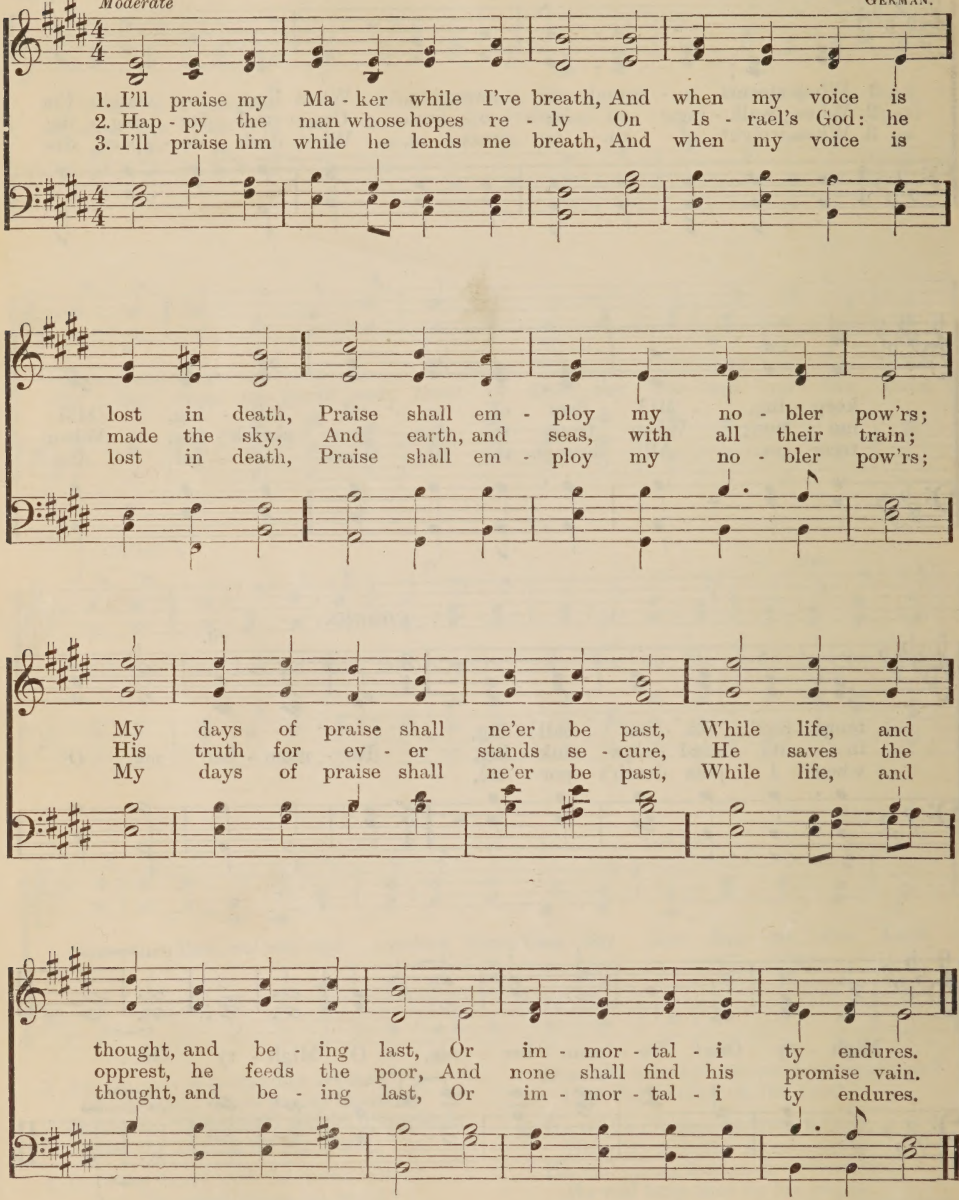
ANONYMOUS. Arr. by GEO. F. ROOT.

With earnest expression

1. When storms a - round are sweeping, When lone my watch I'm
2. When walk - ing on life's o - cean, Con - trol its rag - ing
3. When weight of sin op - press - es, When dark de - spair dis-
keep - ing, 'Mid fires of e - vil fall - ing, 'Mid
mo - tion; When from its dan - gers shrink - ing, When
tress - es, All through the life that's mor - tal And
CHORUS.
rit.
temp - ters' voi - ces call - ing,
in its dread deeps sink - ing, Re - mem - ber me, O
when I pass death's por - tal,
Migh - ty One! Re - mem - ber me, O Migh - ty One!

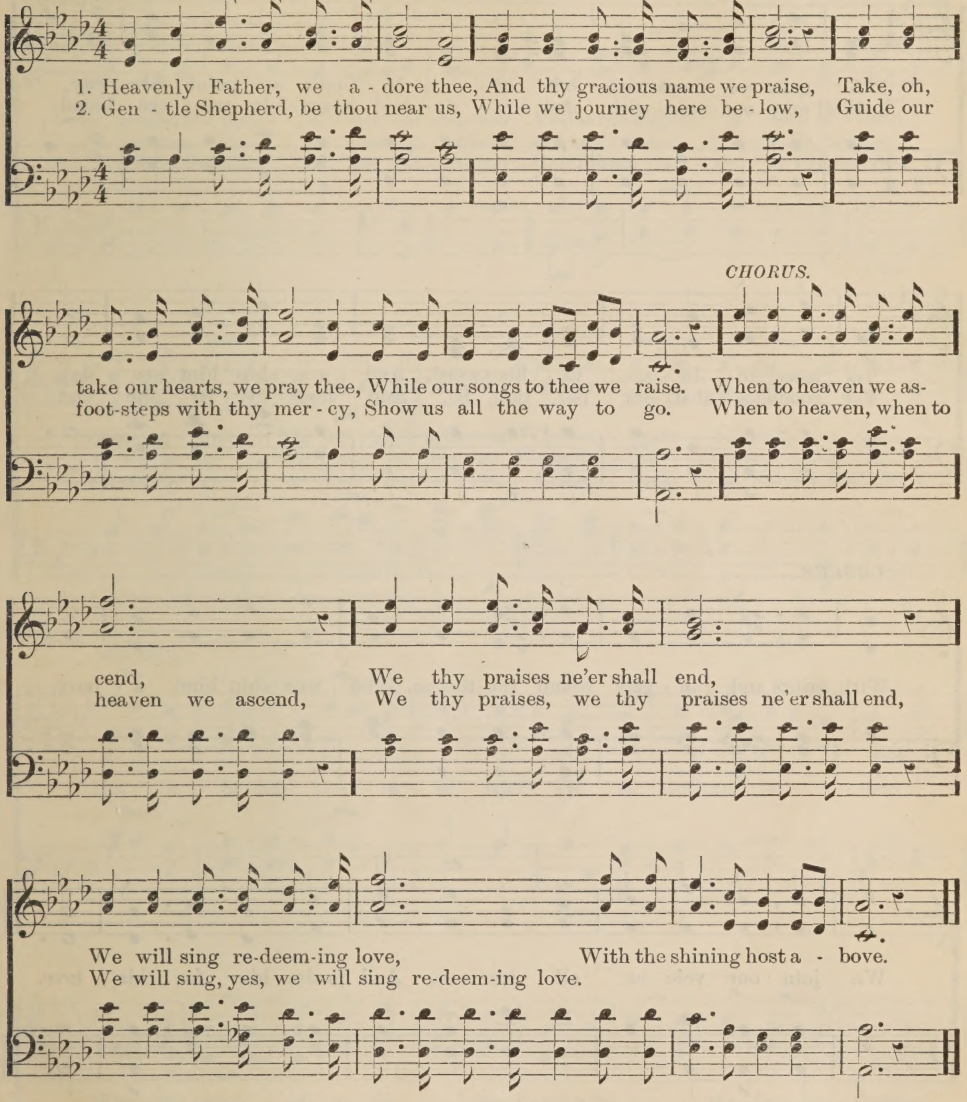
227 I'll Praise My Maker While I've Breath. (LUCERNE.—6–8s.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

Moderate

GERMAN.

1. I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is
2. Hap - py the man whose hopes re - ly On Is - rael's God: he
3. I'll praise him while he lends me breath, And when my voice is
lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs;
made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train;
lost in death, Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and
His truth for ev - er stands se - cure, He saves the
My days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and
thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i ty endures.
oppress, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.
thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i ty endures.

228 Heavenly Father, We Adore Thee.

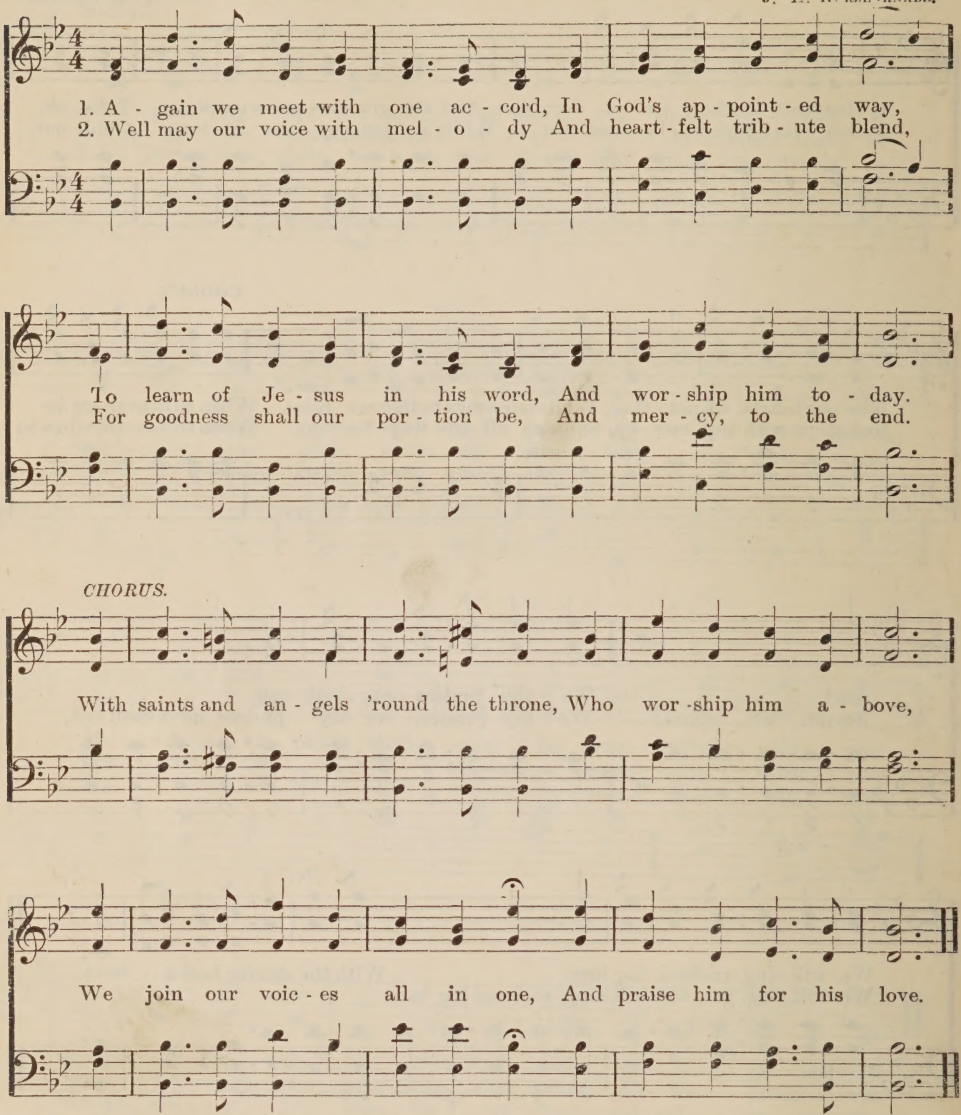
E. D. BEDDALL.

1. Heavenly Father, we a - dore thee, And thy gracious name we praise, Take, oh,
2. Gen - tle Shepherd, be thou near us, While we journey here be - low, Guide our
CHORUS.
take our hearts, we pray thee, While our songs to thee we raise. When to heaven we as-
foot-steps with thy mer - cy, Show us all the way to go. When to heaven, when to
cend, We thy praises ne'er shall end,
heaven we ascend, We thy praises, we thy praises ne'er shall end,
We will sing re-deem-ing love, With the shining host a - bove.
We will sing, yes, we will sing re-deem-ing love.

3 Keep, oh, keep us from all evil,
May we each from sin be free,
Guide us safely on our journey,
Till in heaven thy face we see.

4 Then with angels we'll adore thee,
High our voices then we'll raise,
With the blood-washed throng in glory,
Sing aloud thy glorious praise.

—*E. D. Beddall.*

229 Again We Meet With One Accord.

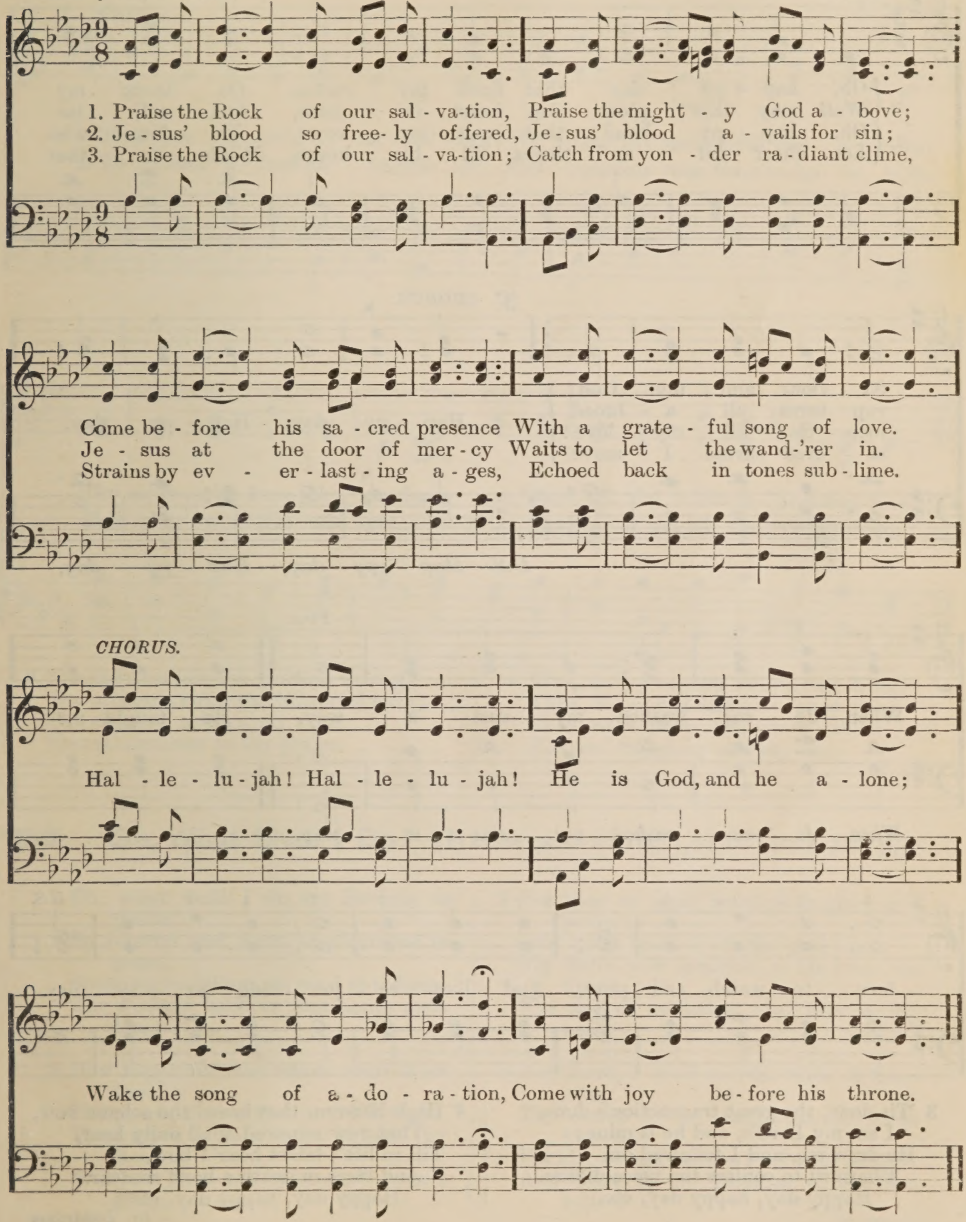
J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. A - gain we meet with one ac - cord, In God's ap - point - ed way,
2. Well may our voice with mel - o - dy And heart - felt trib - ute blend,
To learn of Je - sus in his word, And wor - ship him to - day.
For goodness shall our por - tion be, And mer - cy, to the end.
CHORUS.
With saints and an - gels 'round the throne, Who wor - ship him a - bove,
We join our voic - es all in one, And praise him for his love.

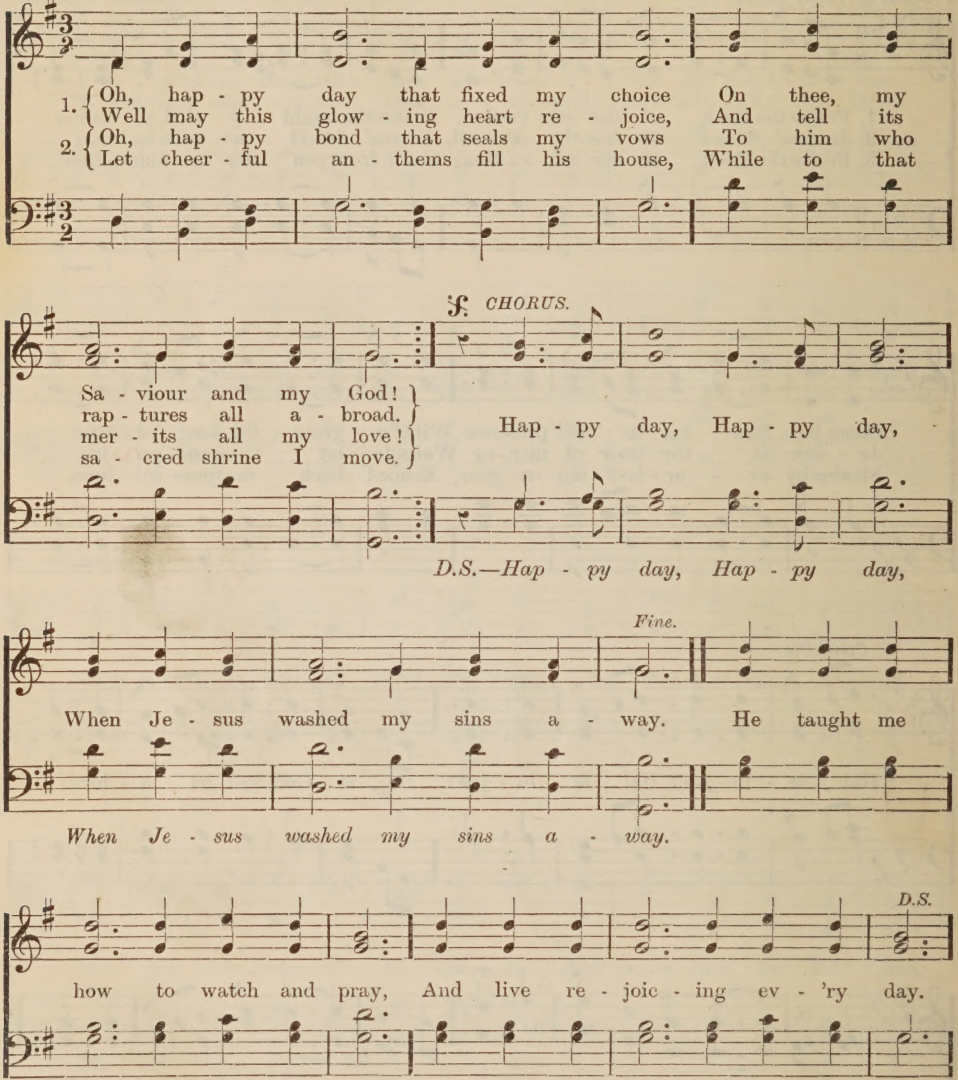
3 With grateful hearts we laud thy grace;
O Father, lend thine ear!
Accept our humble notes of praise,
And our petitions hear.

4 Oh, may these earthly courts below
E'er be our souls' delight,
Until we leave this world to go
To mansions fair and bright.

—*J. H. Kurzenknabe.*

230 Praise the Rock of Our Salvation.

Words by FANNY CROSBY. HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Praise the Rock of our sal - va-tion, Praise the might - y God a - bove;
2. Je - sus' blood so free- ly of-fered, Je - sus' blood a - vails for sin;
3. Praise the Rock of our sal - va-tion; Catch from yon - der ra - diant clime,
Come be - fore his sa - cred presence With a grate - ful song of love.
Je - sus at the door of mer - cy Waits to let the wand-'rer in.
Strains by ev - er - last - ing a - ges, Echoed back in tones sub - lime.
CHORUS.
Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! He is God, and he a - lone;
Wake the song of a - do - ra - tion, Come with joy be - fore his throne.

231 Oh, Happy Day That Fixed My Choice. (L.M.)

1. Oh, hap - py day that fixed my choice On thee, my
Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its
2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows To him who
Let cheer - ful an - thems fill his house, While to that
Sa - viour and my God!
rap - tures all a - broad.
mer - its all my love!
sa - cred shrine I move.
CHORUS.
Hap - py day, Hap - py day,
D.S.—Hap - py day, Hap - py day,
Fine.
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way. He taught me
When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.
D.S.
how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

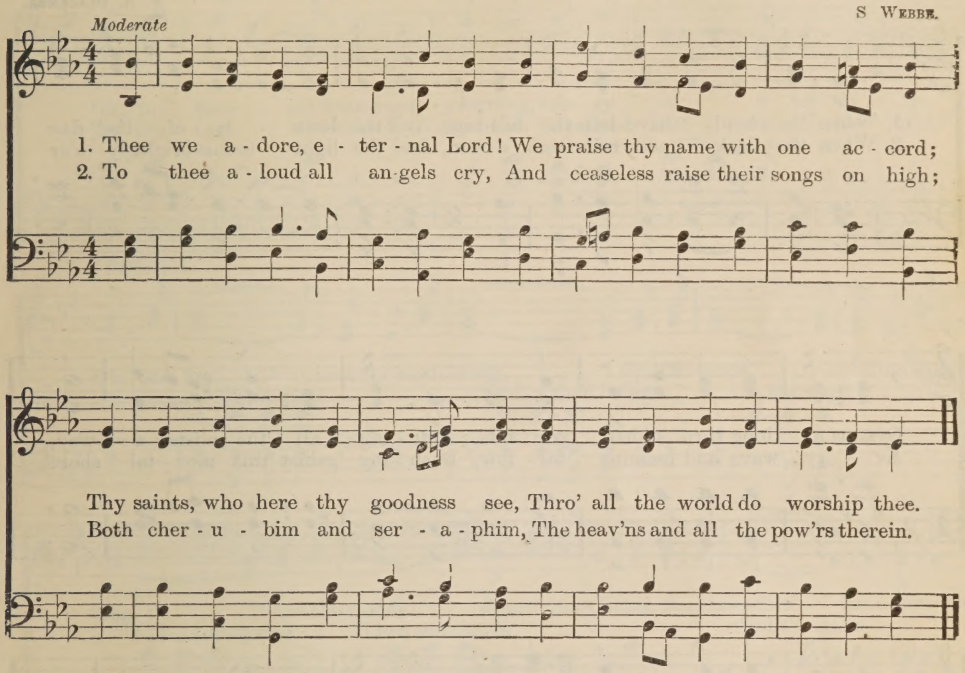
3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

4 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.
Happy day, happy day, etc.

—*Dr. Doddridge.*

232 Thee We Adore, Eternal Lord! (MELCOMBE.—L.M.)

S. WEBBE.


Moderate
1. Thee we a - dore, e - ter - nal Lord! We praise thy name with one ac - cord;
2. To thee a - loud all an - gels cry, And ceaseless raise their songs on high;
Thy saints, who here thy goodness see, Thro' all the world do worship thee.
Both cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim, The heav'ns and all the pow'rs therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng;
The prophets swell the immortal song;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

4 Thee, holy Prophet, Priest, and King!
Thee, Saviour of mankind, they sing:
Thus earth below, and heaven above,
Resound thy glory and thy love.

—*C. Wesley.*

233 Oh, What Shall I Do! (HANOVER.—10,10,11,11.—TUNE NO. 6.)

1 Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
The weakest believer that hangs upon him!

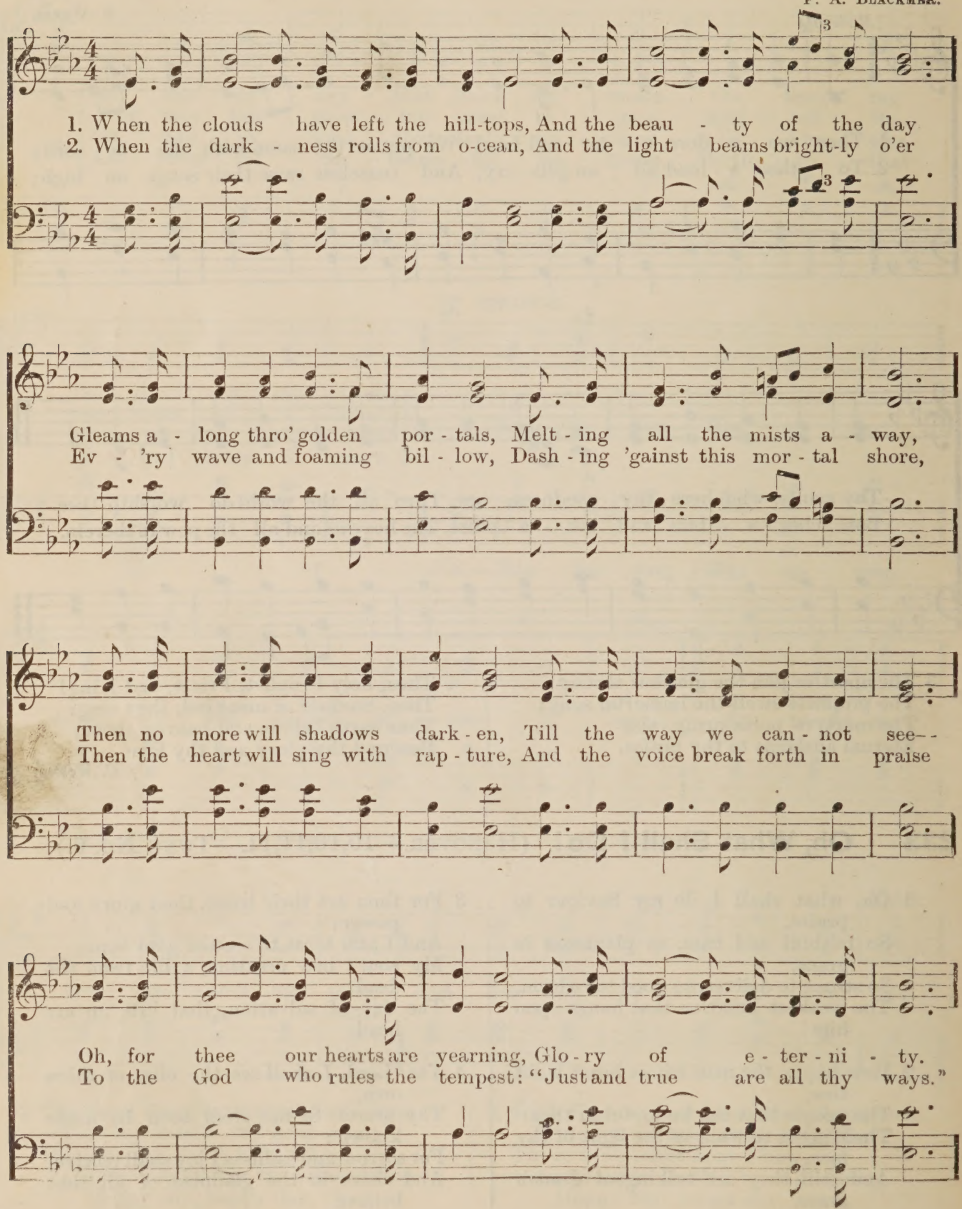
2 How happy the man whose heart is set free,
The people that can be joyful in thee!
Their joy is to walk in the light of thy face,
And still they are talking of Jesus's grace.

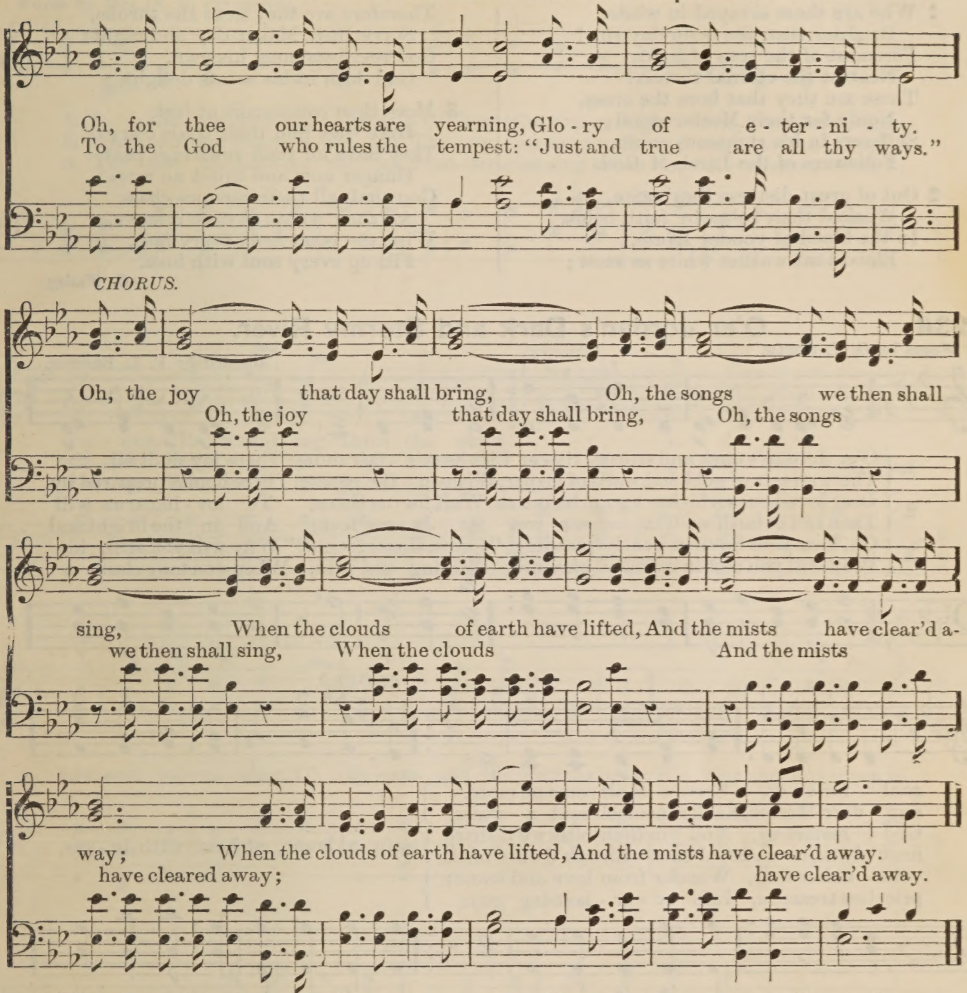
3 For thou art their boast, their glory and power;
And I also trust to see the glad hour,
My soul's new creation, a life from the dead,
The day of salvation, that lifts up my head.

4 Yes, Lord, I shall see the bliss of thine own,
Thy secret to me shall soon be made known;
For sorrow and sadness I joy shall receive,
And share in the gladness of all that believe.

—*C. Wesley.*

234 When the Clouds Have Left the Hill-Tops.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When the clouds have left the hill-tops, And the beau - ty of the day
2. When the dark - ness rolls from o-cean, And the light beams bright-ly o'er
Gleams a - long thro' golden por - tals, Melt - ing all the mists a - way,
Ev - 'ry wave and foaming bil - low, Dash - ing 'gainst this mor - tal shore,
Then no more will shadows dark - en, Till the way we can - not see--
Then the heart will sing with rap - ture, And the voice break forth in praise
Oh, for thee our hearts are yearning, Glo - ry of e - ter - ni - ty.
To the God who rules the tempest: "Just and true are all thy ways."

When the Clouds Have Left the Hill-Tops—*Concluded.*

Oh, for thee our hearts are yearning, Glo - ry of e - ter - ni - ty.
To the God who rules the tempest: "Just and true are all thy ways."
CHORUS.
Oh, the joy that day shall bring, Oh, the songs we then shall
Oh, the joy that day shall bring, Oh, the songs
sing, When the clouds of earth have lifted, And the mists have clear'd a-
we then shall sing, When the clouds And the mists
way; When the clouds of earth have lifted, And the mists have clear'd away.
have cleared away; have clear'd away.

3 When the pain and wasting fever,
And the thousand ills of life,
All are healed by one Physician,
And forever hushed the strife,
Then sweet peace and holy comfort
Will possess the inmost soul,
‖: For the weary, home-sick pilgrim
Will have reached the longed-for goal. :‖

4 When the graves of earth are opened,
And the fair, loved forms arise,
Springing up from dusty chambers,
Soaring upward to the skies,
Then sweet waves of thrilling music
Will entrance the listening ear,
‖: "Like the sound of many waters,"
Murmuring gently, soft and clear. :‖

5 When the City, grand, eternal,
Shall descend, 'mid clouds of light,
And the King bids saints to enter
Mansions filled with holy light,
Then the life-work of all ages
Will receive a just reward,
‖: Home with Jesus, sweet rest given,
In the kingdom of our Lord. :‖

—*Annie Herbert*

235 Who Are These Arrayed in White? (SEVILLE.—7s.—TUNE No. 199.)

1 Who are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light,
Nearest the eternal throne?
These are they that bore the cross,
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause,
Followers of the Lamb of God.

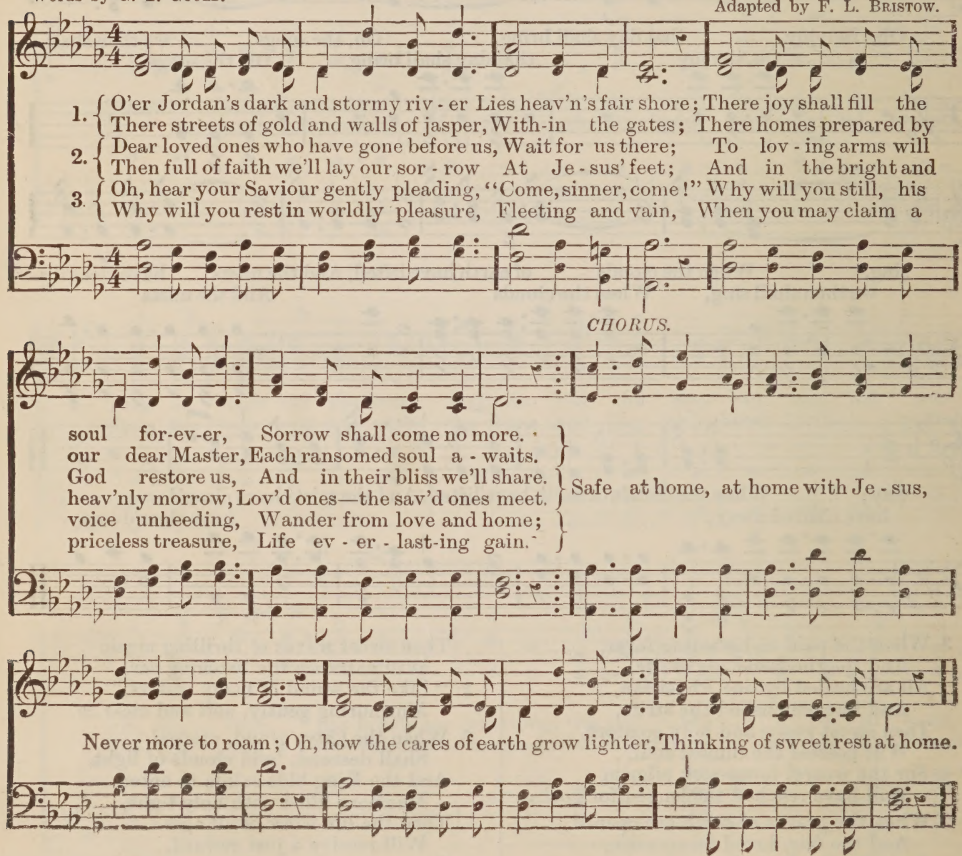
2 Out of great distress they came,
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow;
Therefore are they next the throne,
Serve their Maker day and night;
God resides among his own,
God doth in his saints delight.

3 More than conquerors at last,
Here they find their trials o'er;
They have all their sufferings past,
Hunger now and thirst no more;
God shall all their sorrows chase,
All their wants at once remove,
Wipe the tears from every face,
Fill up every soul with love.

—*C. Wesley.*

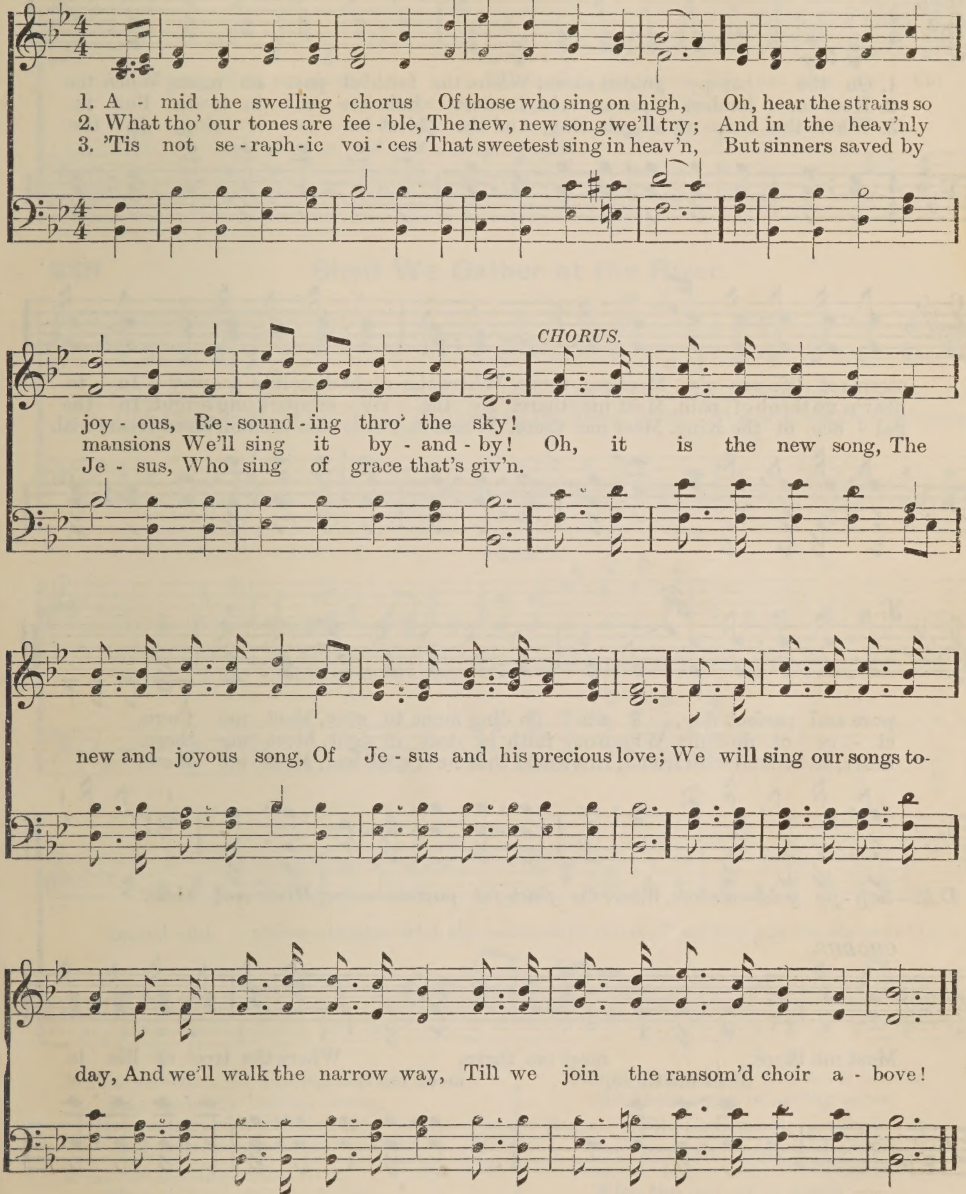
236 O'er Jordan's Dark and Stormy River.

Words by G. T. GOULD. Adapted by F. L. BRISTOW.


1. O'er Jordan's dark and stormy riv - er Lies heav'n's fair shore; There joy shall fill the
There streets of gold and walls of jasper, With-in the gates; There homes prepared by
2. Dear loved ones who have gone before us, Wait for us there; To lov - ing arms will
Then full of faith we'll lay our sor - row At Je - sus' feet; And in the bright and
3. Oh, hear your Saviour gently pleading, "Come, sinner, come!" Why will you still, his
Why will you rest in worldly pleasure, Fleeting and vain, When you may claim a
CHORUS.
soul for-ev-er, Sorrow shall come no more.
our dear Master, Each ransomed soul a - waits.
God restore us, And in their bliss we'll share.
heav'nly morrow, Lov'd ones—the sav'd ones meet.
voice unheeding, Wander from love and home;
priceless treasure, Life ev - er - last-ing gain.
Safe at home, at home with Je - sus,
Never more to roam; Oh, how the cares of earth grow lighter, Thinking of sweet rest at home.

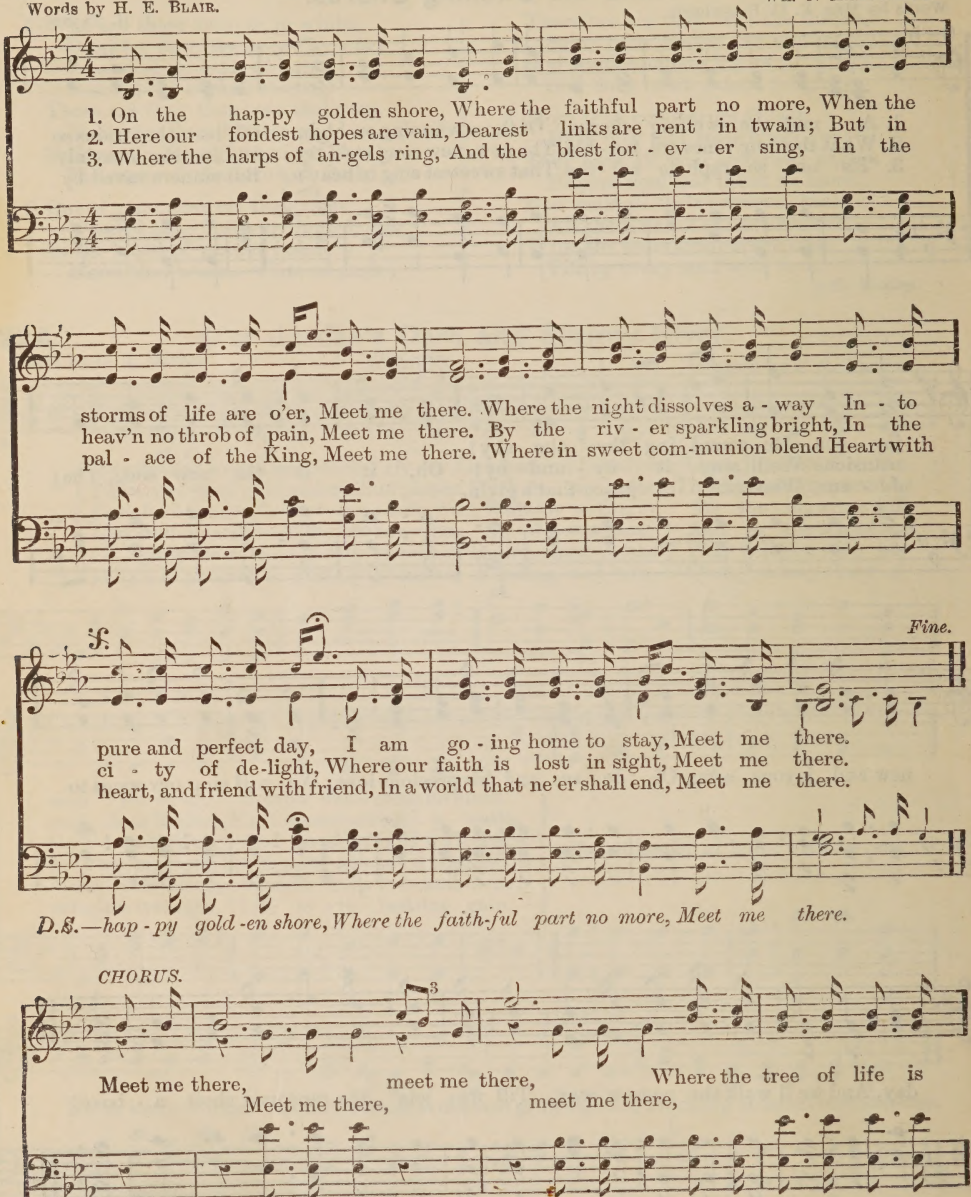
237 Amid the Swelling Chorus.

Words by MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. J. H. TENNEY.

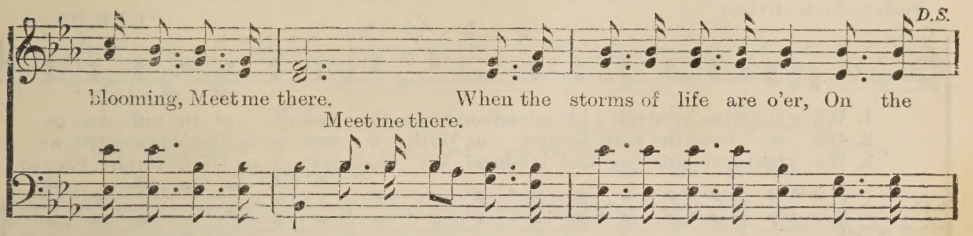

1. A - mid the swelling chorus Of those who sing on high, Oh, hear the strains so
2. What tho' our tones are fee - ble, The new, new song we'll try; And in the heav'nly
3. 'Tis not se - raph - ic voi - ces That sweetest sing in heav'n, But sinners saved by
CHORUS.
joy - ous, Re - sound - ing thro' the sky!
mansions We'll sing it by - and - by! Oh, it is the new song, The
Je - sus, Who sing of grace that's giv'n.
new and joyous song, Of Je - sus and his precious love; We will sing our songs to-
day, And we'll walk the narrow way, Till we join the ransom'd choir a - bove!

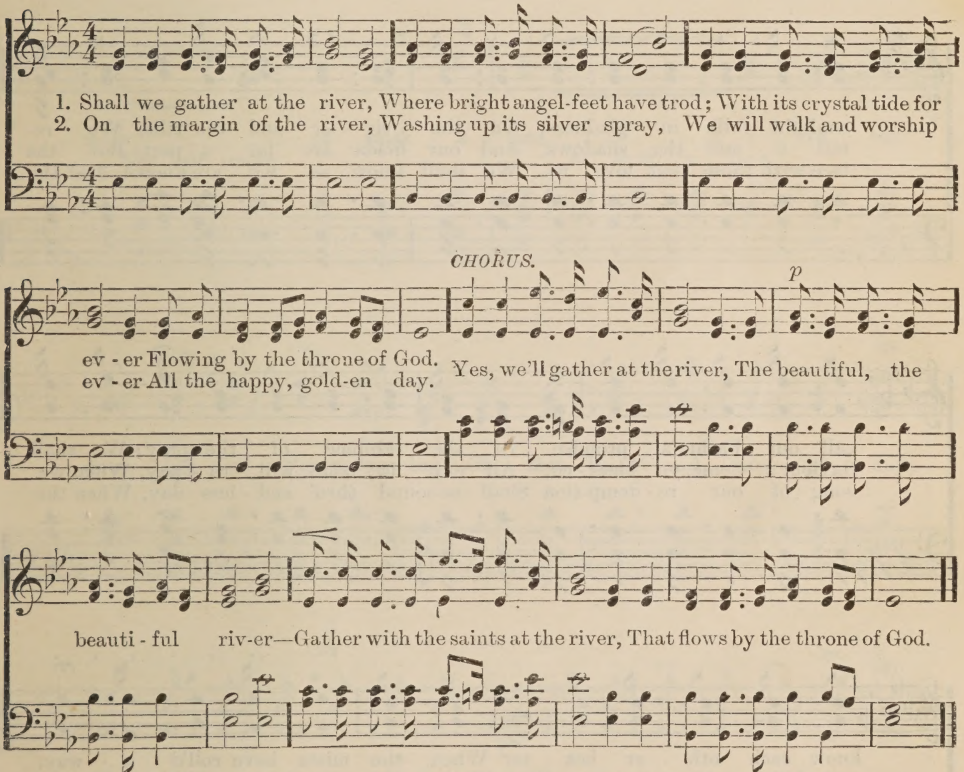
238 On the Happy Golden Shore.

Words by H. E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. On the hap-py golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for - ev - er sing, In the
storms of life are o'er, Meet me there. Where the night dissolves a - way In - to
heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there. By the riv - er sparkling bright, In the
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there. Where in sweet com-munion blend Heart with
f.
Fine.
pure and perfect day, I am go - ing home to stay, Meet me there.
ci - ty of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.
D.S.—hap - py gold -en shore, Where the faith-ful part no more, Meet me there.
CHORUS.
3
Meet me there, meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, meet me there,

On the Happy, Golden Shore—*Concluded.*



239 Shall We Gather at the River.

1. Shall we gather at the river, Where bright angel-feet have trod; With its crystal tide for
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray, We will walk and worship
CHORUS.
p
ev - er Flowing by the throne of God.
ev - er All the happy, gold-en day.
Yes, we'll gather at the river, The beautiful, the
beauti - ful riv-er—Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

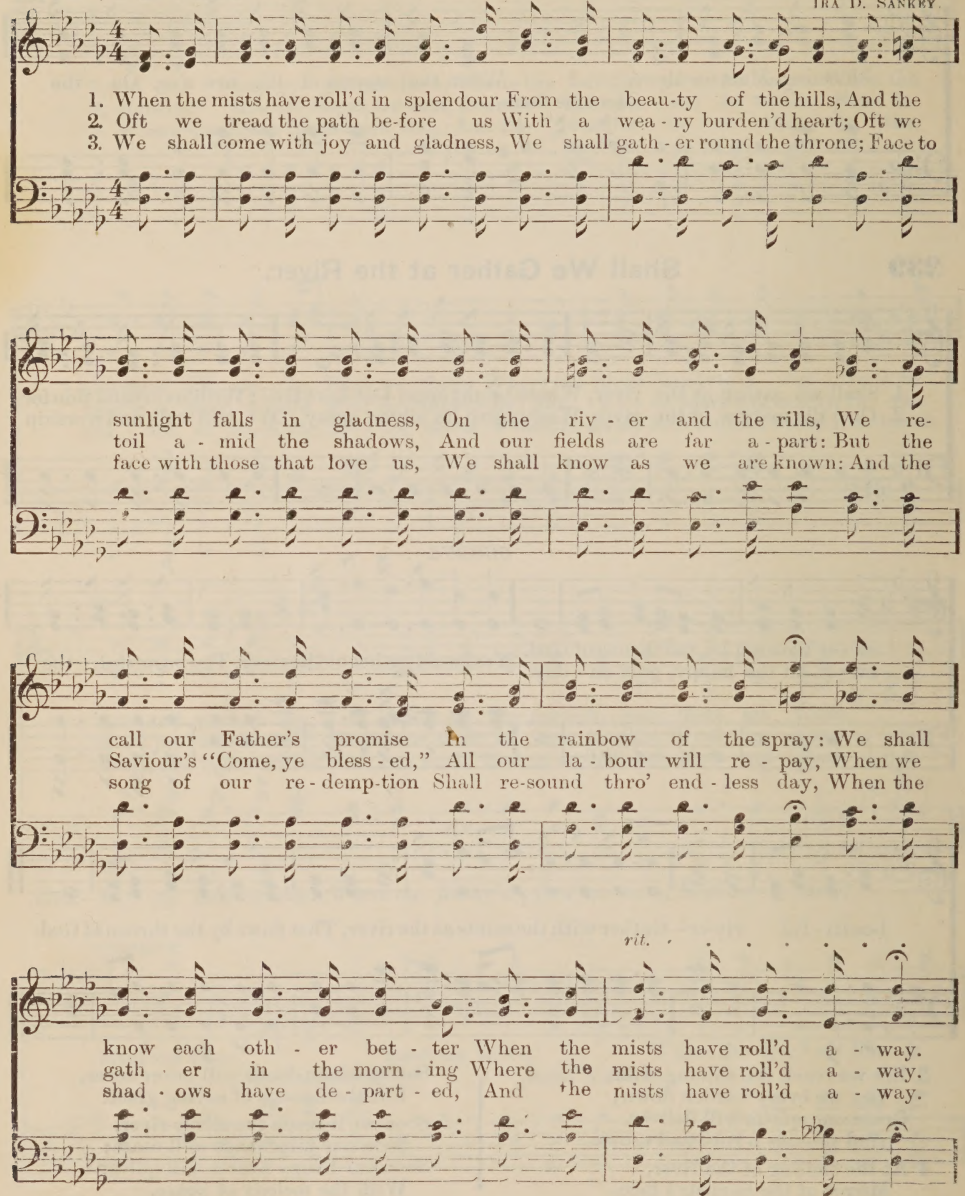
3 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.

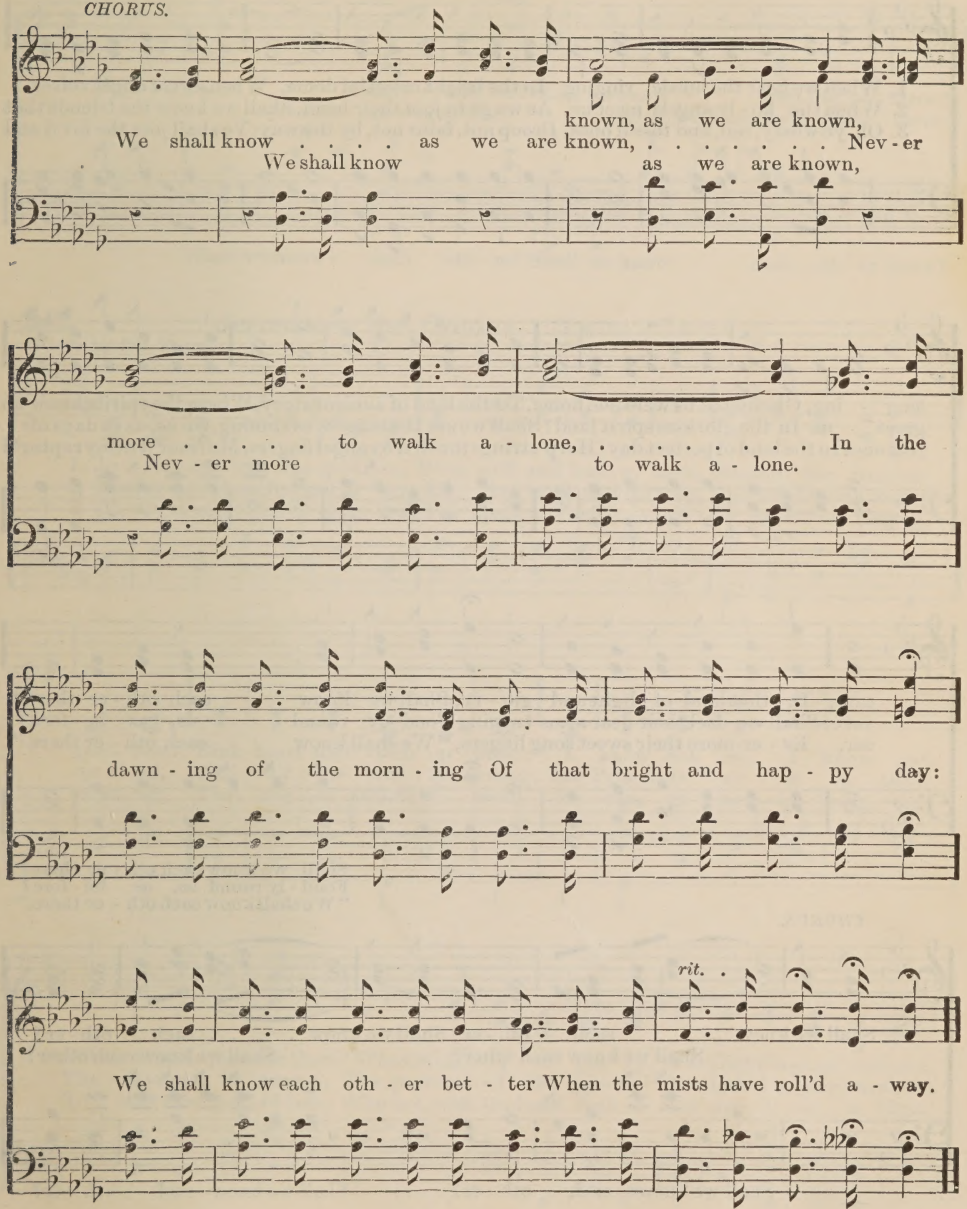
4 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.

5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

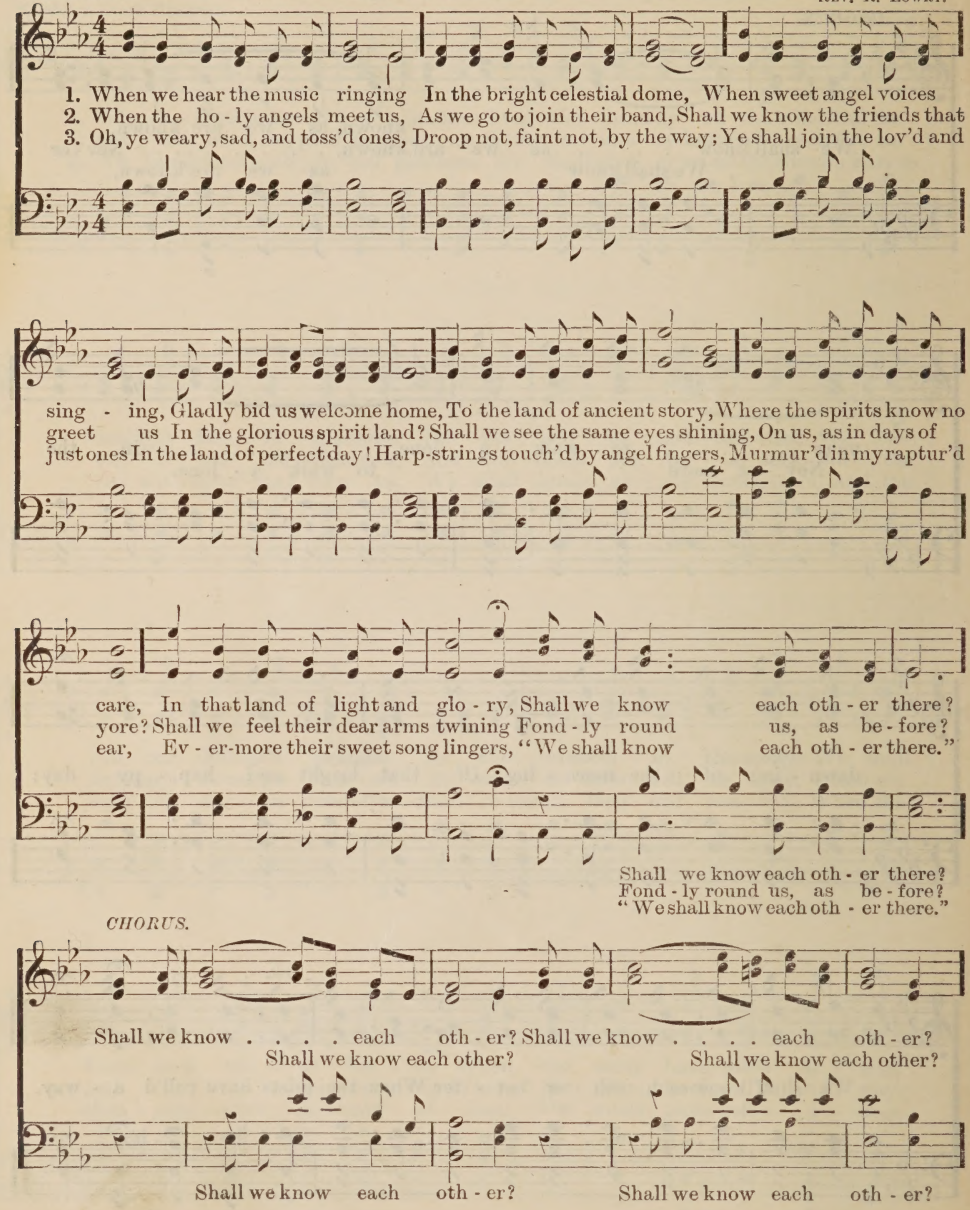
—*Rev. R. Lowry.*

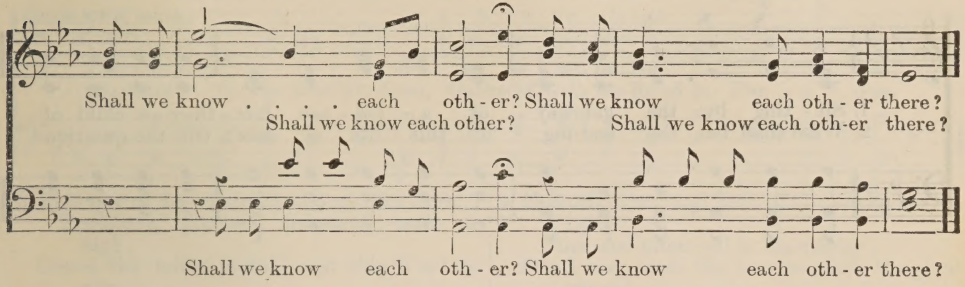
240 When the Mists Have Rolled in Splendour.

Words by ANNIE HERBERT. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendour From the beau-ty of the hills, And the
2. Oft we tread the path be-fore us With a wea-ry burden'd heart; Oft we
3. We shall come with joy and gladness, We shall gath-er round the throne; Face to
sunlight falls in gladness, On the riv-er and the rills, We re-
toil a-mid the shadows, And our fields are far a-part: But the
face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known: And the
call our Father's promise In the rainbow of the spray: We shall
Saviour's "Come, ye bless-ed," All our la-bour will re-pay, When we
song of our re-demp-tion Shall re-sound thro' end-less day, When the
rit.
know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have roll'd a-way.
gath-er in the morn-ing Where the mists have roll'd a-way.
shad-ows have de-part-ed, And the mists have roll'd a-way.

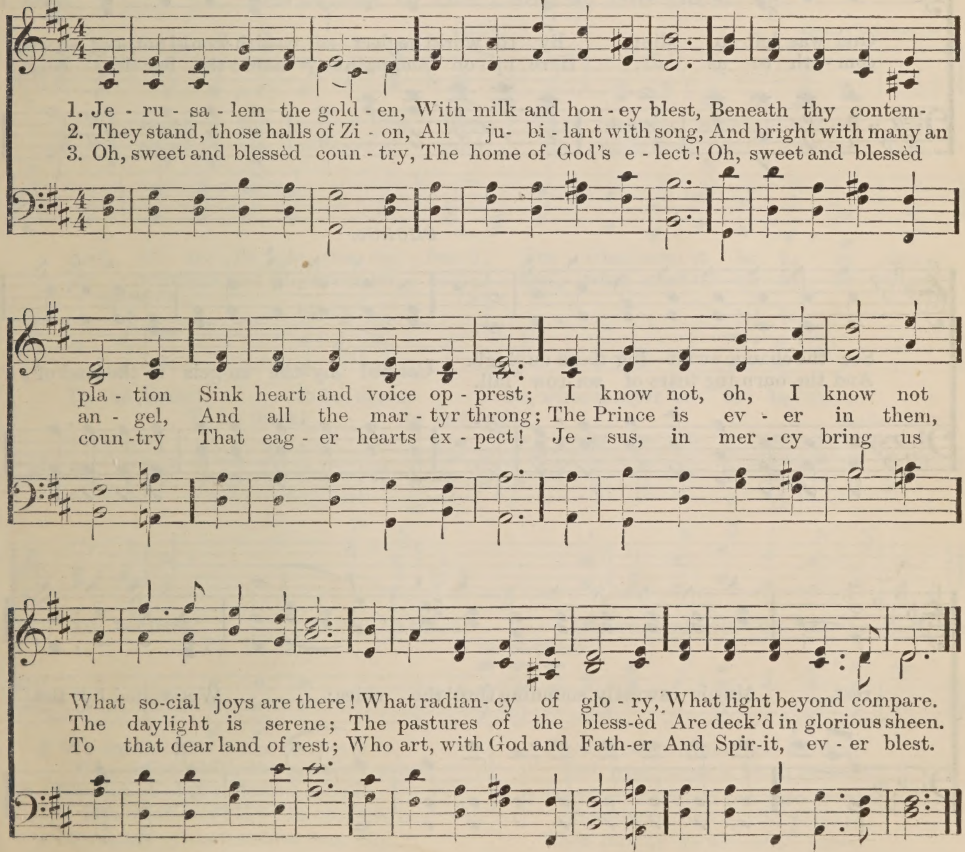
When the Mists Have Rolled in Splendour—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.
known, as we are known,
We shall know . . . . as we are known, ... Nev - er
We shall know as we are known,
more . . . . . to walk a - lone, ... In the
Nev - er more to walk a - lone.
dawn - ing of the morn - ing Of that bright and hap - py day:
rit.
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have roll'd a - way.

241 When We Hear the Music Ringing.

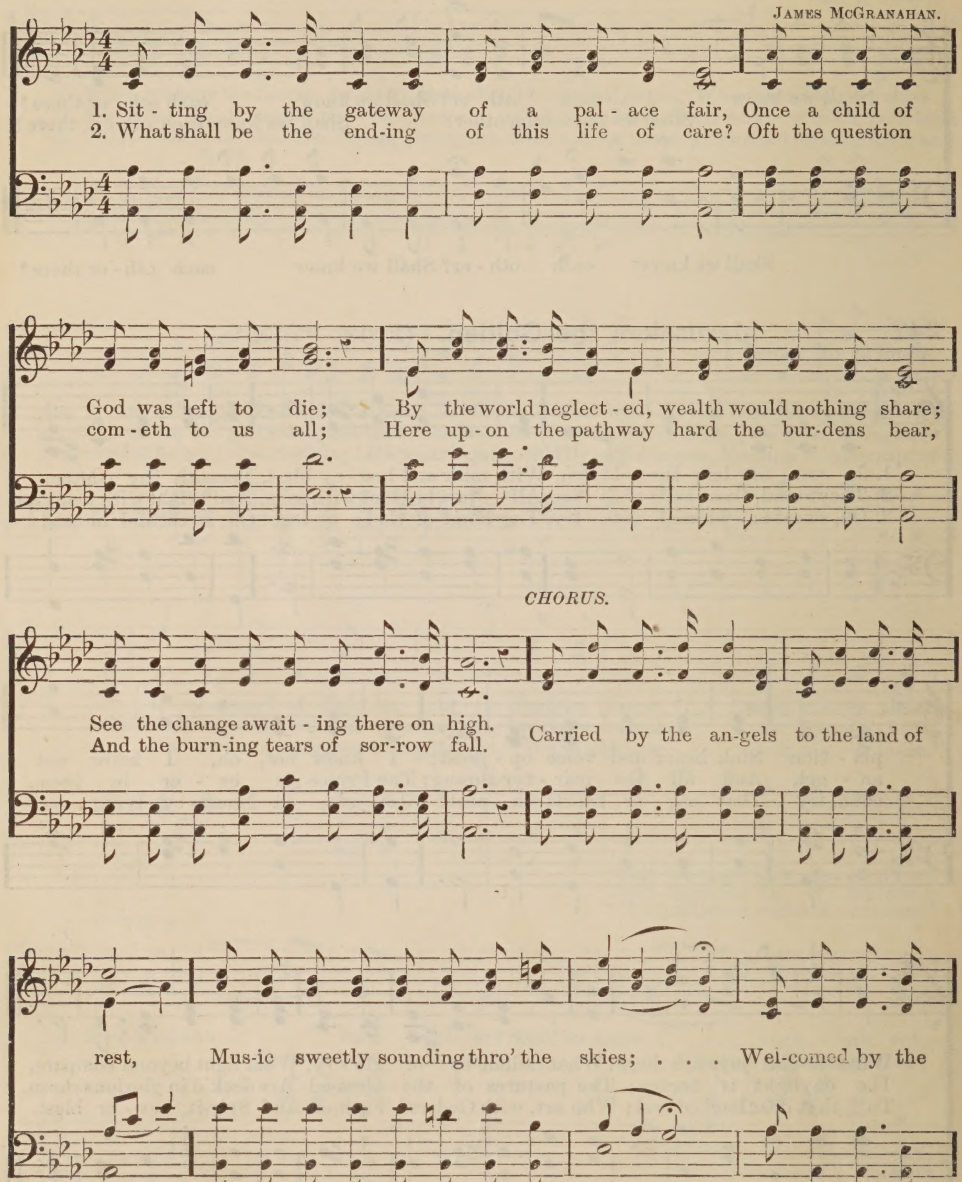
ANONYMOUS. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. When we hear the music ringing In the bright celestial dome, When sweet angel voices
2. When the ho - ly angels meet us, As we go to join their band, Shall we know the friends that
3. Oh, ye weary, sad, and toss'd ones, Droop not, faint not, by the way; Ye shall join the lov'd and
sing - ing, Gladly bid us welcome home, To the land of ancient story, Where the spirits know no
greet us In the glorious spirit land? Shall we see the same eyes shining, On us, as in days of
just ones In the land of perfect day! Harp-strings touch'd by angel fingers, Murmur'd in my raptur'd
care, In that land of light and glo - ry, Shall we know each oth - er there?
yore? Shall we feel their dear arms twining Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?
ear, Ev - er-more their sweet song lingers, "We shall know each oth - er there."
Shall we know each oth - er there?
Fond - ly round us, as be - fore?
"We shall know each oth - er there."
CHORUS.
Shall we know . . . . each oth - er? Shall we know . . . . each oth - er?
Shall we know each other? Shall we know each other?
Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er?

When We Hear the Music Ringing—*Concluded.*

Shall we know . . . . each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?
Shall we know each other? Shall we know each oth-er there?
Shall we know each oth - er? Shall we know each oth - er there?

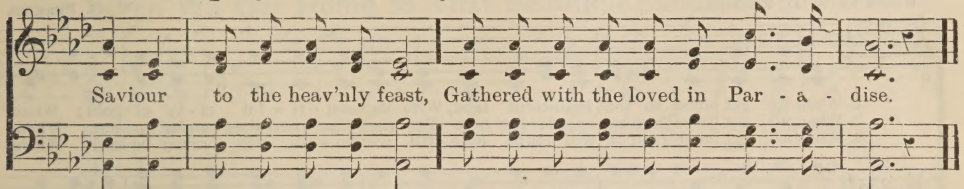
242 Jerusalem the Golden. (EWING—7s & 6s.)

Words by DR. NEALE.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon - ey blest, Beneath thy contem-
2. They stand, those halls of Zi - on, All ju- bi - lant with song, And bright with many an
3. Oh, sweet and blessèd coun - try, The home of God's e - lect! Oh, sweet and blessèd
pla - tion Sink heart and voice op - prest; I know not, oh, I know not
an - gel, And all the mar - tyr throng; The Prince is ev - er in them,
coun - try That eag - er hearts ex - pect! Je - sus, in mer - cy bring us
What so-cial joys are there! What radian- cy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.
The daylight is serene; The pastures of the bless-èd Are deck'd in glorious sheen.
To that dear land of rest; Who art, with God and Fath-er And Spir-it, ev - er blest.

243 Sitting by the Gateway of a Palace Fair. (11,9.)

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Sit - ting by the gateway of a pal - ace fair, Once a child of
2. What shall be the end-ing of this life of care? Oft the question
God was left to die; By the world neglect - ed, wealth would nothing share;
com - eth to us all; Here up - on the pathway hard the bur-dens bear,
CHORUS.
See the change await - ing there on high.
And the burn-ing tears of sor-row fall.
Carried by the an-gels to the land of
rest, Mus-ic sweetly sounding thro' the skies; . . . Wel-comed by the

Sitting by the Gateway of a Palace Fair—*Concluded.*



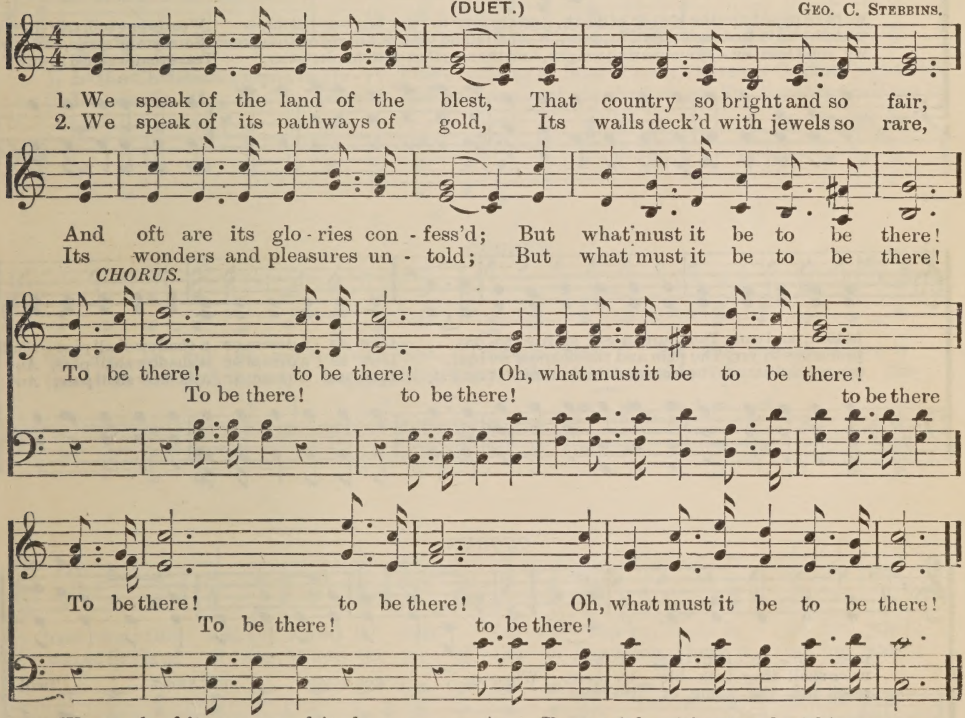
3 Follower of Jesus, scanty though thy store,
Treasures, precious treasures, wait on high;
Count the trials joyful, soon they'll all be o'er:
Oh, the change that's coming by-and-by!

4 Upward, then, and onward!—onward for the Lord!
Time and talent all in his employ;
Small may seem the service—sure the great reward:
Here the cross—but there the crown of joy!

—*W. O. Cushing.*

244 We Speak of the Land of the Blest.

(DUET.) GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. We speak of the land of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
And oft are its glo - ries con - fess'd; But what must it be to be there!
Its wonders and pleasures un - told; But what must it be to be there!
CHORUS.
To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there! to be there
To be there! to be there! Oh, what must it be to be there!
To be there! to be there!

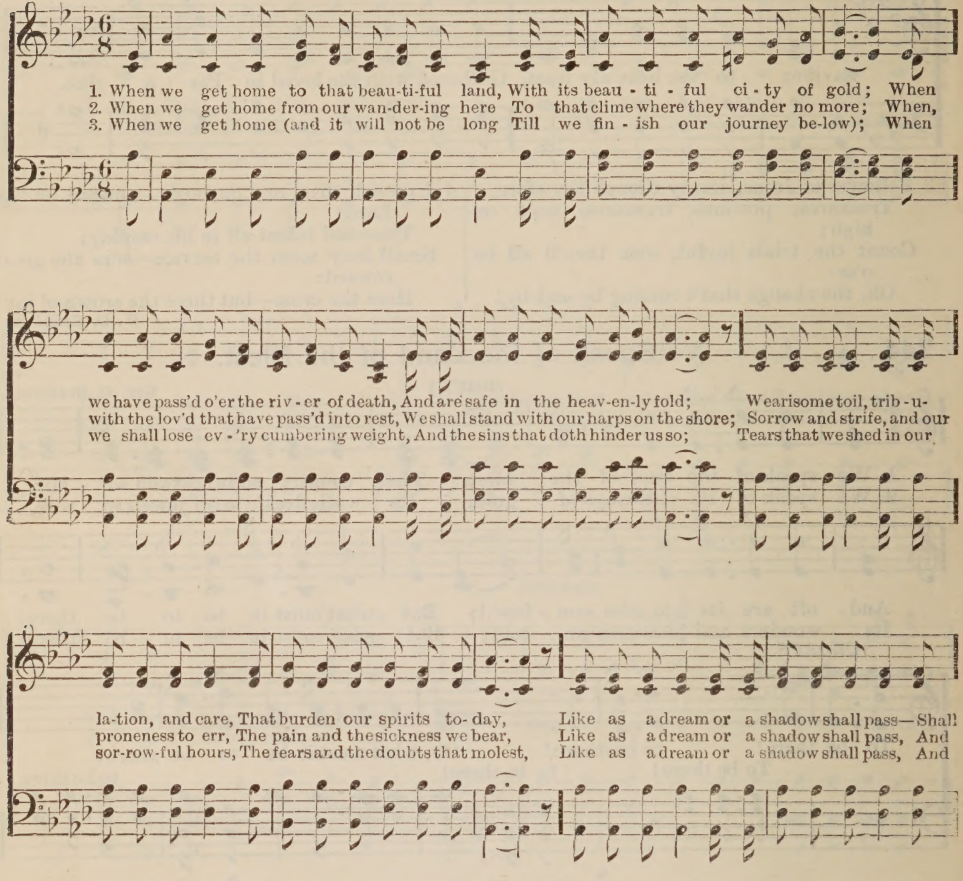
3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessèd above;
But what must it be to be there!

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within;
But what must it be to be there!

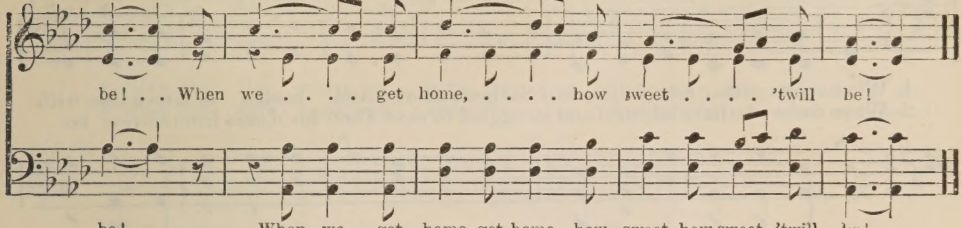
5 Do thou, Lord, in pleasure or woe,
For heaven our spirits prepare;
Then shortly we also shall *know*,
And *feel*, what it is to be there.

—*Mrs. M. E. Mills.*

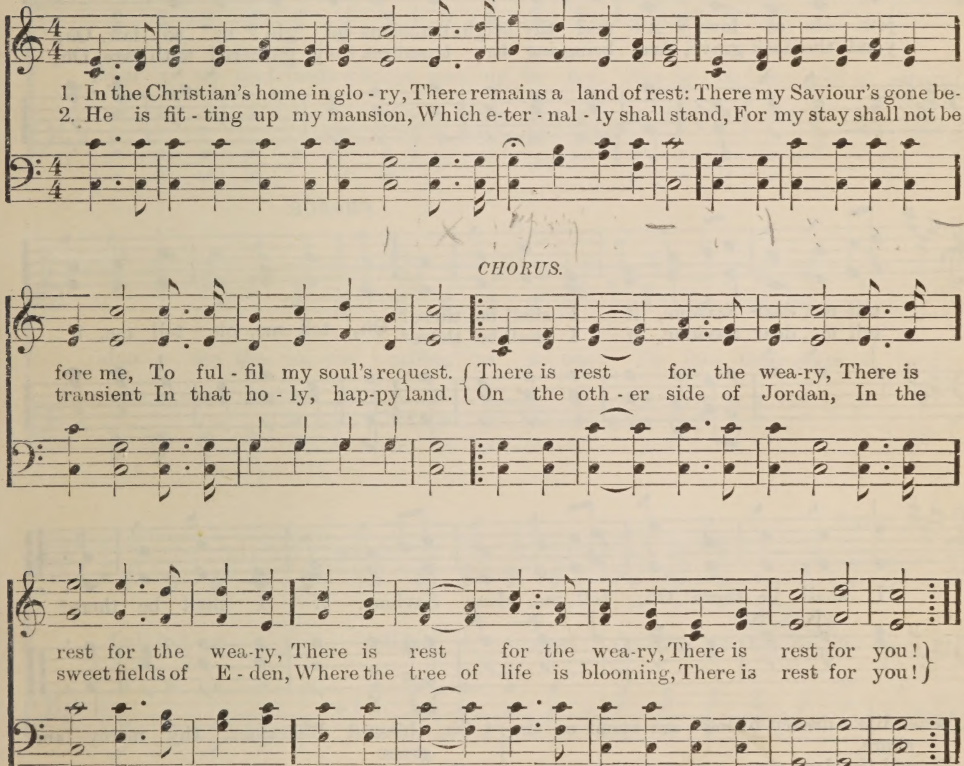
245 When We Get Home to That Beautiful Land.

Words by W. O. PERKINS. W. O. PERKINS.

1. When we get home to that beau-ti-ful land, With its beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold; When
2. When we get home from our wan-der-ing here To that clime where they wander no more; When,
3. When we get home (and it will not be long Till we fin - ish our journey be-low); When
we have pass'd o'er the riv - er of death, And are safe in the heav-en-ly fold; We a risome toil, trib - u-
with the lov'd that have pass'd into rest, We shall stand with our harps on the shore; Sorrow and strife, and our
we shall lose ev - 'ry cumbering weight, And the sins that doth hinder us so; Tears that we shed in our
la-tion, and care, That burden our spirits to-day, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass—Shall
proneness to err, The pain and the sickness we bear, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And
sor-row-ful hours, The fears and the doubts that molest, Like as a dream or a shadow shall pass, And
CHORUS.
pass, un - re - turn - ing, a - way.
ne'er shall they trou - ble us there. When we . . . get home, . . how sweet . . . 'twill
reach not the home of the blest.
When we get home, get home, how sweet, how sweet 'twill

When We Get Home to That Beautiful Land—*Concluded.*



246 In the Christian's Home in Glory.

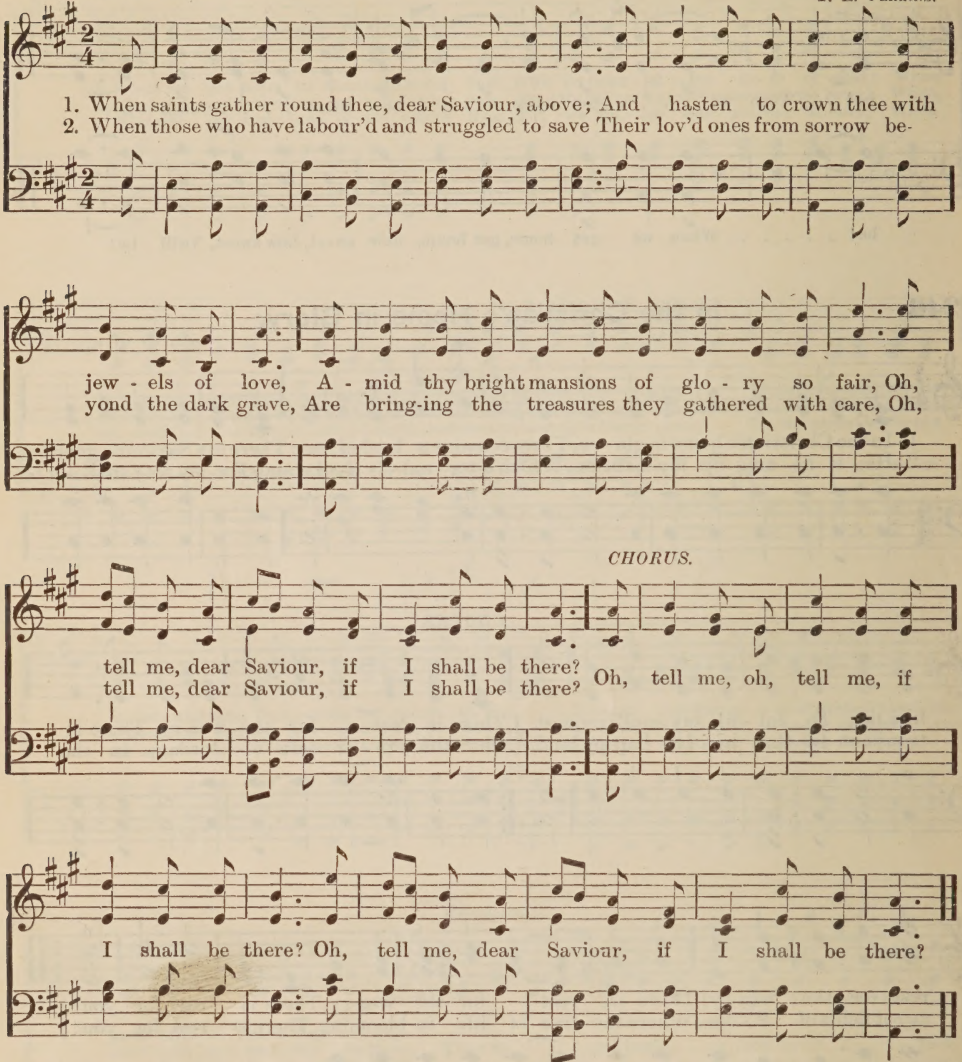
REV. W. MCDONALD.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry, There remains a land of rest: There my Saviour's gone be-
2. He is fit - ting up my mansion, Which e-ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall not be
CHORUS.
fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request. There is rest for the wea-ry, There is
transient In that ho - ly, hap-py land. On the oth - er side of Jordan, In the
rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for the wea-ry, There is rest for you!
sweet fields of E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you!

3 Pain and sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share,
But, in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.

4 Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glory—
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
Ye shall find an entrance through.

—*S. G. Harmer.*

247 When Saints Gather Round Thee, Dear Saviour, Above.

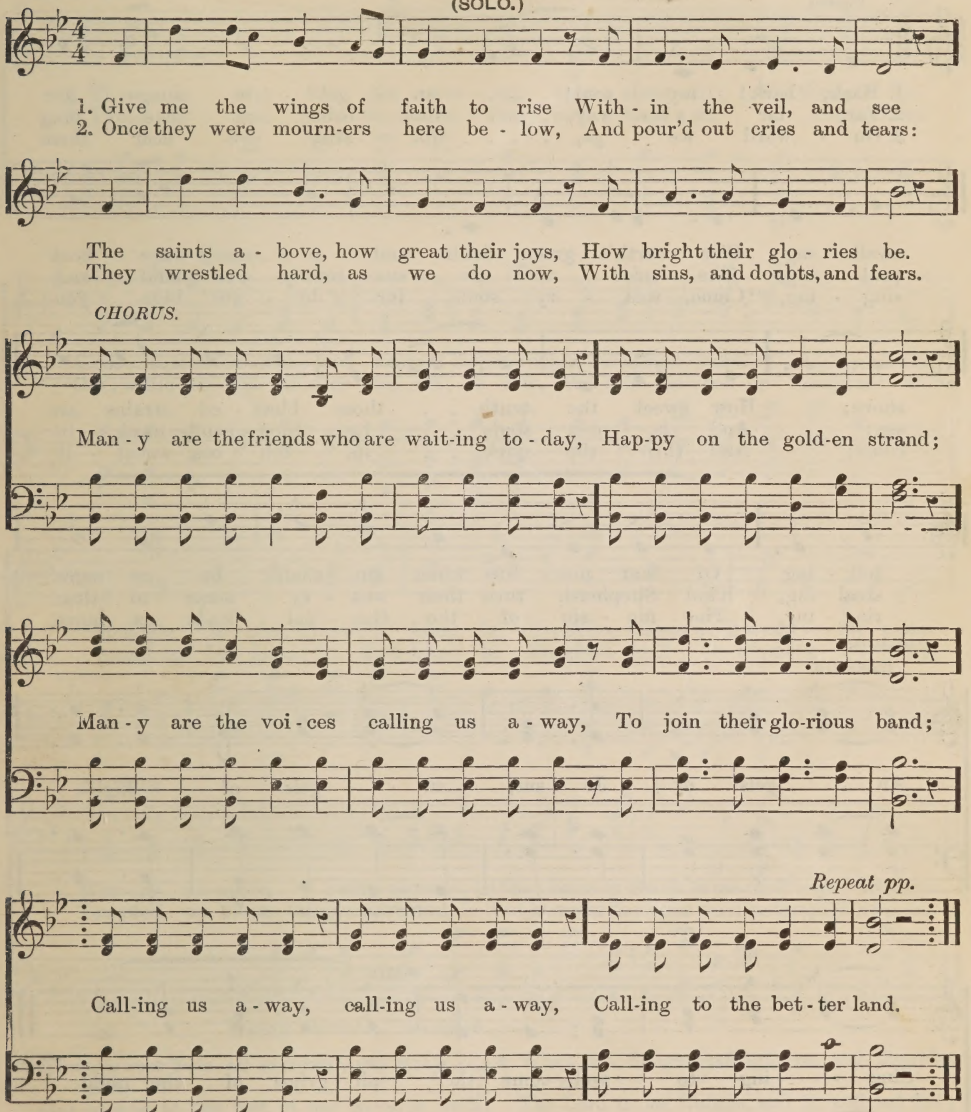
T. E. PERKINS.

1. When saints gather round thee, dear Saviour, above; And hasten to crown thee with
2. When those who have labour'd and struggled to save Their lov'd ones from sorrow be-
jew - els of love, A - mid thy bright mansions of glo - ry so fair, Oh,
yond the dark grave, Are bring-ing the treasures they gathered with care, Oh,
CHORUS.
tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?
tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?
Oh, tell me, oh, tell me, if
I shall be there? Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

3 When life's dreary billows are spent on the shore,
Beyond the dark river, and time is no more,
When bright palms of glory the victors shall bear,
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

4 Oh, blessed Redeemer, thy mercy and grace
Alone can prepare me to enter that place;
I'm stained and polluted, but shall I despair?
Oh, tell me, dear Saviour, if I shall be there?

—*T. E. Perkins.*

248 Give Me the Wings of Faith to Rise. (C.M.)

(SOLO.)

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil, and see
2. Once they were mourn-ers here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears:
The saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.
They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
CHORUS.
Man - y are the friends who are wait-ing to - day, Hap-py on the gold-en strand;
Man - y are the voi - ces calling us a - way, To join their glo-rious band;
Repeat pp.
Call-ing us a - way, call-ing us a - way, Call-ing to the bet - ter land.

2 I ask them whence their victory came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

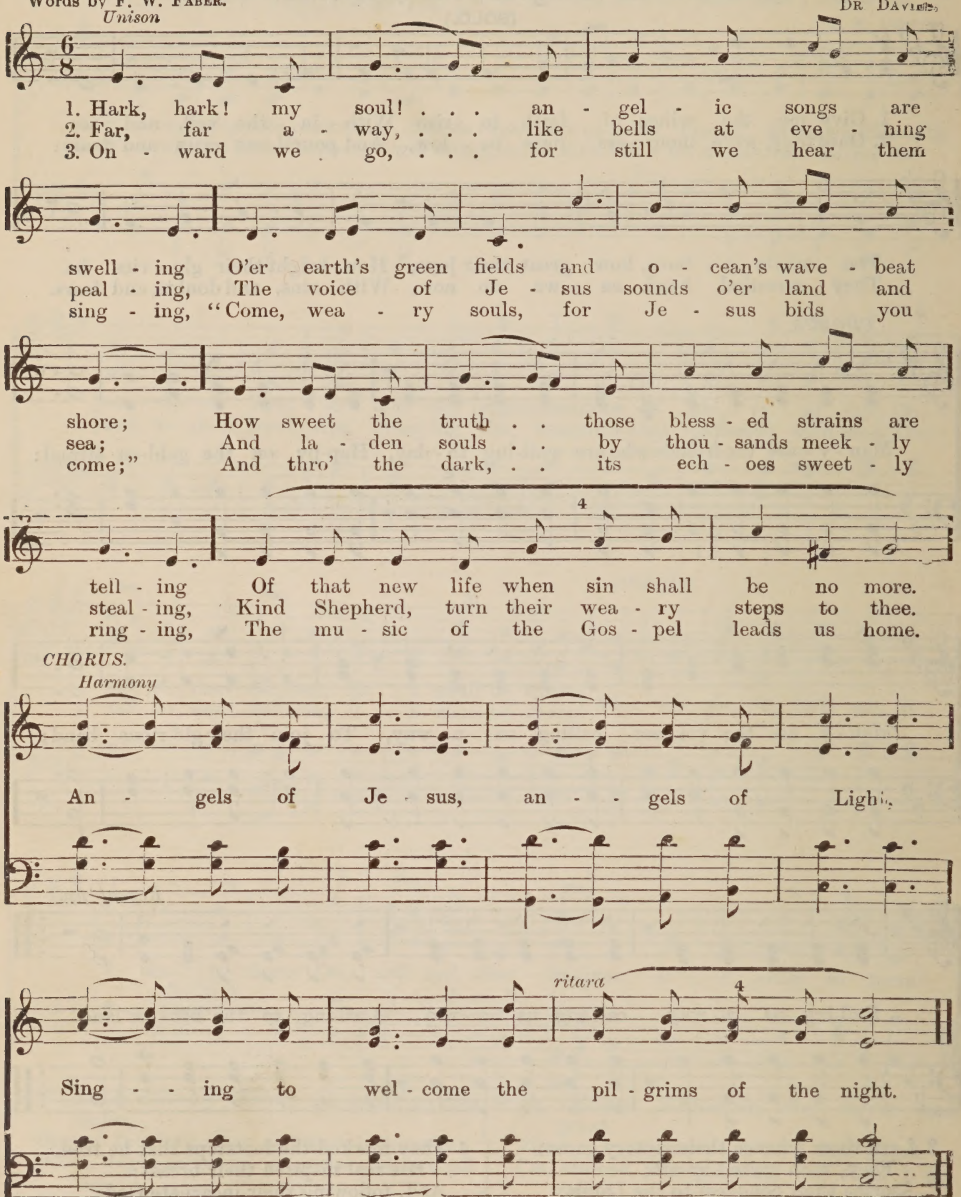
4 They marked the footsteps that he trod,
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

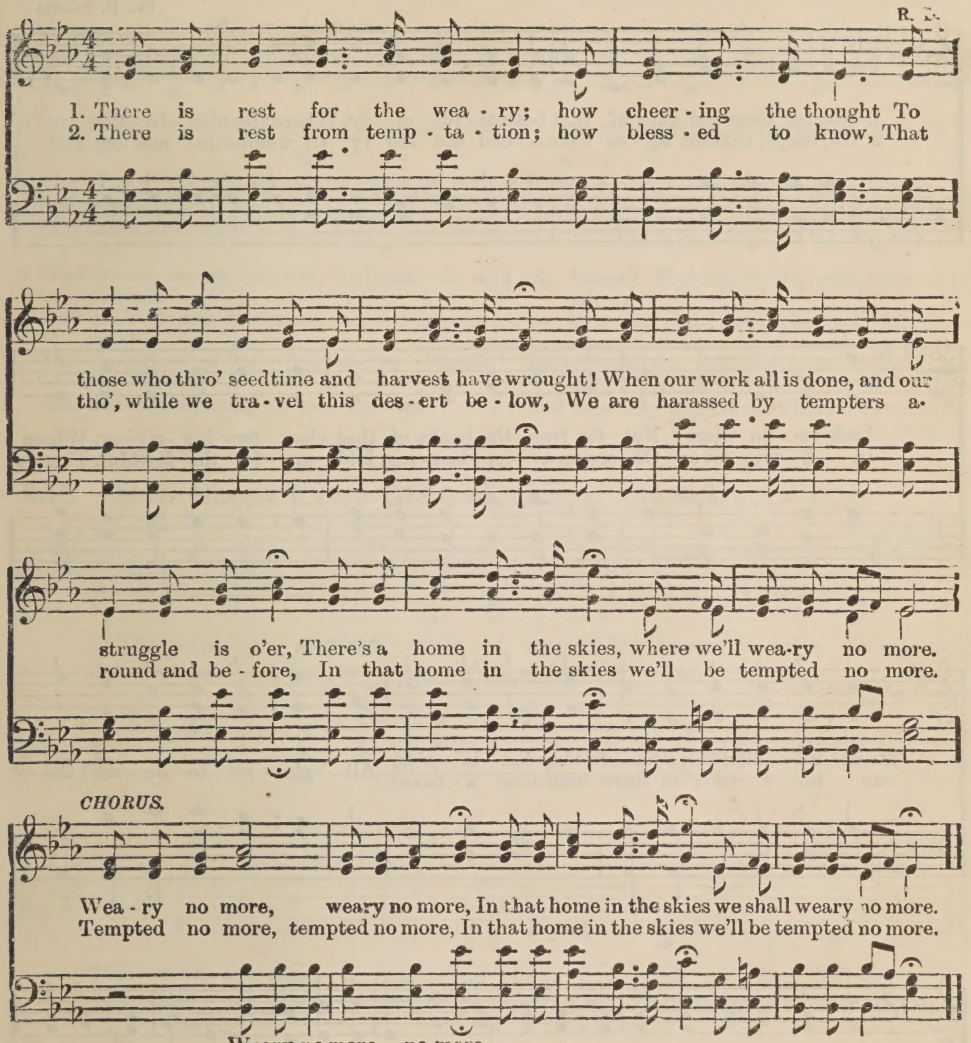
—*Isaac Watts.*

249 Hark, Hark! My Soul! Angelic Songs are Swelling.

Words by F. W. FABER. DR. DAVIES.

Unison


1. Hark, hark! my soul! . . . an - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields and o - cean's wave - beat shore; How sweet the truth . . those bless - ed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more.
2. Far, far a - way, . . . like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er land and sea; And la - den souls . . by thou - sands meek - ly steal - ing, Kind Shepherd, turn their wea - ry steps to thee.
3. On - ward we go, . . . for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, . . its ech - oes sweet - ly ring - ing, The mu - sic of the Gos - pel leads us home.
CHORUS.
Harmony
An - gels of Je - sus, an - - gels of Light,
ritard
Sing - - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night.

250 There is Rest for the Weary; How Cheering the Thought.

R. K.
1. There is rest for the wea - ry; how cheer - ing the thought To
2. There is rest from temp - ta - tion; how bless - ed to know, That
those who thro' seedtime and harvest have wrought! When our work all is done, and our
tho', while we tra - vel this des - ert be - low, We are harassed by tempters a-
struggle is o'er, There's a home in the skies, where we'll wea-ry no more.
round and be - fore, In that home in the skies we'll be tempted no more.
CHORUS.
Wea - ry no more, weary no more, In that home in the skies we shall weary no more.
Tempted no more, tempted no more, In that home in the skies we'll be tempted no more.
Weary no more, no more.

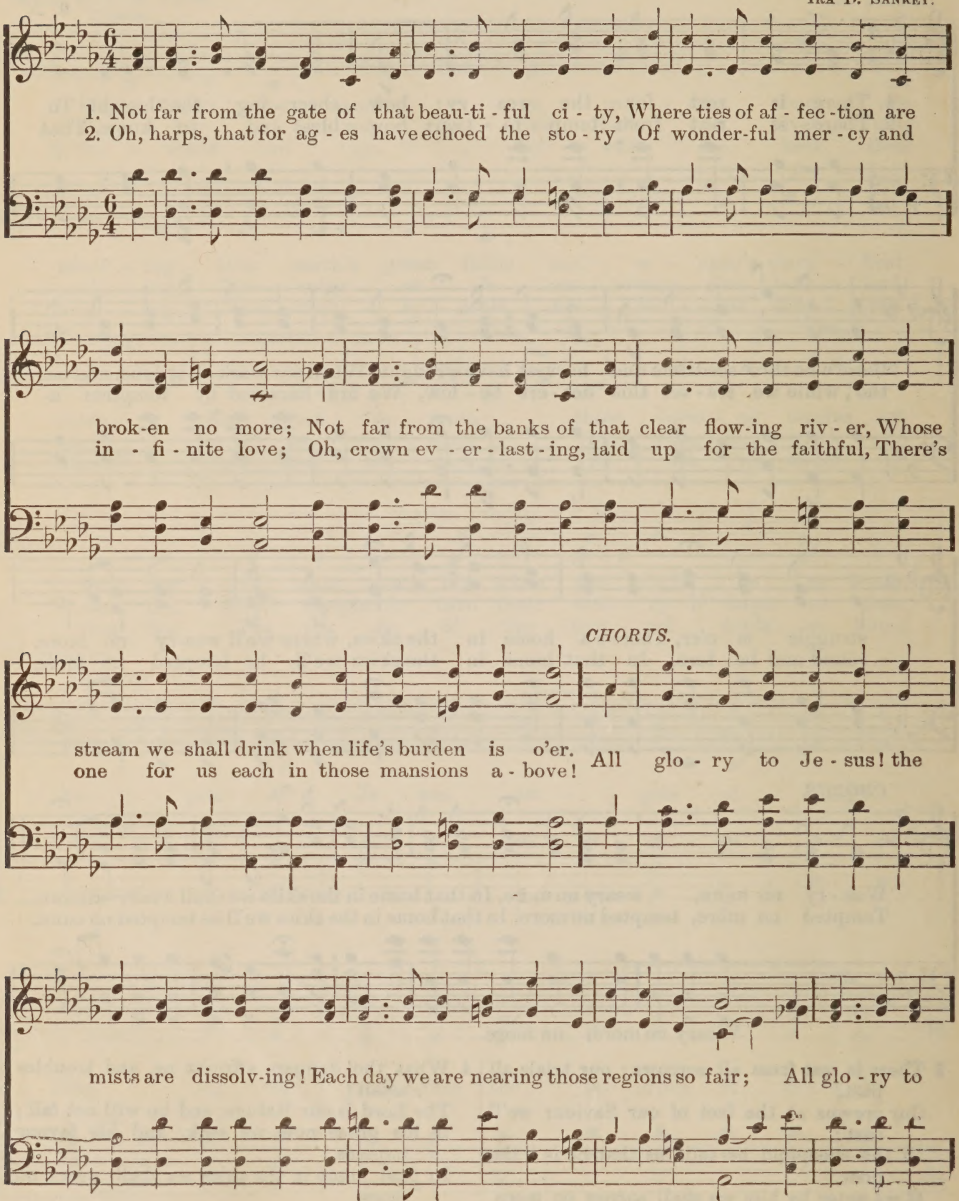
3 There is rest from all sorrows; our trials all past,
Our crowns at the feet of our Saviour we'll cast;
Of the sheepfold he tells us that he is "the door,"
If we enter by him we shall sorrow no more.

4 What tho' dangers affright us, and troubles assail?
The Lord is our Refuge, and he will not fail;
If his grace now we seek, and his favour implore,
In that home in the skies we shall weary no more.

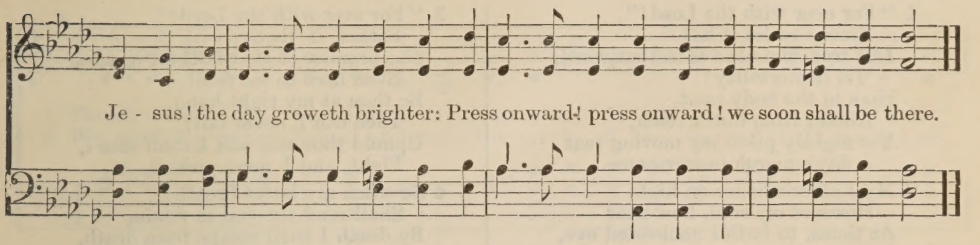
—R. K.

251 Not Far from the Gate of that Beautiful City.

IRA D. SANKEY.


1. Not far from the gate of that beau-ti-ful ci-ty, Where ties of af-fec-tion are
2. Oh, harps, that for ag-es have echoed the sto-ry Of wonder-ful mer-cy and
brok-en no more; Not far from the banks of that clear flow-ing riv-er, Whose
in-fi-nite love; Oh, crown ev-er-last-ing, laid up for the faithful, There's
CHORUS.
stream we shall drink when life's burden is o'er.
one for us each in those mansions a-bove!
All glo-ry to Je-sus! the
mists are dissolv-ing! Each day we are nearing those regions so fair;
All glo-ry to

Not Far from the Gate of that Beautiful City—*Concluded.*

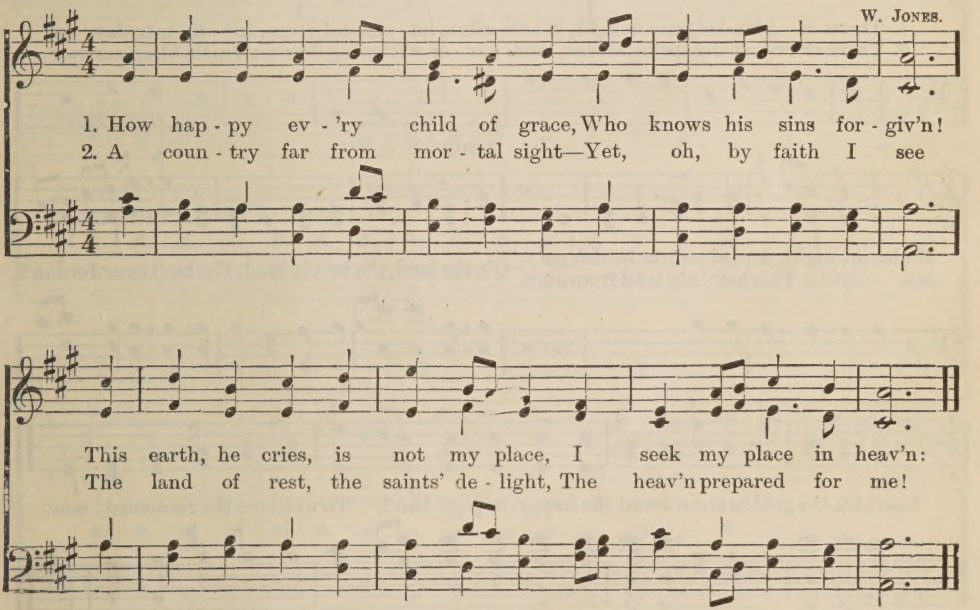


3 How sweet, as we journey, to pause for a moment,
And look at the footprints we see in our way!—
The footprints of pilgrims who've crossed over Jordan,
And now are rejoicing for ever and aye.

4 Oh, blessed Redeemer! ere long thou wilt call us
To join the great army beyond the dark sea;
They fought the good fight, and their course they have finished,
And now they inherit the kingdom with thee.

—*Fanny Crosby.*

252 How Happy Every Child of Grace. (St. Stephen.—C.M.)


W. Jones.
1. How hap - py ev - 'ry child of grace, Who knows his sins for - giv'n!
2. A coun - try far from mor - tal sight—Yet, oh, by faith I see
This earth, he cries, is not my place, I seek my place in heav'n:
The land of rest, the saints' de - light, The heav'n prepared for me!

3 A stranger in the world below,
I calmly sojourn here;
Nor can its happiness or woe
Provoke my hope or fear.

4 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But, oh, the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last!

—*C. Wesley.*

253 "For Ever With the Lord!" (NEARER HOME.—S.M.D.—TUNE NO. 130.)

1 "For ever with the Lord!"
Amen! so let it be!
Life from the dead is in that word,
'Tis immortality!
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

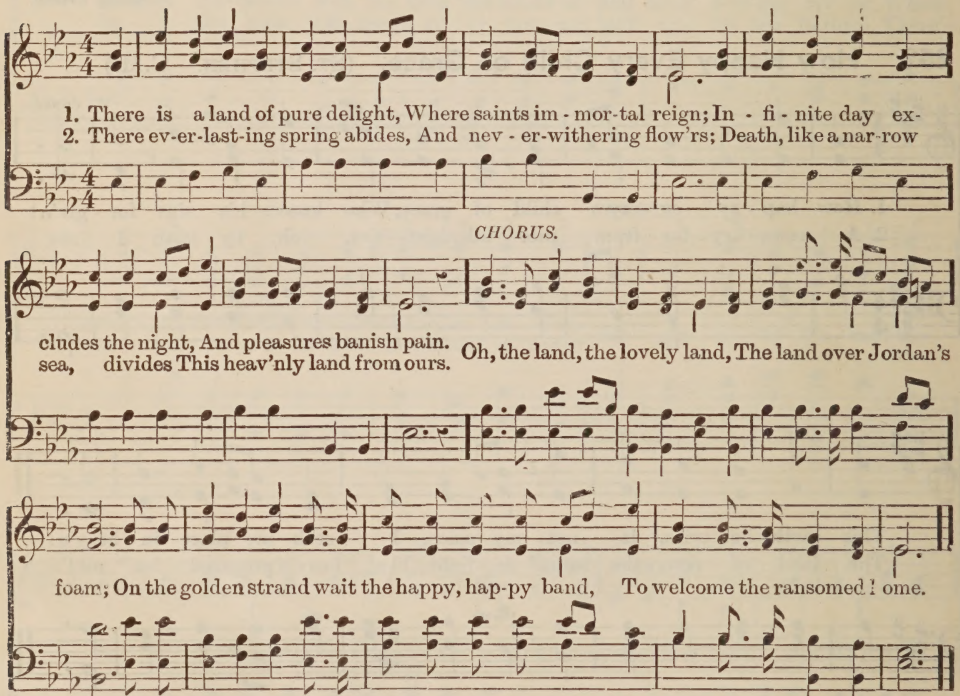
2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times, to faith's unclouded eye,
Thy golden gates appear!
Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,—
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above!

3 "For ever with the Lord!"
Father, if 'tis thy will,
The promise of that faithful word
Even here to me fulfil.
Be thou at my right hand,
Then can I never fail;
Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,
Fight, and I must prevail.

4 So when my latest breath
Shall rend the veil in twain,
By death I shall escape from death,
And life eternal gain.
Knowing as I am known,
How shall I love that word,
And oft repeat before the throne,
"For ever with the Lord!"

Montgomery.

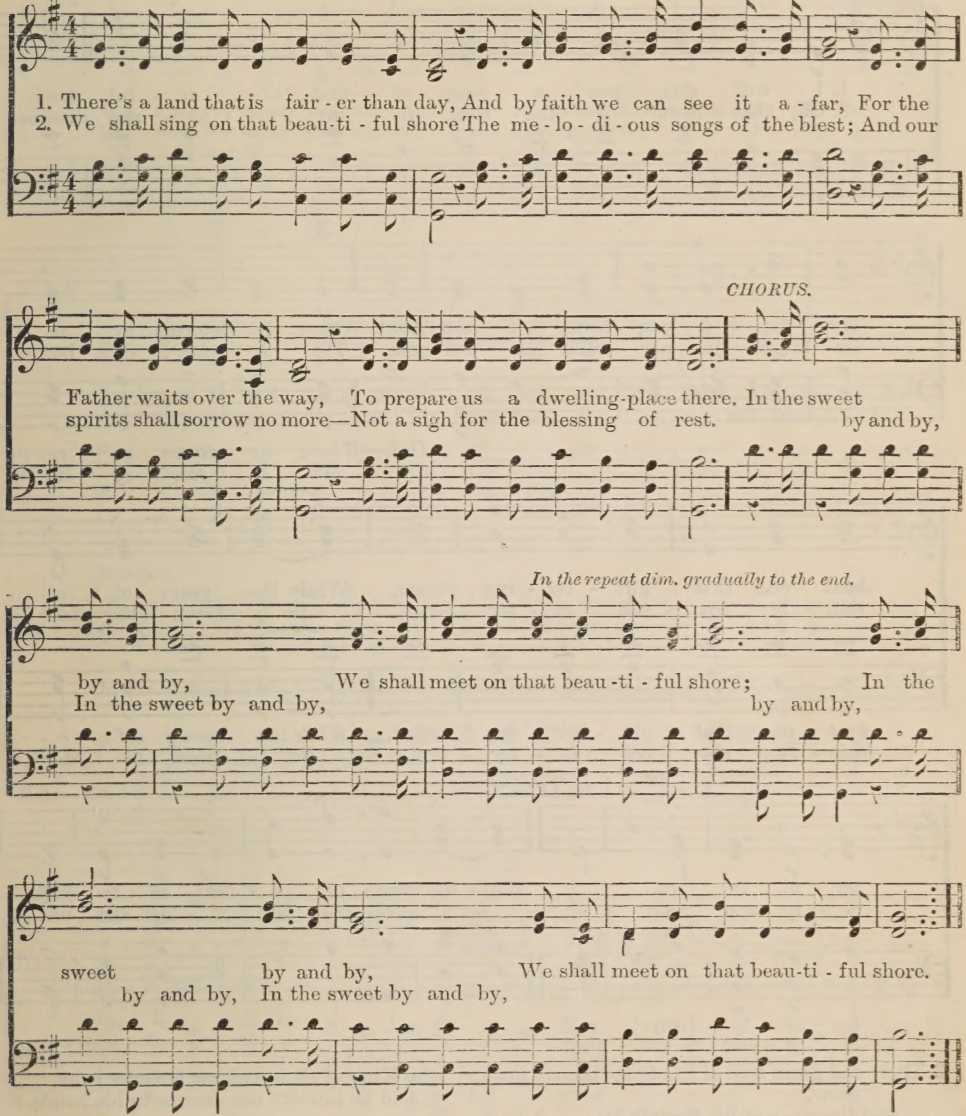
254 There is a Land of Pure Delight. (C.M.)


1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im - mor-tal reign; In - fi - nite day ex-
2. There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev - er-withering flow'rs; Death, like a nar-row
CHORUS.
cludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.
Oh, the land, the lovely land, The land over Jordan's
foam; On the golden strand wait the happy, hap-py band, To welcome the ransomed come.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

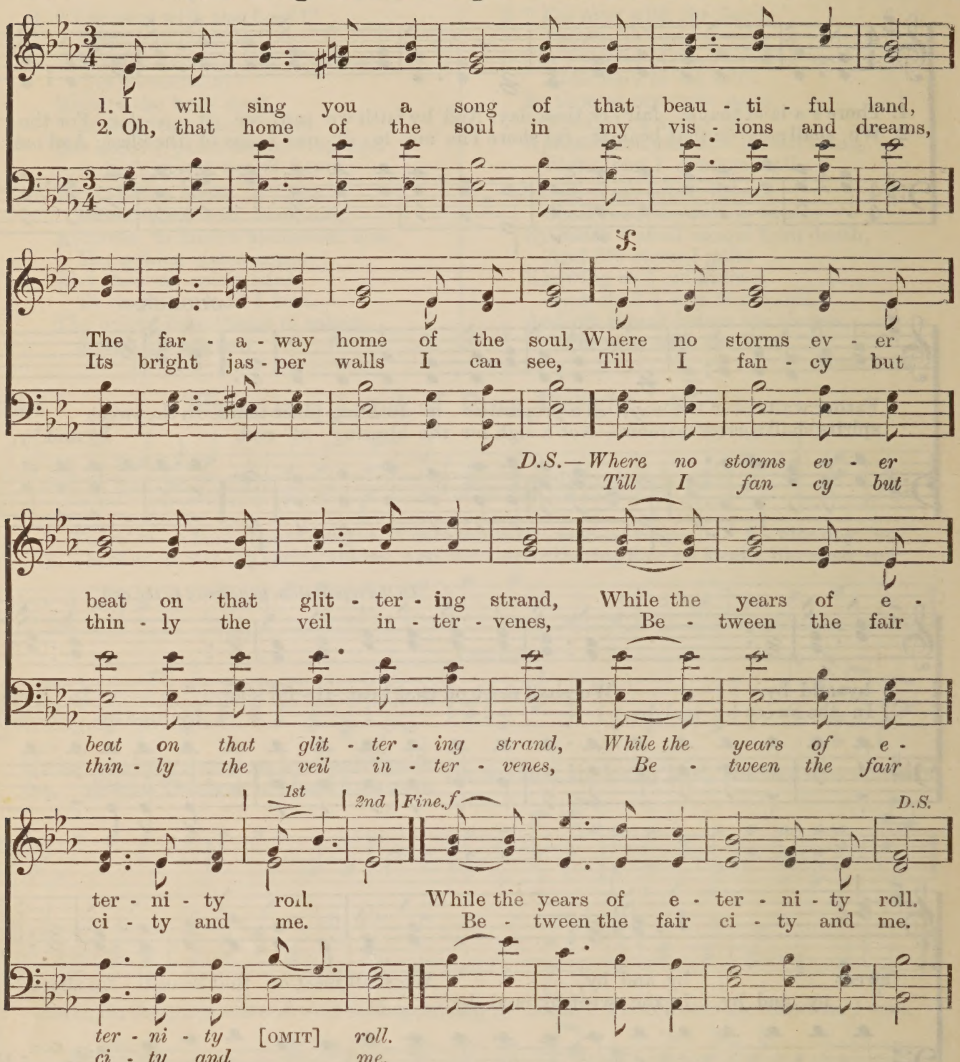
—Isaac Watts.

255 There's a Land That is Fairer than Day.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a - far, For the
2. We shall sing on that beau-ti - ful shore The me - lo - di - ous songs of the blest; And our
CHORUS.
Father waits over the way, To prepare us a dwelling-place there. In the sweet
spirits shall sorrow no more—Not a sigh for the blessing of rest. by and by,
In the repeat dim. gradually to the end.
by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore; In the
In the sweet by and by, by and by,
sweet by and by, We shall meet on that beau-ti - ful shore.
by and by, In the sweet by and by,

3 To our bountiful Father above
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of his love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.

4 We shall meet, we shall sing, we shall reign,
In the land where the saved never die;
We shall rest free from sorrow and pain,
Safe at home in the sweet by and by.

—*S. F. Bennett.*

256 I Will Sing You a Song of that Beautiful Land.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vis - ions and dreams,
f.
The far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er
Its bright jas - per walls I can see, Till I fan - cy but
D.S.—Where no storms ev - er
Till I fan - cy but
beat on that glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -
thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes, Be - tween the fair
beat on that glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e -
thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes, Be - tween the fair
1st
2nd
Fine.f
D.S.
ter - ni - ty roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
ci - ty and me. Be - tween the fair ci - ty and me.
ter - ni - ty [OMIT] roll.
ci - ty and me.

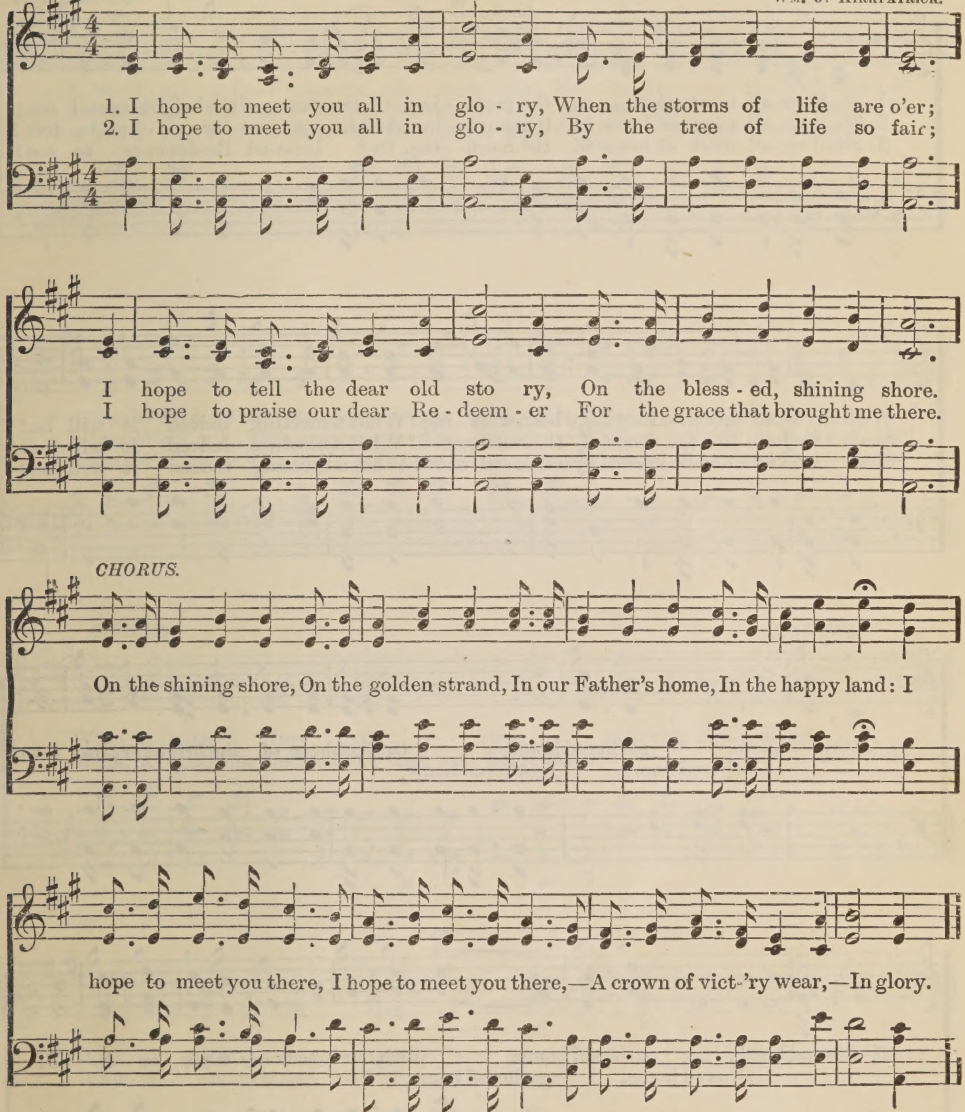
3 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by:
For no death ever enters that city, you know,
‖: And nothing that maketh a lie. :‖

4 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The King of all kingdoms for ever is he,
‖: And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. :‖

5 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,
‖: To meet one another again. :‖

—*Mrs. E. H. Gates.*

257 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

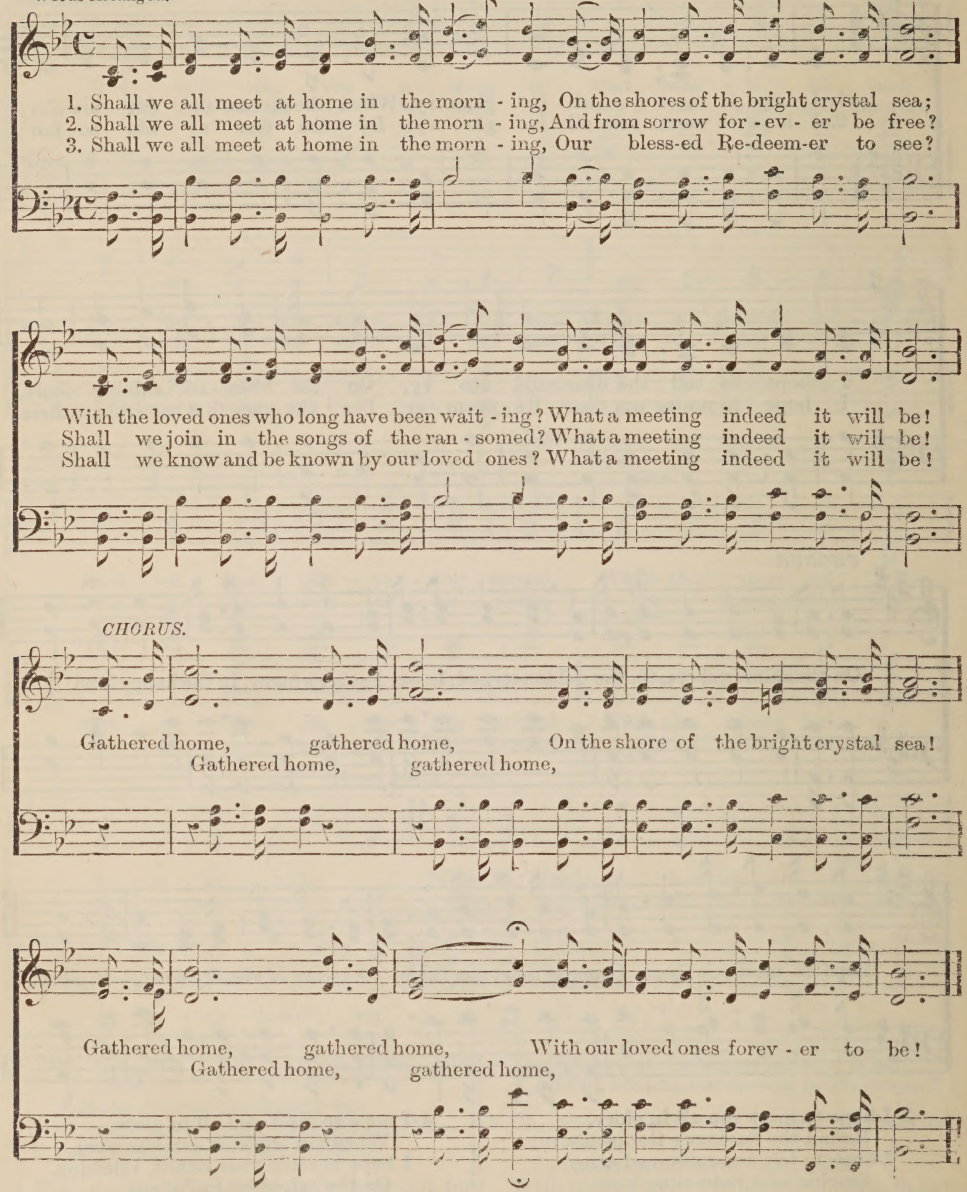
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
I hope to tell the dear old sto ry, On the bless - ed, shining shore.
I hope to praise our dear Re - deem - er For the grace that brought me there.
CHORUS.
On the shining shore, On the golden strand, In our Father's home, In the happy land: I
hope to meet you there, I hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict-'ry wear,—In glory.

3 I hope to meet you all in glory,
Round the Saviour's throne above;
I hope to join the ransomed army
Singing now redeeming love.

4 I hope to meet you all in glory,
When my work on earth is o'er;
I hope to clasp your hands, rejoicing,
On the bright eternal shore.

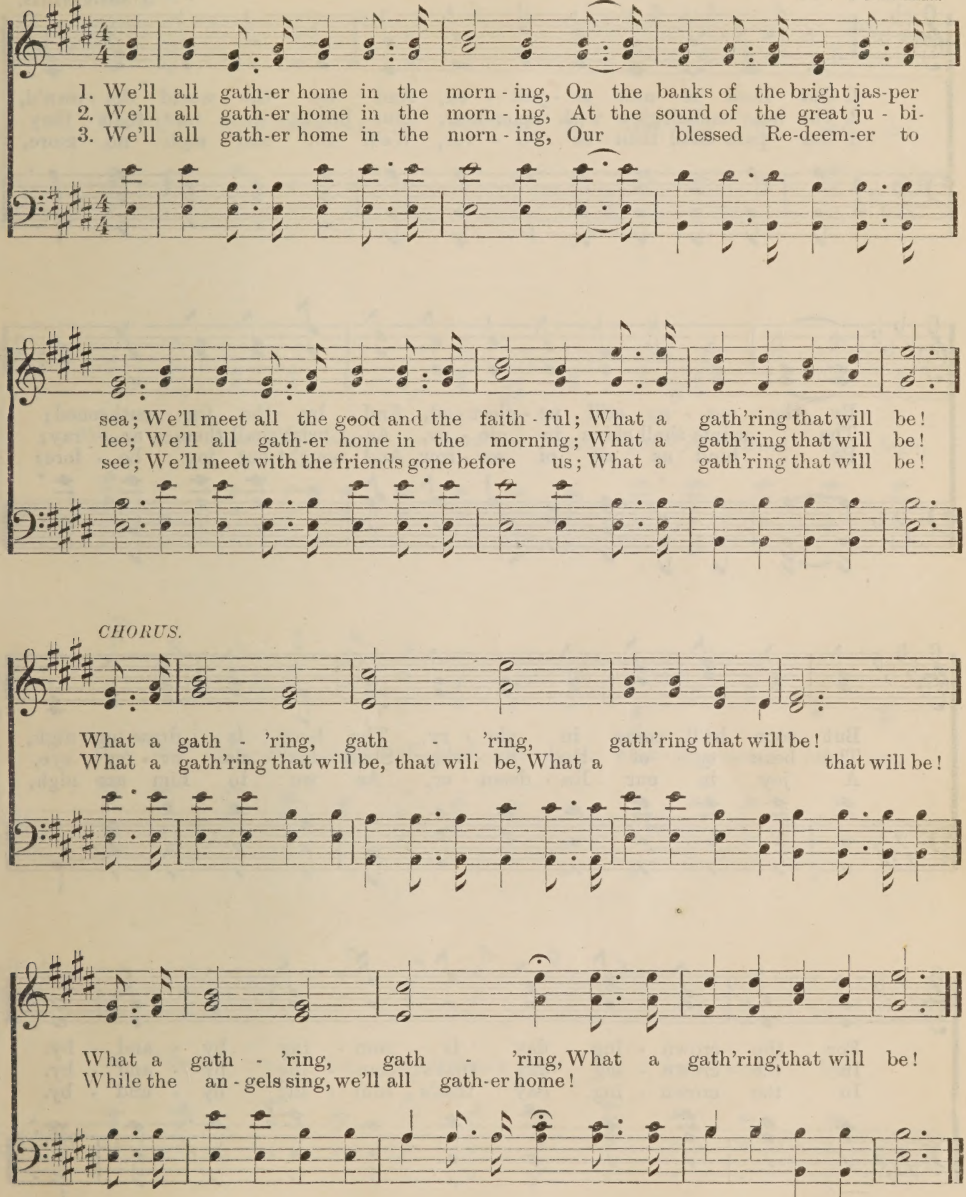
—*Emma Pitt.*

258 Shall We All Meet at Home in the Morning.

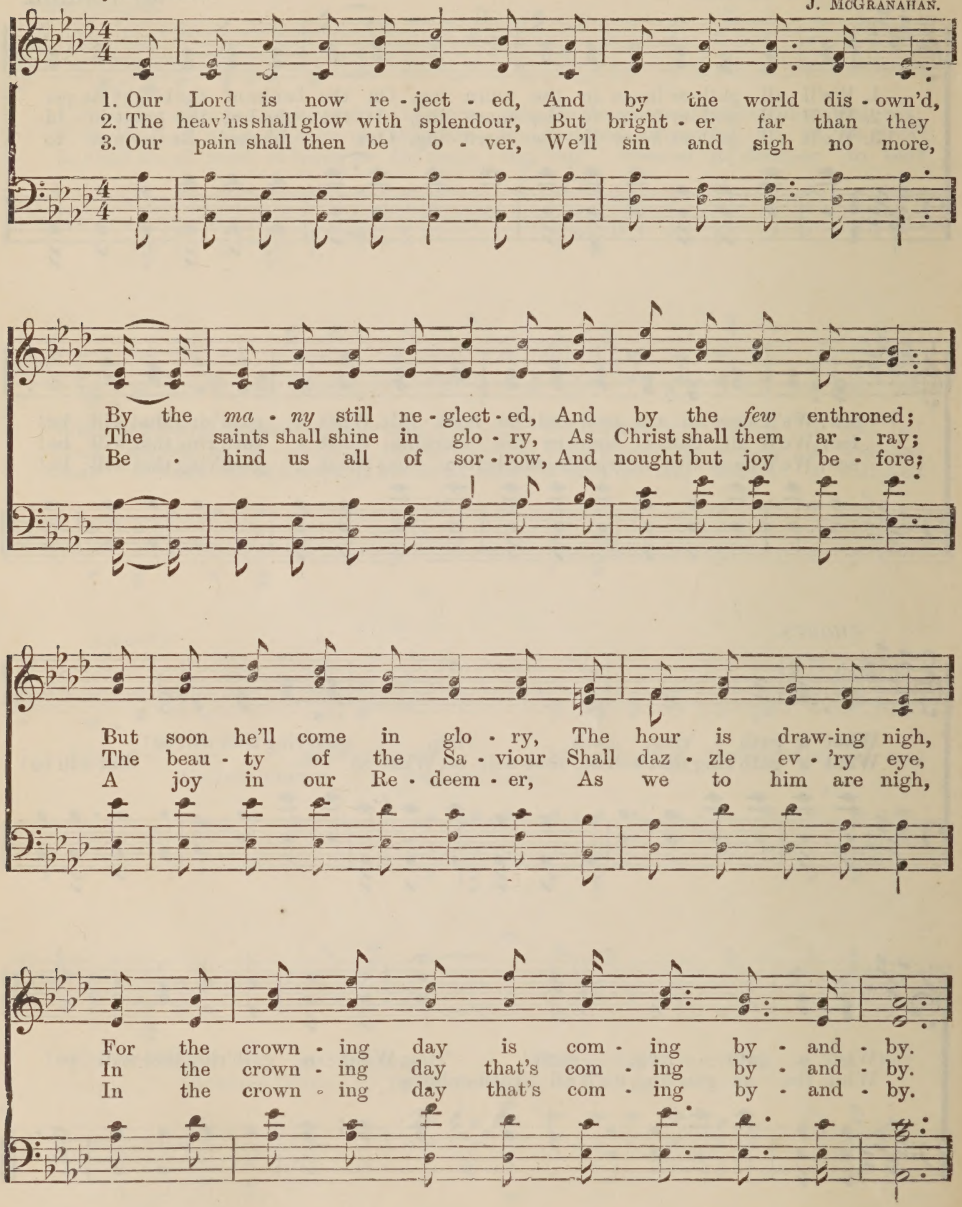
Words Arranged. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, On the shores of the bright crystal sea;
2. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, And from sorrow for - ev - er be free?
3. Shall we all meet at home in the morn - ing, Our bless-ed Re-deem-er to see?
With the loved ones who long have been wait - ing? What a meeting indeed it will be!
Shall we join in the songs of the ran - somed? What a meeting indeed it will be!
Shall we know and be known by our loved ones? What a meeting indeed it will be!
CHORUS.
Gathered home, gathered home, On the shore of the bright crystal sea!
Gathered home, gathered home,
Gathered home, gathered home, With our loved ones forev - er to be!
Gathered home, gathered home,

259 We'll All Gather Home in the Morning.

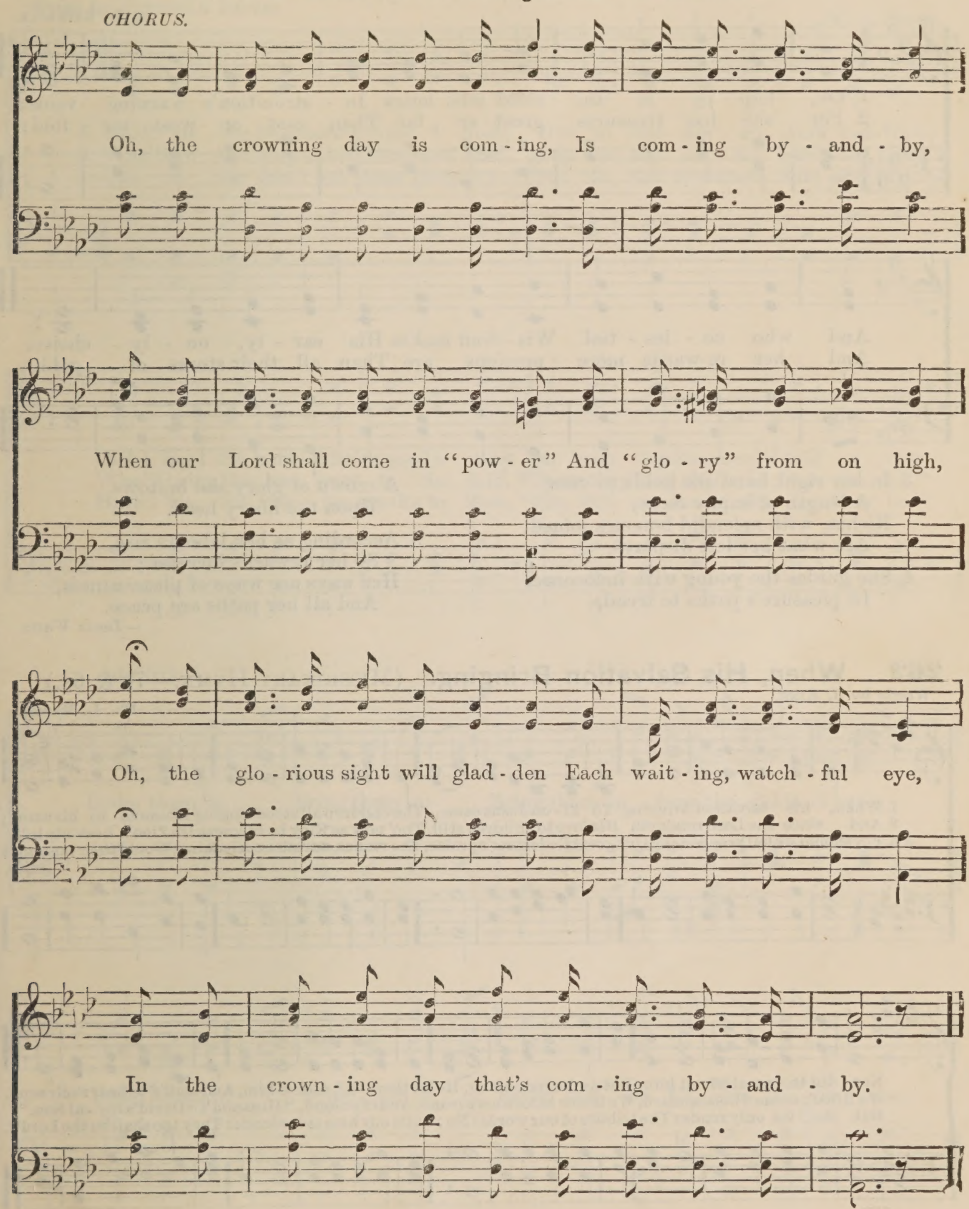
Words by Rev. I. Baltzell. Rev. I. Baltzell.


1. We'll all gath-er home in the morn - ing, On the banks of the bright jas-per
2. We'll all gath-er home in the morn - ing, At the sound of the great ju - bi-
3. We'll all gath-er home in the morn - ing, Our blessed Re-deem-er to
sea; We'll meet all the good and the faith - ful; What a gath'ring that will be!
lee; We'll all gath-er home in the morning; What a gath'ring that will be!
see; We'll meet with the friends gone before us; What a gath'ring that will be!
CHORUS.
What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, gath'ring that will be!
What a gath'ring that will be, that will be, What a that will be!
What a gath - 'ring, gath - 'ring, What a gath'ring that will be!
While the an - gels sing, we'll all gath-er home!

260 Our Lord is Now Rejected.

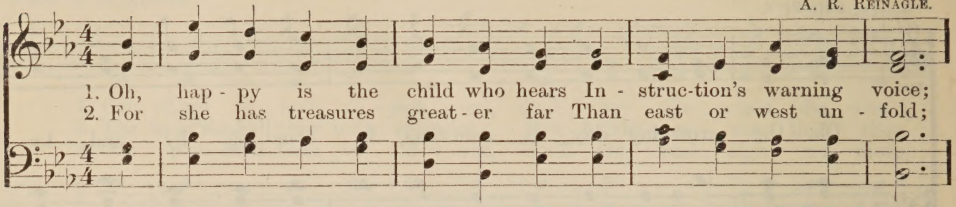
Words by EL NATHAN. J. McGRANAHAN.

1. Our Lord is now re - ject - ed, And by the world dis - own'd,
2. The heav'ns shall glow with splendour, But bright - er far than they
3. Our pain shall then be o - ver, We'll sin and sigh no more,
By the *ma - ny* still ne - glect - ed, And by the *few* enthroned;
The saints shall shine in glo - ry, As Christ shall them ar - ray;
Be - hind us all of sor - row, And nought but joy be - fore;
But soon he'll come in glo - ry, The hour is draw-ing nigh,
The beau - ty of the Sa - viour Shall daz - zle ev - 'ry eye,
A joy in our Re - deem - er, As we to him are nigh,
For the crown - ing day is com - ing by - and - by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.

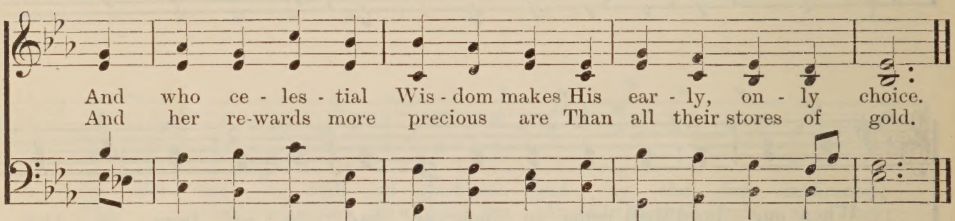
Our Lord is Now Rejected—*Concluded.*


CHORUS.
Oh, the crowning day is com - ing, Is com - ing by - and - by,
When our Lord shall come in "pow - er" And "glo - ry" from on high,
Oh, the glo - rious sight will glad - den Each wait - ing, watch - ful eye,
In the crown - ing day that's com - ing by - and - by.

261 Oh, Happy is the Child who Hears. (St. Peter.—C.M.)

A. R. Reinagle.





3 In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy days;
Riches, with splendid honours joined,
Are what her left displays.

4 She guides the young with innocence,
In pleasure's paths to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

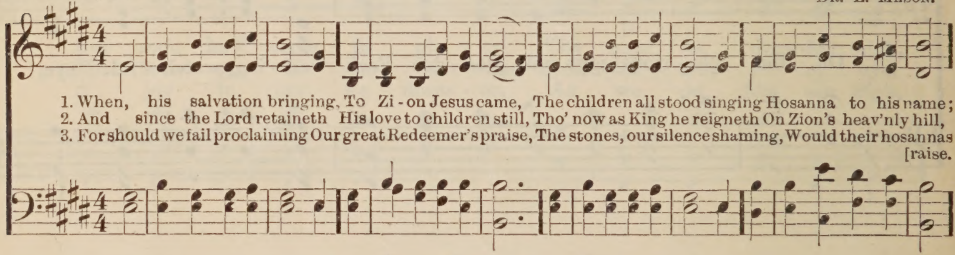
5 According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

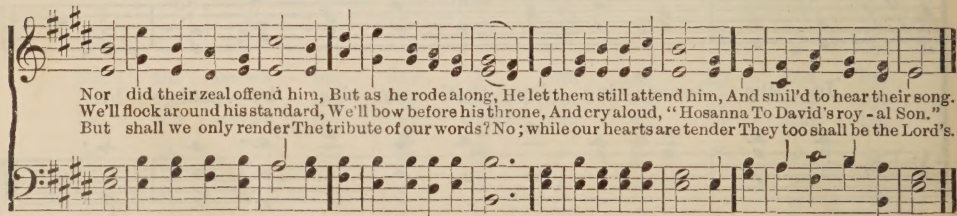
—*Isaac Watts.*

262 When, His Salvation Bringing. (Missionary Hymn.—7s & 6s.)

Words by J. King.

Dr. L. Mason.

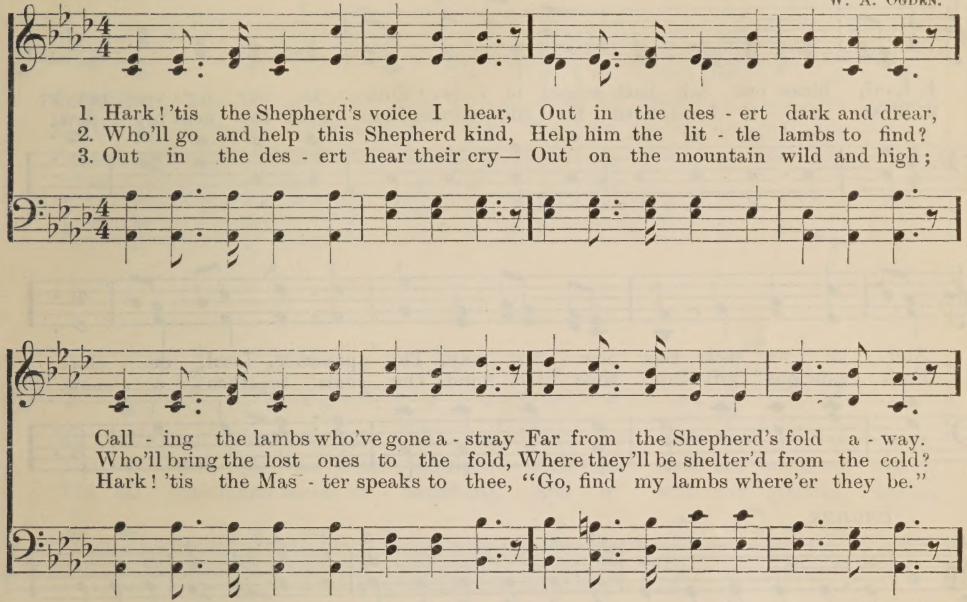

1. When, his salvation bringing, To Zi - on Jesus came, The children all stood singing Hosanna to his name;
2. And since the Lord retaineth His love to children still, Tho' now as King he reigneth On Zion's heav'nly hill,
3. For should we fail proclaiming Our great Redeemer's praise, The stones, our silence shaming, Would their hosannas raise.


Nor did their zeal offend him, But as he rode along, He let them still attend him, And smil'd to hear their song.
We'll flock around his standard, We'll bow before his throne, And cry aloud, "Hosanna To David's roy - al Son."
But shall we only render The tribute of our words? No; while our hearts are tender They too shall be the Lord's.

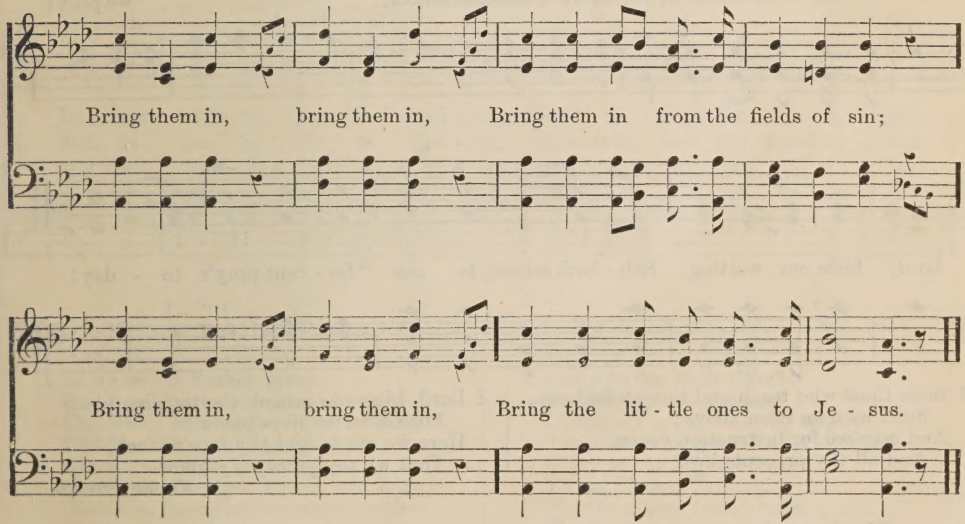
Note.—As time may occasionally be too limited for the making of suitable selections, the following Sabbath School hymns are collected here; yet a much larger number, adapted alike to Sabbath Schools and to Social Service, may be found in various parts of the book.

263 Hark! 'Tis the Shepherd's Voice I Hear.

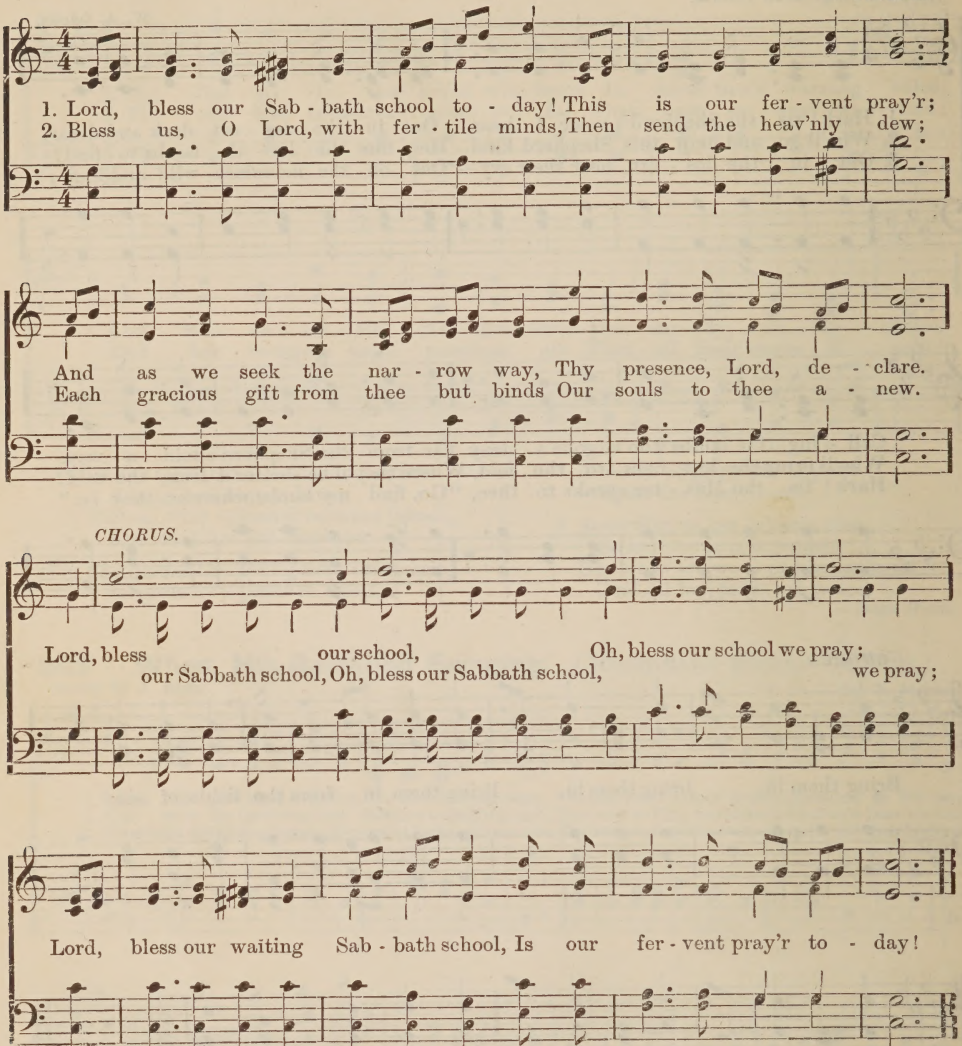
Words by ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.


1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des - ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the lit - tle lambs to find?
3. Out in the des - ert hear their cry— Out on the mountain wild and high;
Call - ing the lambs who've gone a - stray Far from the Shepherd's fold a - way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas - ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs where'er they be."

CHORUS.



264 Lord, Bless Our Sabbath School To-Day!

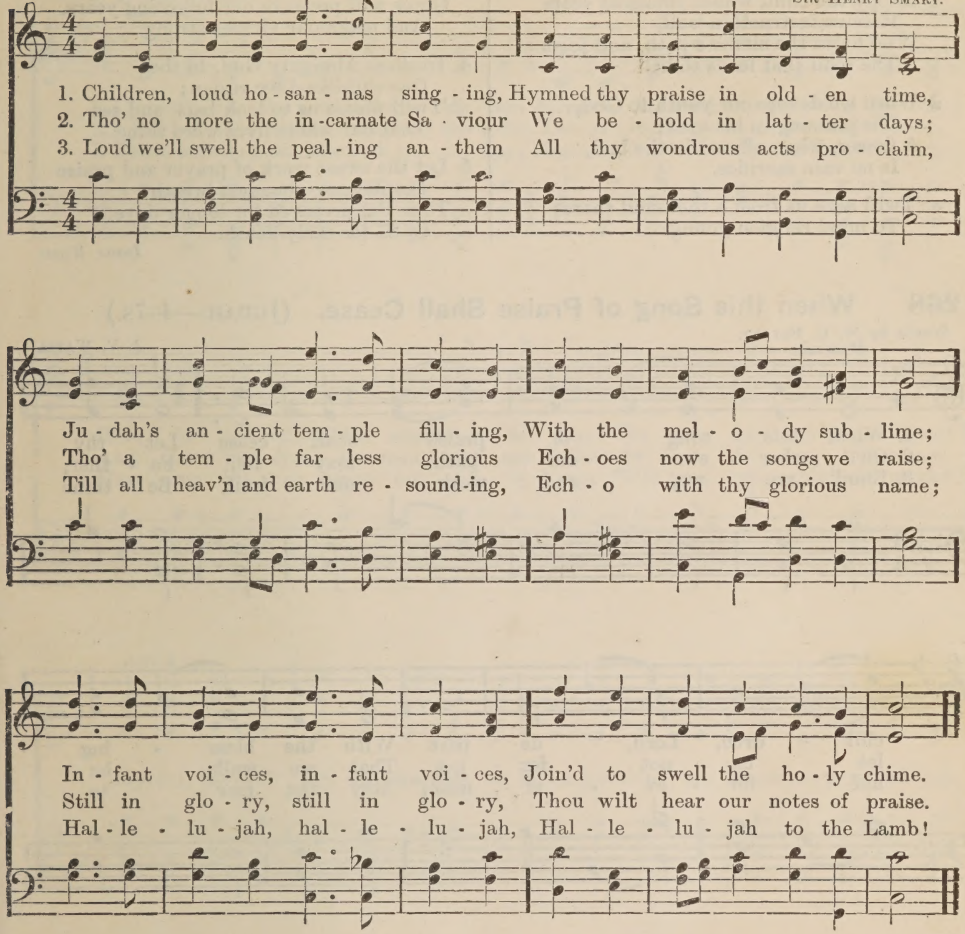
G. FROELICH.

1. Lord, bless our Sab - bath school to - day! This is our fer - vent pray'r;
2. Bless us, O Lord, with fer - tile minds, Then send the heav'nly dew;
And as we seek the nar - row way, Thy presence, Lord, de - clare.
Each gracious gift from thee but binds Our souls to thee a - new.
CHORUS.
Lord, bless our school, Oh, bless our school we pray;
our Sabbath school, Oh, bless our Sabbath school, we pray;
Lord, bless our waiting Sab - bath school, Is our fer - vent pray'r to - day!

3 Bless those who teach and those who learn,
Send wisdom from above;
And may we for instruction yearn,
And all thy precepts love.

4 Lord, bless our school, the training-place
For Christian lives below;
Here we are taught thy face to seek,
That we thy grace may know.

—*Marian Froelich.*

265 Children, Loud Hosannas Singing. (Regent Square.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Words by Mrs. Steele. Sir Henry Smart.

1. Children, loud ho - san - nas sing - ing, Hymned thy praise in old - en time,
2. Tho' no more the in-carnate Sa - viour We be - hold in lat - ter days;
3. Loud we'll swell the peal - ing an - them All thy wondrous acts pro - claim,
Ju - dah's an - cient tem - ple fill - ing, With the mel - o - dy sub - lime;
Tho' a tem - ple far less glorious Ech - oes now the songs we raise;
Till all heav'n and earth re - sound-ing, Ech - o with thy glorious name;
In - fant voi - ces, in - fant voi - ces, Join'd to swell the ho - ly chime.
Still in glo - ry, still in glo - ry, Thou wilt hear our notes of praise.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!

266 Glory to the Father Give. (Maidstone.—8–7s.—Tune No. 80.)

1 Glory to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live;
Children's prayers he deigns to hear,
Children's songs delight his ear.
Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest, and King;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for he was slain.

2 Glory to the Holy Ghost!
Be this day a pentecost!
Children's minds may he inspire,
Touch their tongues with holy fire!
Glory to the highest be,
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word, that "God is love!"

—Montgomery.

267 Happy the Child. (St. Peter.—C.M.—Tune No. 261.)

1 Happy the child whose youngest years
Receive instruction well,
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2 When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flower, when offered in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

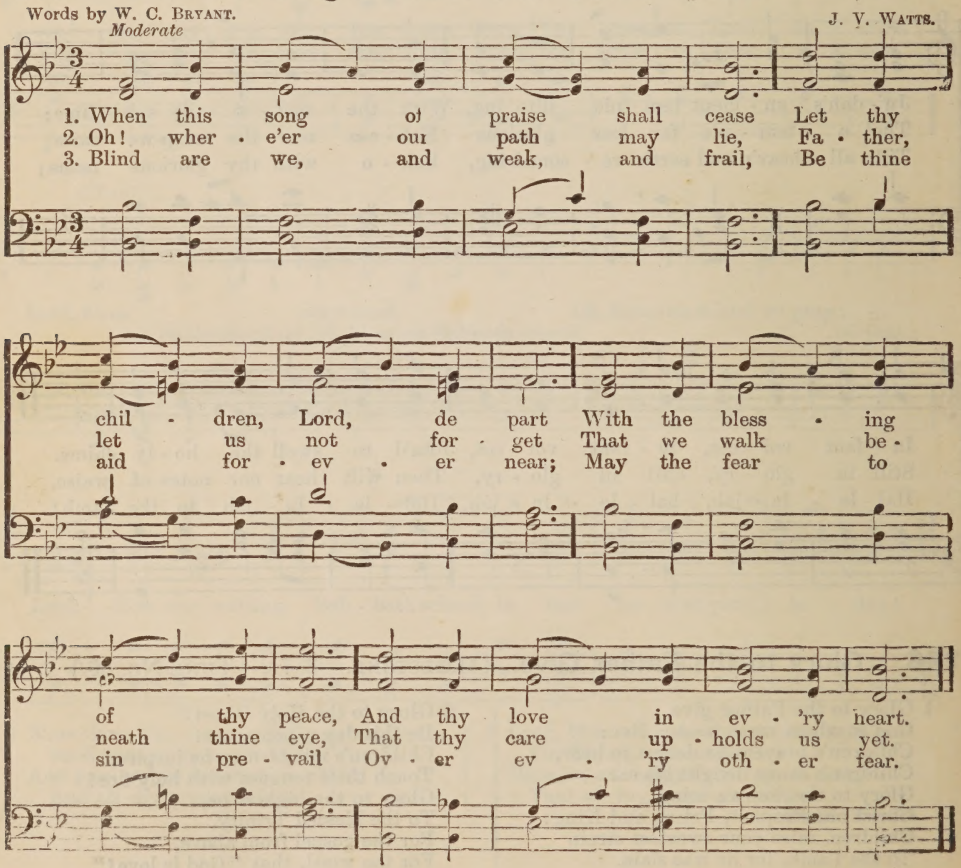
3 'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young:
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtues strong.

4 To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

5 Let the sweet work of prayer and praise
Employ my youngest breath:
Thus I'm prepared for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

Isaac Watts.

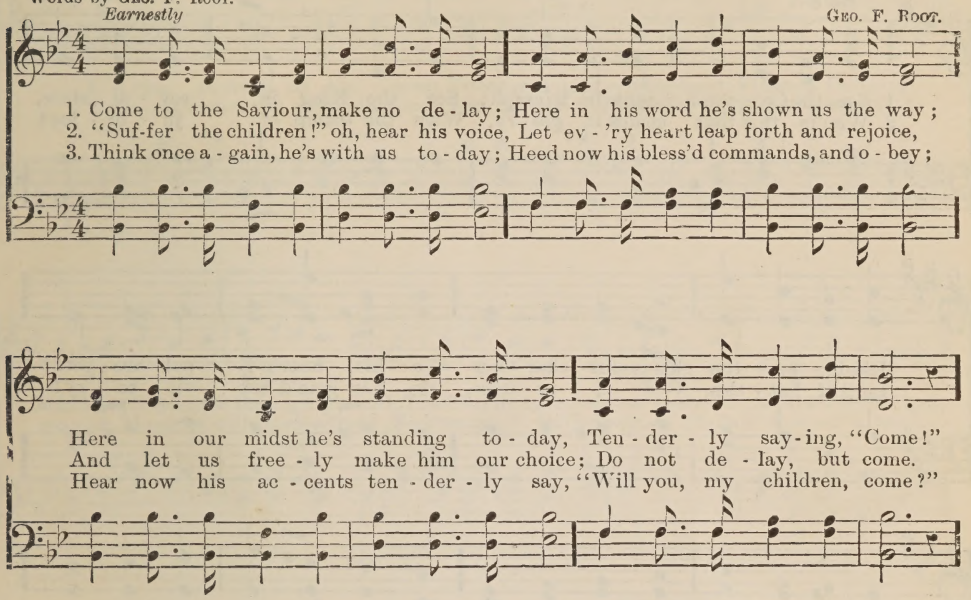
268 When this Song of Praise Shall Cease. (Judah.—4–7s.)

Words by W. C. Bryant. *Moderate* J. V. Watts.

1. When this song of praise shall cease Let thy
2. Oh! wher - e'er our path may lie, Fa - ther,
3. Blind are we, and weak, and frail, Be thine
chil - dren, Lord, de part With the bless - ing
let us not for - get That we walk be -
aid for - ev - er near; May the fear to
of thy peace, And thy love in ev - 'ry heart.
neath thine eye, That thy care up - holds us yet.
sin pre - vail Ov - er ev - 'ry oth - er fear.

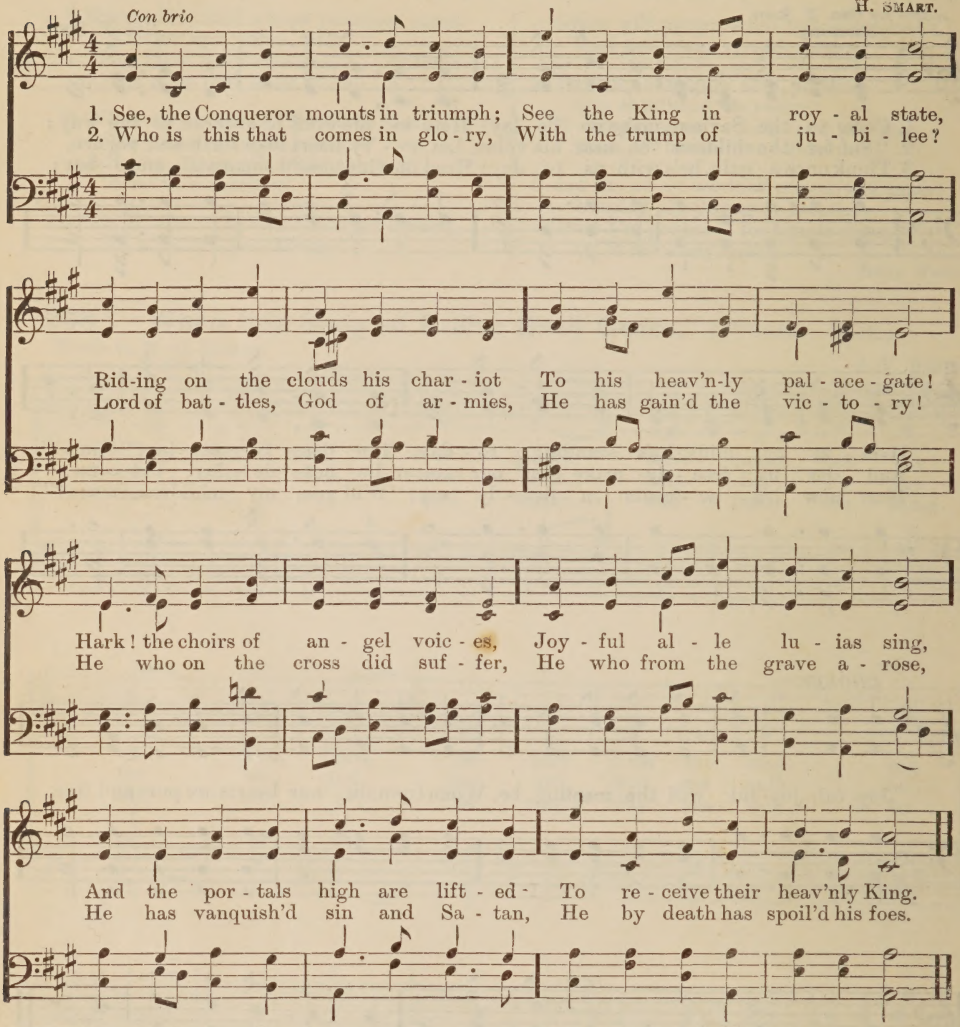
269 Come to the Saviour, Make No Delay.

Words by GEO. F. ROOT.

Earnestly GEO. F. ROOT.


1. Come to the Saviour, make no de - lay; Here in his word he's shown us the way;
2. "Suf-fer the children!" oh, hear his voice, Let ev - 'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,
3. Think once a - gain, he's with us to - day; Heed now his bless'd commands, and o - bey;
Here in our midst he's standing to - day, Ten - der - ly say - ing, "Come!"
And let us free - ly make him our choice; Do not de - lay, but come.
Hear now his ac - cents ten - der - ly say, "Will you, my children, come?"
CHORUS.
Joy - ful, joy - ful will the meeting be, When from sin our hearts are pure and free,
And we shall gath - er, Sa-viour, with thee, In our e - ter - nal home.

270 See, the Conqueror Mounts in Triumph.

H. SMART.

Con brio
1. See, the Conqueror mounts in triumph; See the King in roy - al state,
2. Who is this that comes in glo - ry, With the trump of ju - bi - lee?
Rid-ing on the clouds his char - iot To his heav'n-ly pal - ace - gate!
Lord of bat - tles, God of ar - mies, He has gain'd the vic - to - ry!
Hark! the choirs of an - gel voic - es, Joy - ful al - le lu - ias sing,
He who on the cross did suf - fer, He who from the grave a - rose,
And the por - tals high are lift - ed - To re - ceive their heav'nly King.
He has vanquish'd sin and Sa - tan, He by death has spoil'd his foes.

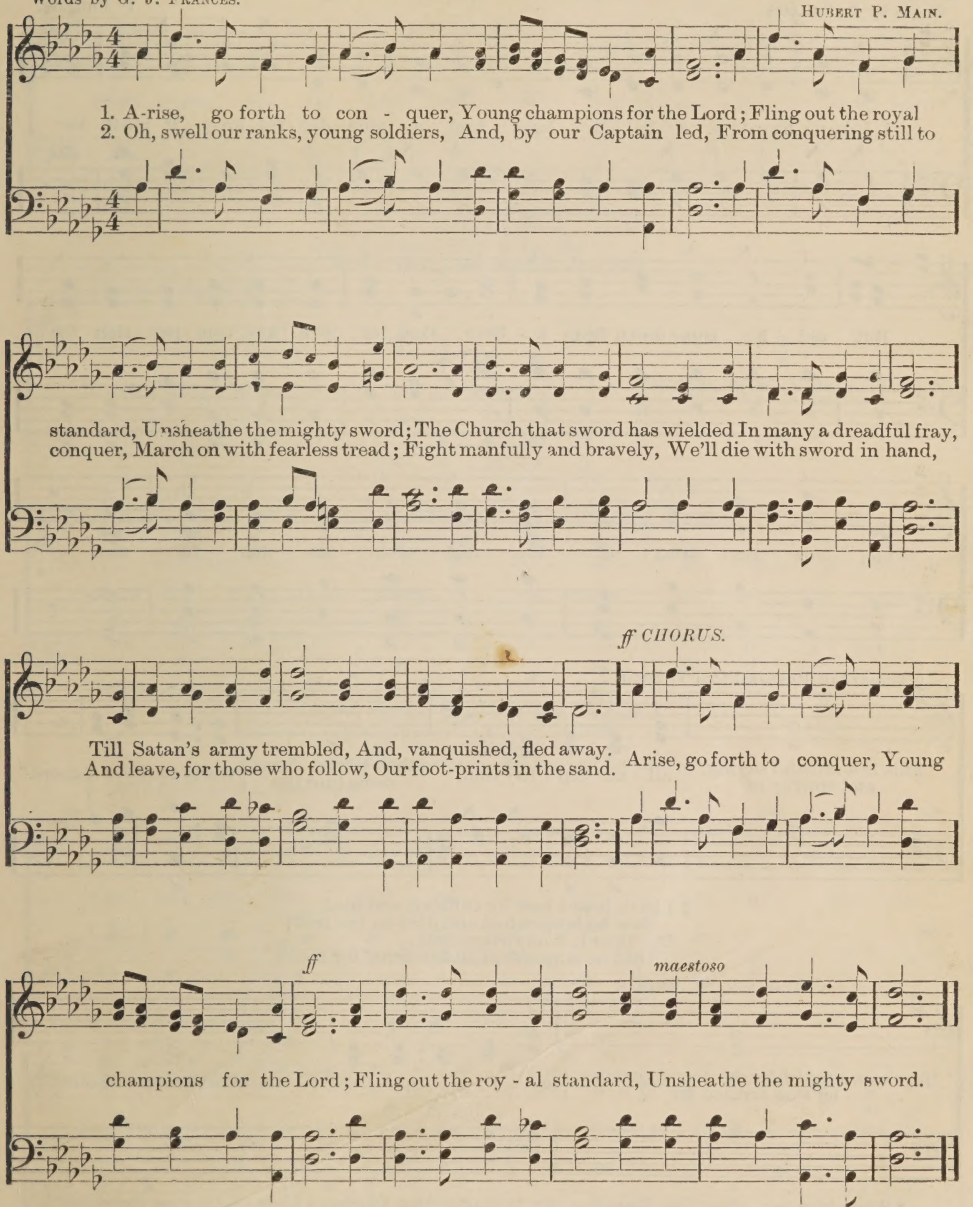
3 Raise us up from earth to heaven,
Give us wings of faith and love,
Gales of holy aspiration
Wafting us to realms above;
That, with hearts and minds uplifted,
We with Christ our Lord may dwell,
Where he sits enthroned in glory
In his heavenly citadel.

4 Glory be to God the Father;
Glory be to God the Son,
Dying, risen, ascended for us,
Who the heavenly realm hath won;
Glory to the Holy Spirit;
To our God in Persons three,
Glory both in earth and heaven,
Glory, endless glory, be!

—*Bishop Wordsworth.*

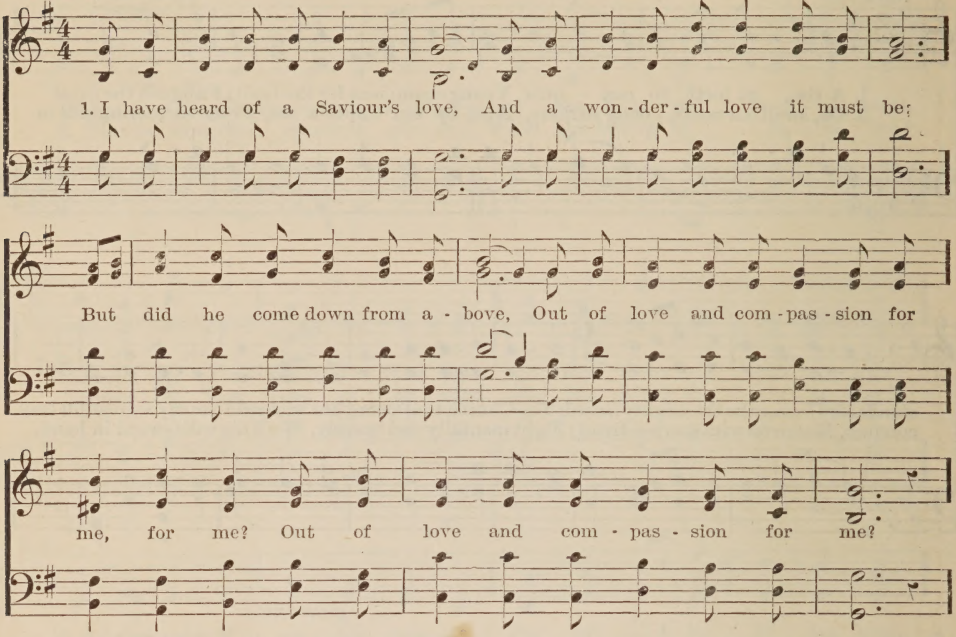
271 Arise, Go Forth to Conquer.

Words by G. J. FRANCES.

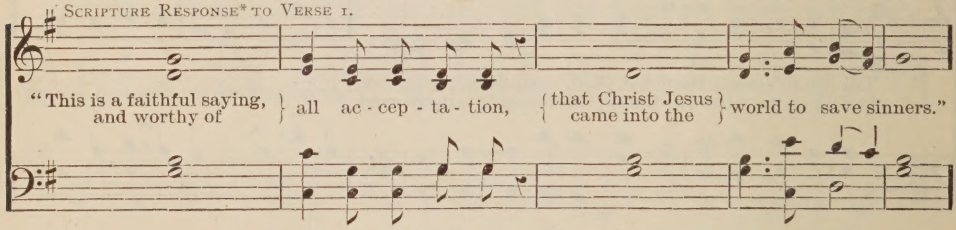
HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. A-rise, go forth to con - quer, Young champions for the Lord; Fling out the royal
2. Oh, swell our ranks, young soldiers, And, by our Captain led, From conquering still to
standard, Unsheathe the mighty sword; The Church that sword has wielded In many a dreadful fray,
conquer, March on with fearless tread; Fight manfully and bravely, We'll die with sword in hand,
ff CHORUS.
Till Satan's army trembled, And, vanquished, fled away.
And leave, for those who follow, Our foot-prints in the sand.
Arise, go forth to conquer, Young
ff
maestoso
champions for the Lord; Fling out the roy - al standard, Unsheathe the mighty sword.

272 I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love.

Words by P. PHILLIPS. P. PHILLIPS.

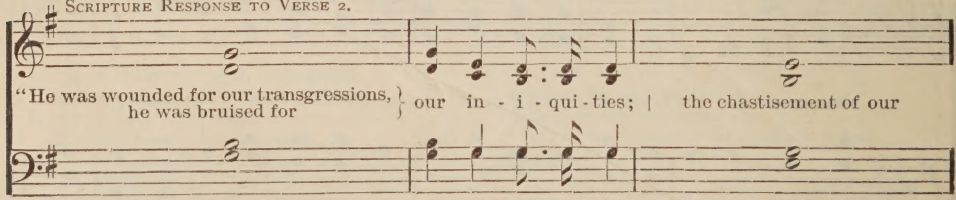

1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won - der - ful love it must be;
But did he come down from a - bove, Out of love and com - pas - sion for
me, for me? Out of love and com - pas - sion for me?

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE* TO VERSE 1.



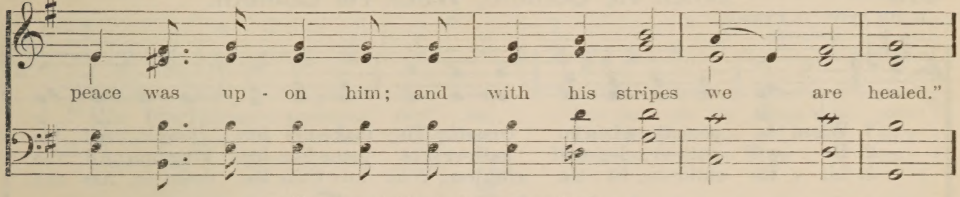
2 I have heard how he suffered and bled,
How he languished and died on the tree;
But then is it anywhere said
That he languished and suffered for me?

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 2.



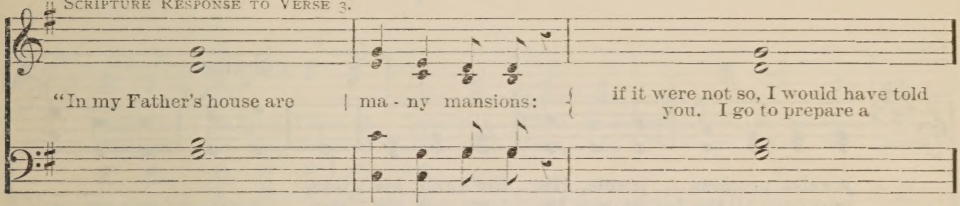
* When used in a School the Responses may be chanted by a Children's Choir; or, if more convenient, read by the Superintendent.

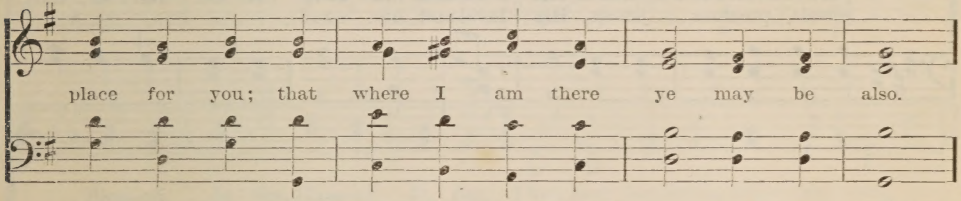
I Have Heard of a Saviour's Love—*Concluded.*



3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

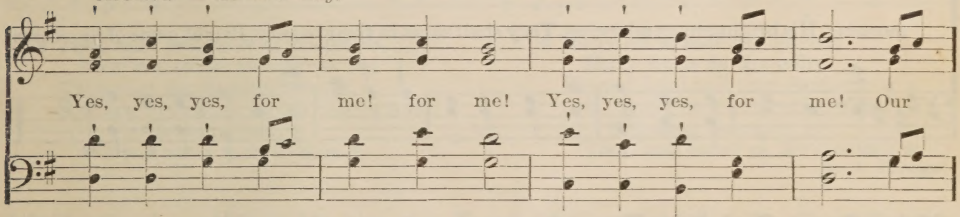
SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 3.

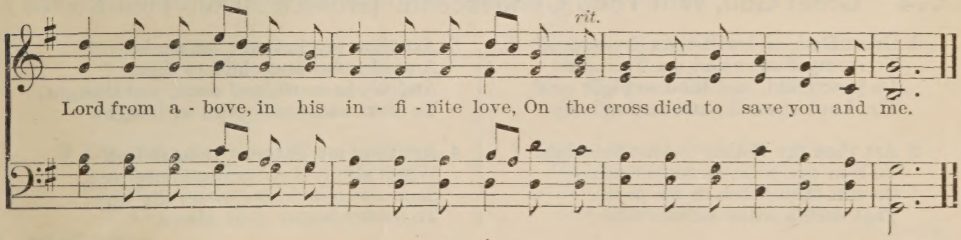




4 Lord, answer these questions of mine—
To whom shall I go but to thee?
And say, by thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

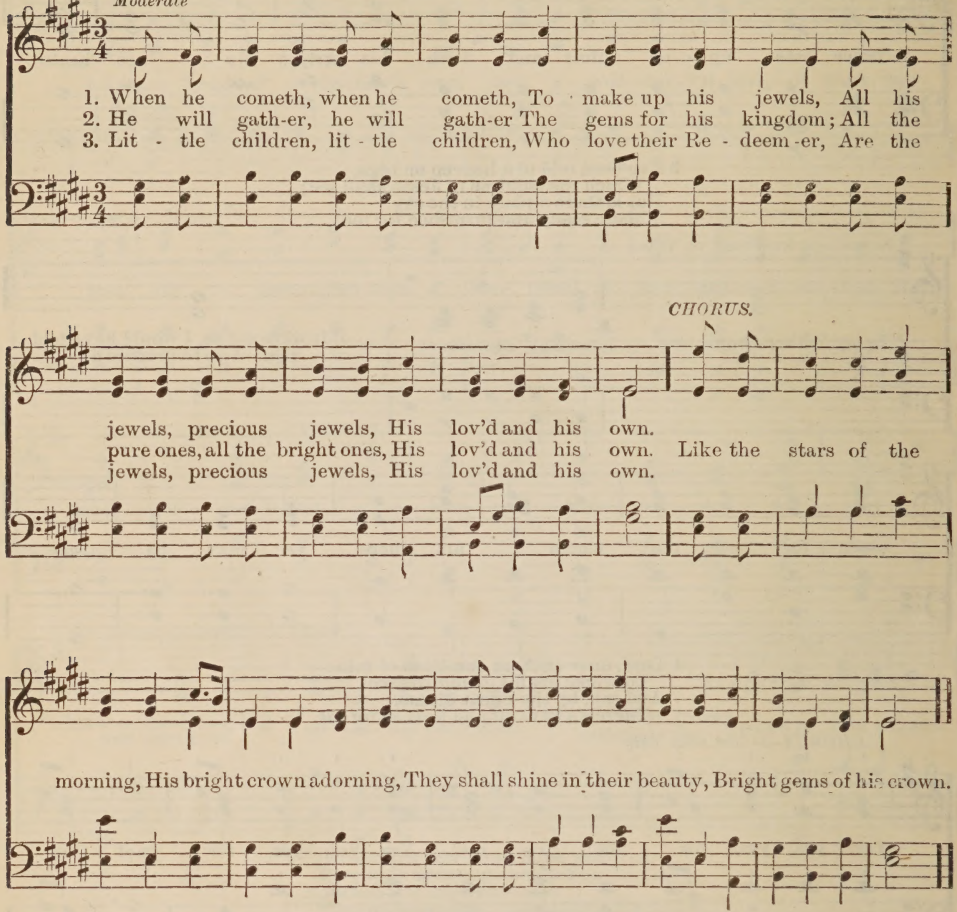
CHORUS—to last verse only.





273 When He Cometh, When He Cometh.

Words by W. O. Cushing.

Moderate

1. When he cometh, when he cometh, To make up his jewels, All his
2. He will gath-er, he will gath-er The gems for his kingdom; All the
3. Lit - tle children, lit - tle children, Who love their Re - deem-er, Are the
CHORUS.
jewels, precious jewels, His lov'd and his own.
pure ones, all the bright ones, His lov'd and his own. Like the stars of the
jewels, precious jewels, His lov'd and his own.
morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems of his crown.

274 Great God, Wilt Thou Condescend. (Hursley.–L.M.–Tune No. 157.)

1 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky?

2 Art thou my Father? canst thou bear
To hear my poor, imperfect prayer?
Or wilt thou listen to the praise
That such a little one can raise?

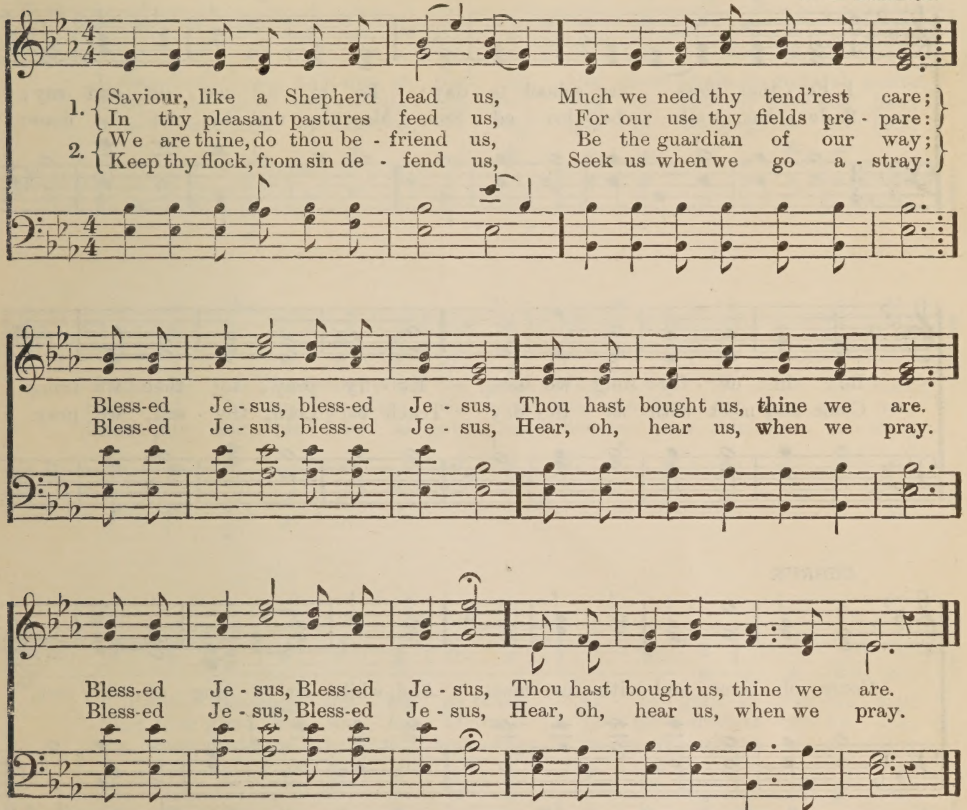
3 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and praise thee as I ought.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down and take me in thy love
To be thy better child above.

—*Jane Taylor*

275 Saviour, Like a Shepherd Lead Us. (8,7,8,7,4,7.)

W. B. BRADBURY.


1. Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, Much we need thy tend'rest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us, For our use thy fields pre - pare:
2. We are thine, do thou be - friend us, Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray:
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
Bless-ed Je - sus, Bless-ed Je - sus, Hear, oh, hear us, when we pray.

3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
‖: Blessed Jesus,
We will early turn to thee. :‖

4 Early let us seek thy favour,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
‖: Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still. :‖

—*D. A. Thrupp.*

276 Saviour, While My Heart is Tender. (CORNELL.–8s & 7s.–TUNE No. 166.)

1 Saviour, while my heart is tender,
I would yield that heart to thee;
All my powers to thee surrender,
Thine, and only thine, to be.

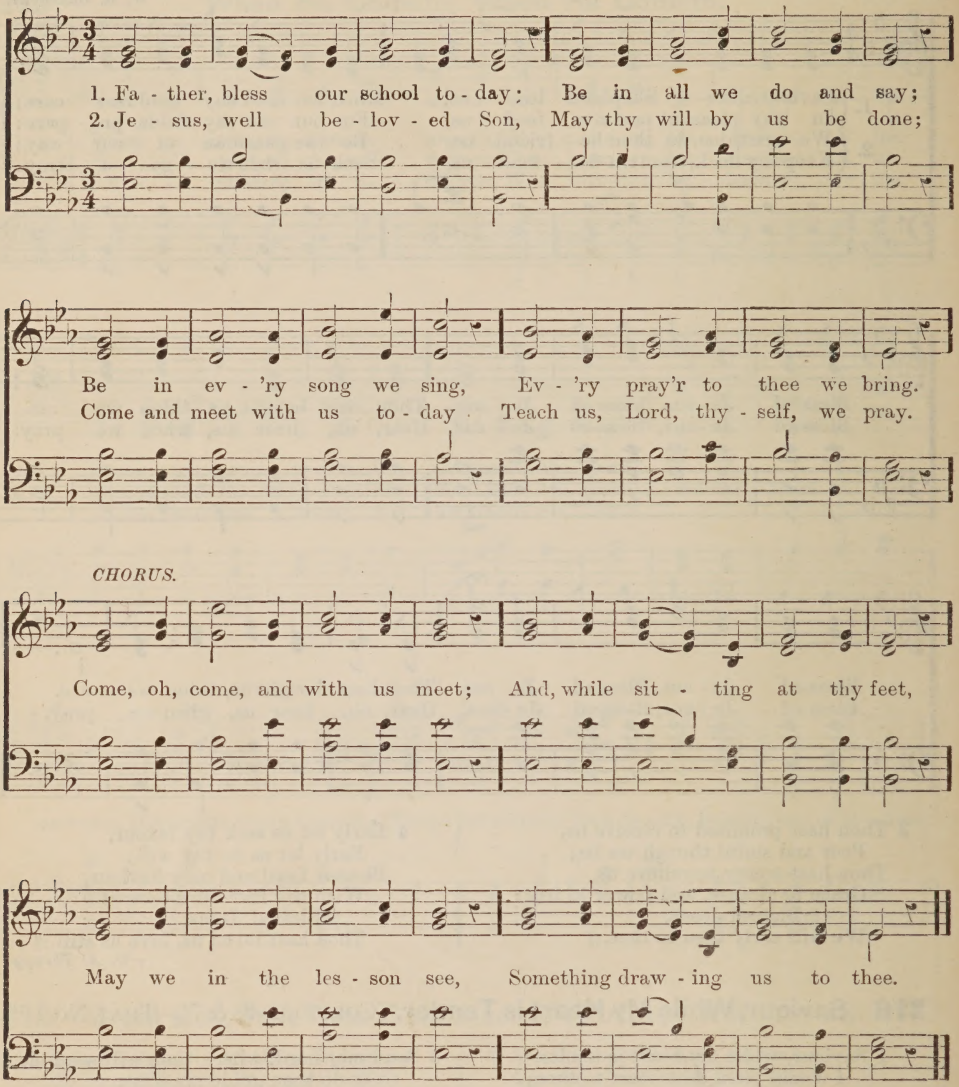
2 Take me now, Lord Jesus, take me,
Let my youthful heart be thine;
Thy devoted servant make me,
Fill my soul with love divine.

3 Send me, Lord, where thou wilt send me,
Only do thou guide my way;
May thy grace through life attend me,
Gladly then shall I obey.

4 Thine I am, O Lord, for ever,
To thy service set apart;
Suffer me to leave thee never;
Seal thine image on my heart.

—*J. Burton.*

277 Father, Bless Our School To-Day.

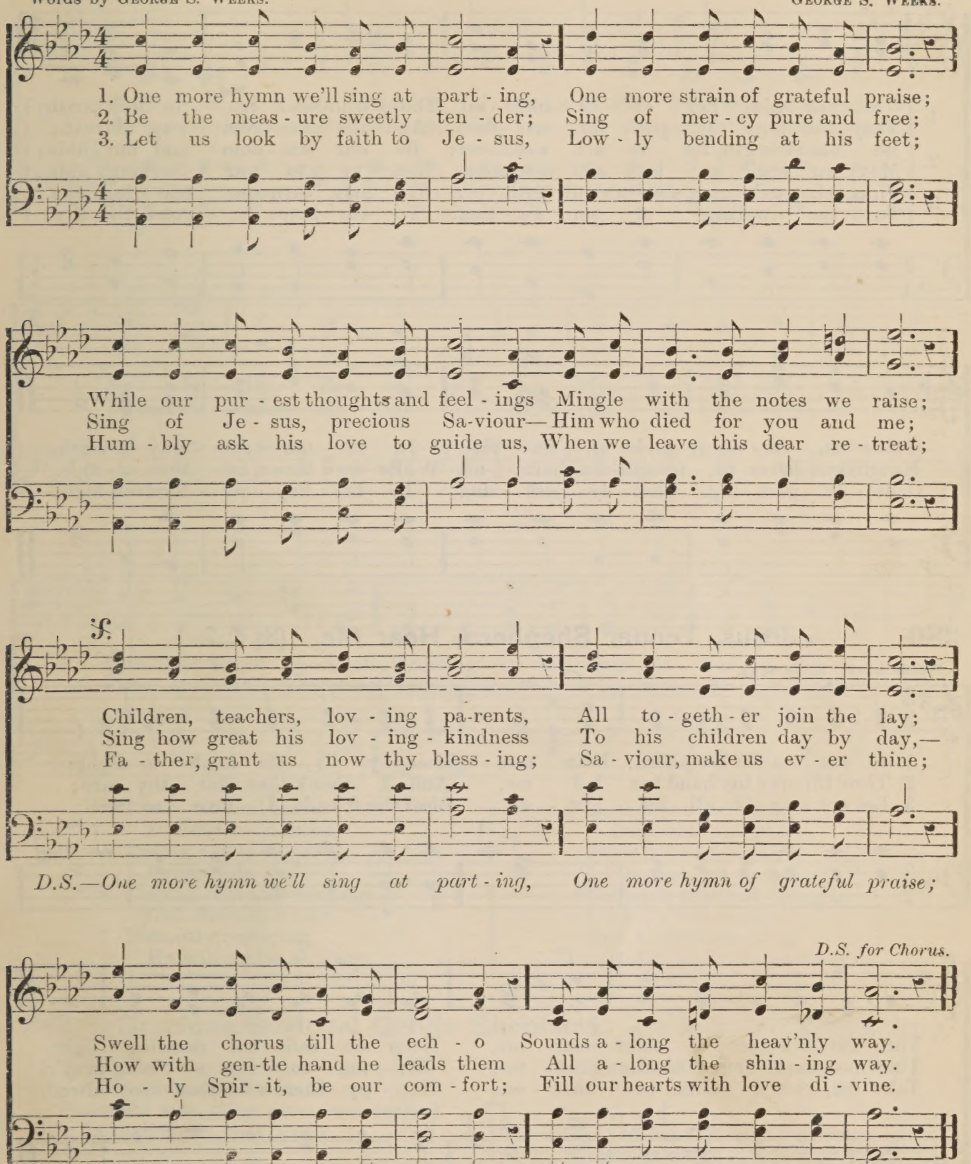
J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. Fa - ther, bless our school to - day; Be in all we do and say;
2. Je - sus, well be - lov - ed Son, May thy will by us be done;
Be in ev - 'ry song we sing, Ev - 'ry pray'r to thee we bring.
Come and meet with us to - day Teach us, Lord, thy - self, we pray.
CHORUS.
Come, oh, come, and with us meet; And, while sit - ting at thy feet,
May we in the les - son see, Something draw - ing us to thee.

3 Holy Spirit, mighty power,
Consecrate this Sabbath hour;
Unto us thine unction give;
Touch our souls that we may live.

4 Father, Holy Spirit, Son,
Sacred triune, Three in one,
Hear us, while once more we pray,
Bless our Sabbath school to-day.

—*Annie Cummings.*

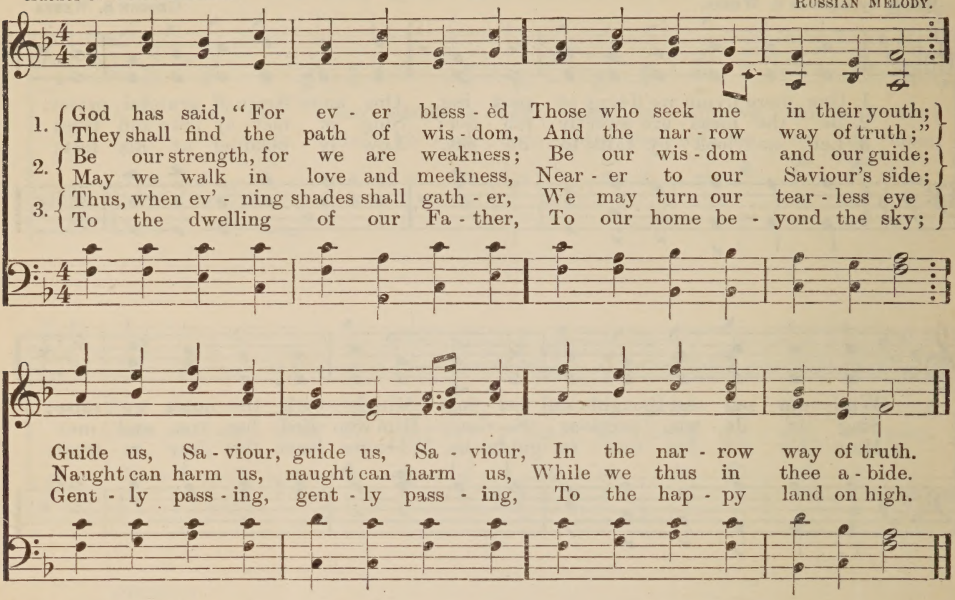
278 One More Hymn We'll Sing at Parting.

Words by GEORGE S. WEEKS. GEORGE S. WEEKS.

1. One more hymn we'll sing at part - ing, One more strain of grateful praise;
2. Be the meas - ure sweetly ten - der; Sing of mer - cy pure and free;
3. Let us look by faith to Je - sus, Low - ly bending at his feet;
While our pur - est thoughts and feel - ings Mingle with the notes we raise;
Sing of Je - sus, precious Sa-viour—Him who died for you and me;
Hum - bly ask his love to guide us, When we leave this dear re - treat;
Children, teachers, lov - ing pa-rents, All to - geth - er join the lay;
Sing how great his lov - ing - kindness To his children day by day,—
Fa - ther, grant us now thy bless - ing; Sa - viour, make us ev - er thine;
D.S.—One more hymn we'll sing at part - ing, One more hymn of grateful praise;
D.S. for Chorus.
Swell the chorus till the ech - o Sounds a - long the heav'nly way.
How with gen-tle hand he leads them All a - long the shin - ing way.
Ho - ly Spir - it, be our com - fort; Fill our hearts with love di - vine.
While our pur-est thoughts and feel - ings Mingle with the notes we raise.

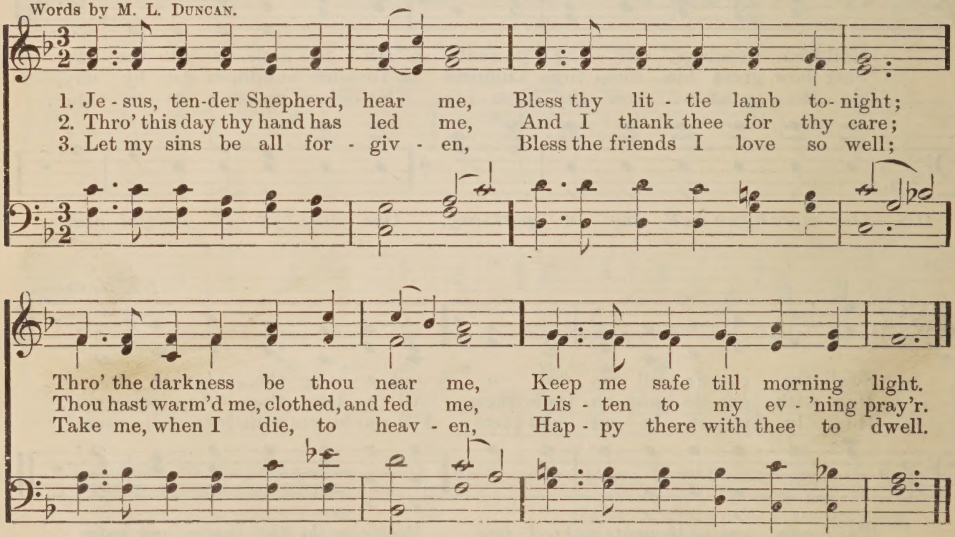
279 God has Said, "Forever Blessed." (Vesper Hymn. 8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Author of Words unknown.

Russian Melody.

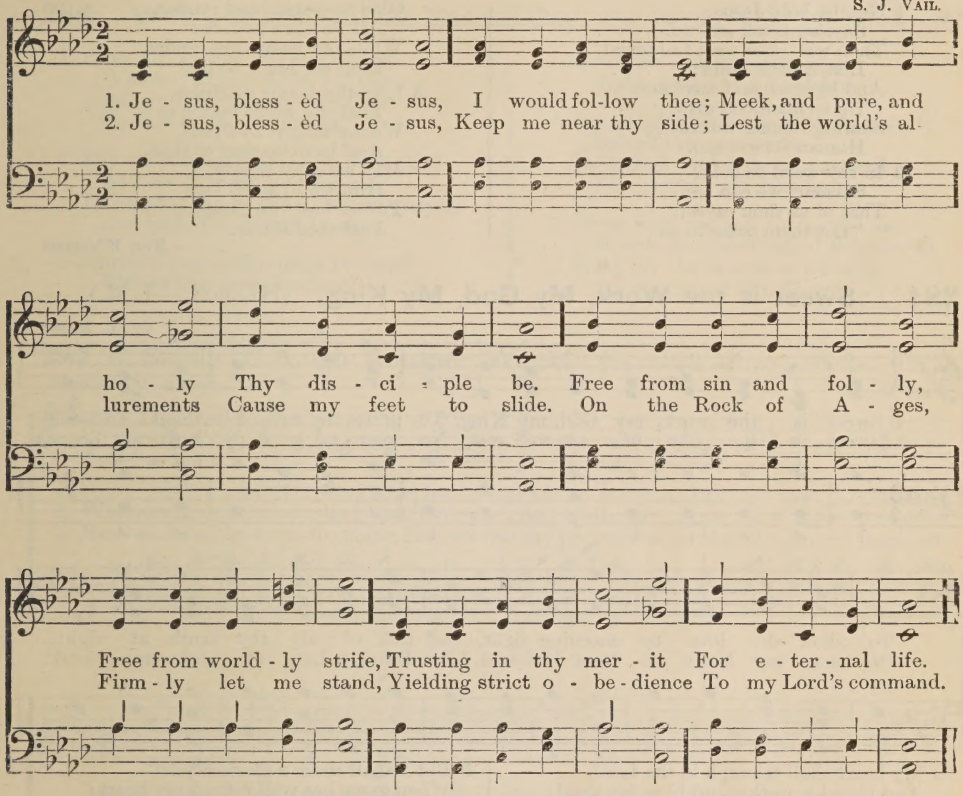

1. God has said, "For ev - er bless - èd Those who seek me in their youth;
They shall find the path of wis - dom, And the nar - row way of truth;"
2. Be our strength, for we are weakness; Be our wis - dom and our guide;
May we walk in love and meekness, Near - er to our Saviour's side;
3. Thus, when ev' - ning shades shall gath - er, We may turn our tear - less eye
To the dwelling of our Fa - ther, To our home be - yond the sky;
Guide us, Sa - viour, guide us, Sa - viour, In the nar - row way of truth.
Naught can harm us, naught can harm us, While we thus in thee a - bide.
Gent - ly pass - ing, gent - ly pass - ing, To the hap - py land on high.

280 Jesus, Tender Shepherd, Hear Me. (8s & 7s.)

Words by M. L. Duncan.

1. Je - sus, ten-der Shepherd, hear me, Bless thy lit - tle lamb to-night;
2. Thro' this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care;
3. Let my sins be all for - giv - en, Bless the friends I love so well;
Thro' the darkness be thou near me, Keep me safe till morning light.
Thou hast warm'd me, clothed, and fed me, Lis - ten to my ev - 'ning pray'r.
Take me, when I die, to heav - en, Hap - py there with thee to dwell.

281 Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

S. J. VAIL.


1. Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus, I would fol-low thee; Meek, and pure, and
2. Je - sus, bless - èd Je - sus, Keep me near thy side; Lest the world's al-
ho - ly Thy dis - ci - ple be. Free from sin and fol - ly,
lurements Cause my feet to slide. On the Rock of A - ges,
Free from world - ly strife, Trusting in thy mer - it For e - ter - nal life.
Firm - ly let me stand, Yielding strict o - be - dience To my Lord's command.

3 Purer yet and purer,
I would be in mind,
Dearer yet and dearer,
Every duty find;
Hoping still and trusting
God without a fear,
Patiently believing
He will make all clear.

4 Calmer yet and calmer,
Trial bear and pain,
Surer yet and surer,
Peace at last to gain;
Suffering still and doing,
To his will resigned,
And to God subduing
Heart, and will, and mind.

—*S. J. Vail.*

282 Gracious Saviour, Gentle Shepherd. (8s & 7s.—TUNE NO. 280.)

1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
Little ones are dear to thee;
Gathered with thine arms, and carried
In thy bosom, may we be.

2 Tender Shepherd, never leave us
From thy fold to go astray;
By thy look of love directed,
May we walk the narrow way.

3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
Which on earth thy children sing,
May we with thy saints in glory
Join to praise our Lord and King.

—*J. E. Leeson.*

283 Gentle, Holy Jesus. (TUNE No. 281.)

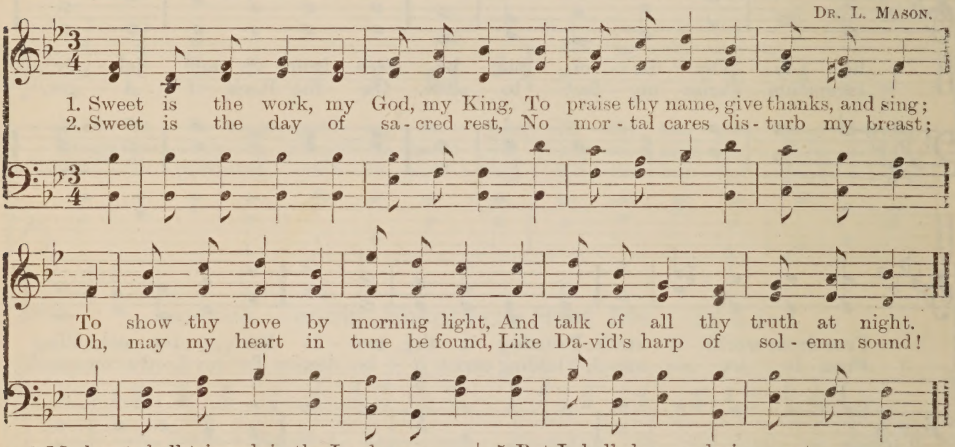
1 Gentle, holy Jesus,
Saviour meek and mild,
Thou who once wast fashioned
Like a little child;
And in grace and meekness
Up to manhood grew;
Sharing human weakness,
Human sorrow too.

2 In thy word so holy,
Saviour, we can see,
That of us thou sayest,
"Let them come to me."
Glad we come! and render
All we have to give:
While our hearts are tender,
Help us, Lord, to live

3 Like thy young disciples,
That the world may see
We are taught by Jesus,
And have learned of thee.
May we copy closely
Him we so much love,
Till we bear his likeness,
Perfected above.

—*Mrs. Whitefield.*

284 Sweet is the Work, My God, My King. (HEBRON.—L.M.)


DR. L. MASON.
1. Sweet is the work, my God, my King, To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
2. Sweet is the day of sa-cred rest, No mor-tal cares dis-turb my breast;
To show thy love by morning light, And talk of all thy truth at night.
Oh, may my heart in tune be found, Like Da-vid's harp of sol-emn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels, how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
Dooms them to everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
When grace has well refined my heart;
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.

6 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired and wished below;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

—*Isaac Watts.*

285 Lord of the Sabbath, Hear Our Vows. (ST. ALBAN.–L.M.–TUNE No. 99.)

1 Lord of the Sabbath, hear our vows,
On this thy day, in this thy house;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy servants rise.

2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire,
With ardent hope, and strong desire.

3 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs,
Which warble from immortal tongues.

4 No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

5 Oh, long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin;
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

—*Dr. Doddridge.*

286 With Joy We Hail the Sacred Day. (St. Peter.–C.M.–Tune No. 261.)

1 With joy we hail the sacred day
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at his throne.

2 Thy chosen temples, Lord, how fair!
As here thy servants throng
To breathe the humble, fervent prayer,
And pour the grateful song.

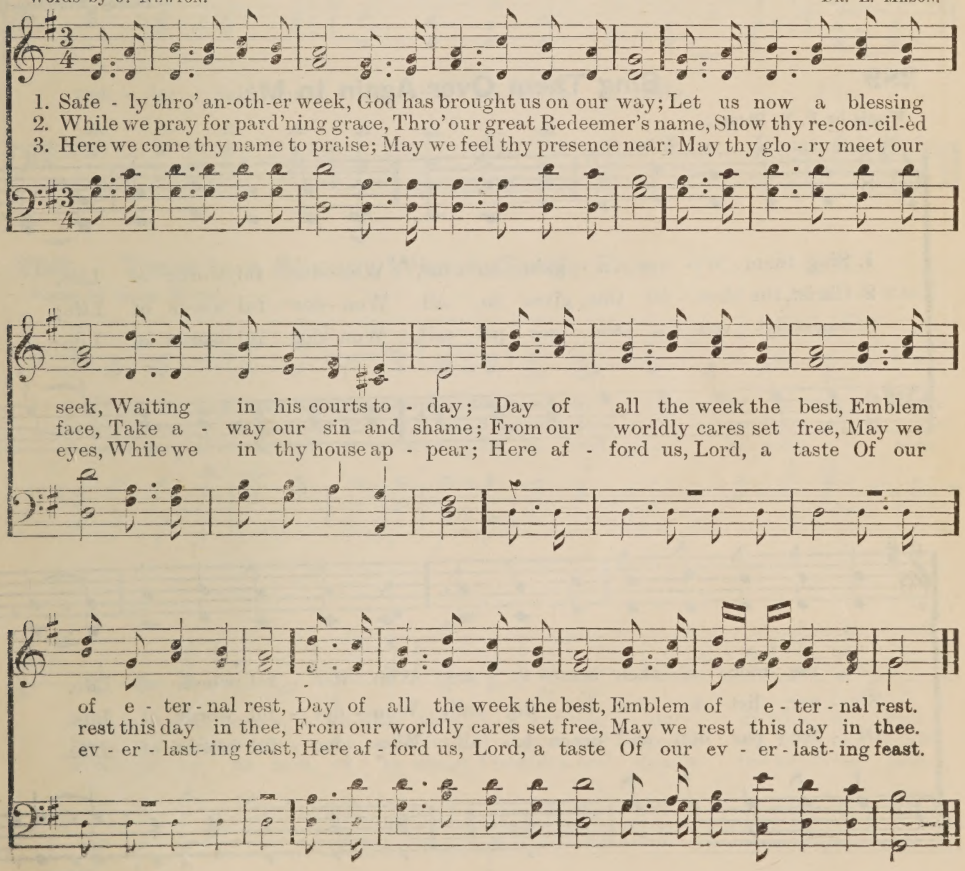
3 Spirit of grace, oh, deign to dwell
Within thy church below!
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

4 Let peace within her walls be found;
Let all her sons unite
To spread with holy zeal around
Thy gospel's glorious light.

5 Great God, we hail the sacred day
Which thou hast called thine own!
With joy the summons we obey
To worship at thy throne.

—*Harriet Auber.*

287 Safely Through Another Week. (Sabbath Morn.—6–7s.)

Words by J. Newton. Dr. L. Mason.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' our great Redeemer's name, Show thy re-con-cil-èd
3. Here we come thy name to praise; May we feel thy presence near; May thy glo - ry meet our
seek, Waiting in his courts to - day; Day of all the week the best, Emblem
face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free, May we
eyes, While we in thy house ap - pear; Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our
of e - ter - nal rest, Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
rest this day in thee, From our worldly cares set free, May we rest this day in thee.
ev - er - last- ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last- ing feast.

288 Oh, Day of Rest and Gladness. (AURELIA.—7s & 6s.—TUNE No. 27.)

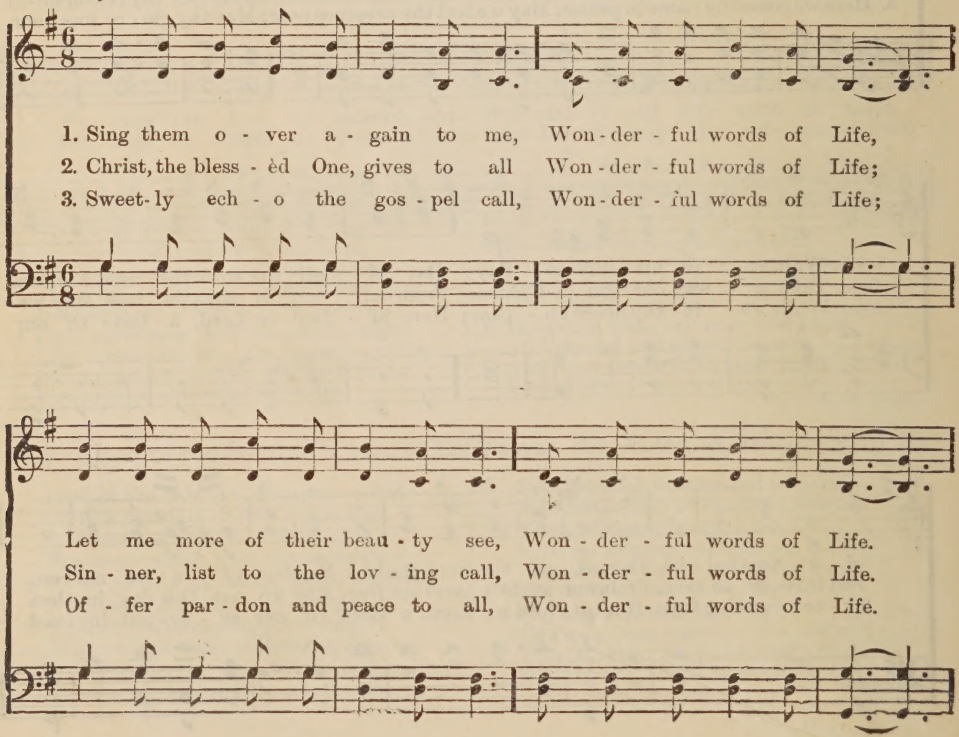
1 Oh, day of rest and gladness,
Oh, day of joy and light,
Oh, balm of care and sadness,
Most beautiful, most bright;
On thee the high and lowly
Before the eternal throne
Sing Holy, Holy, Holy,
To the great Three in One.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth;
On thee our Lord victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee most glorious
A triple light was given.

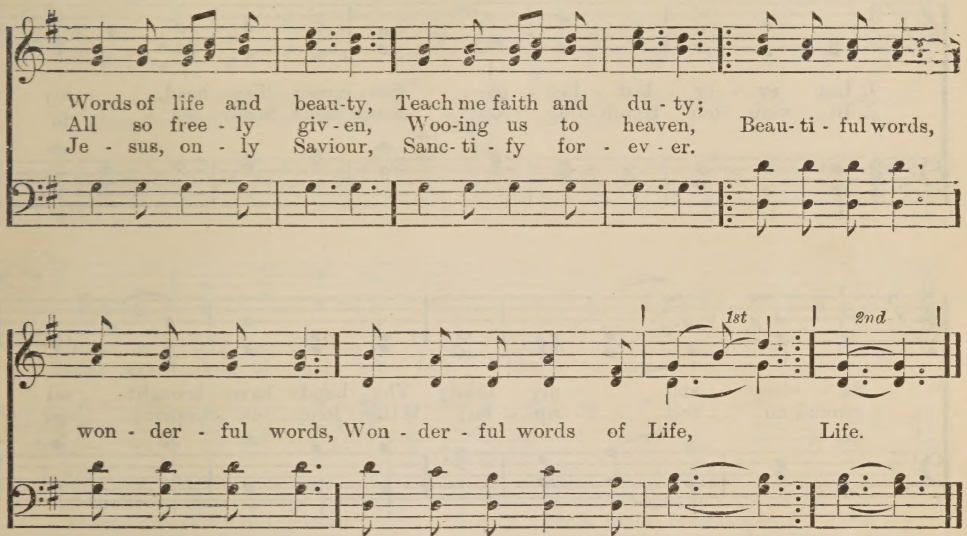
3 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The Church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

—*Bishop Wordsworth.*

289 Sing Them Over Again to Me.

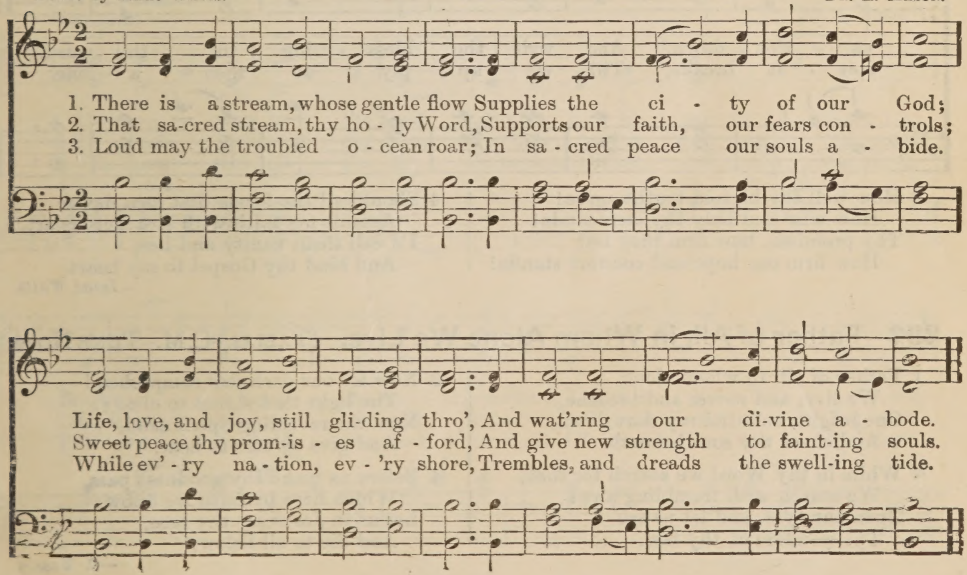
Words by P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life,
2. Christ, the bless - èd One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life.

Sing Them Over Again to Me—*Concluded.*

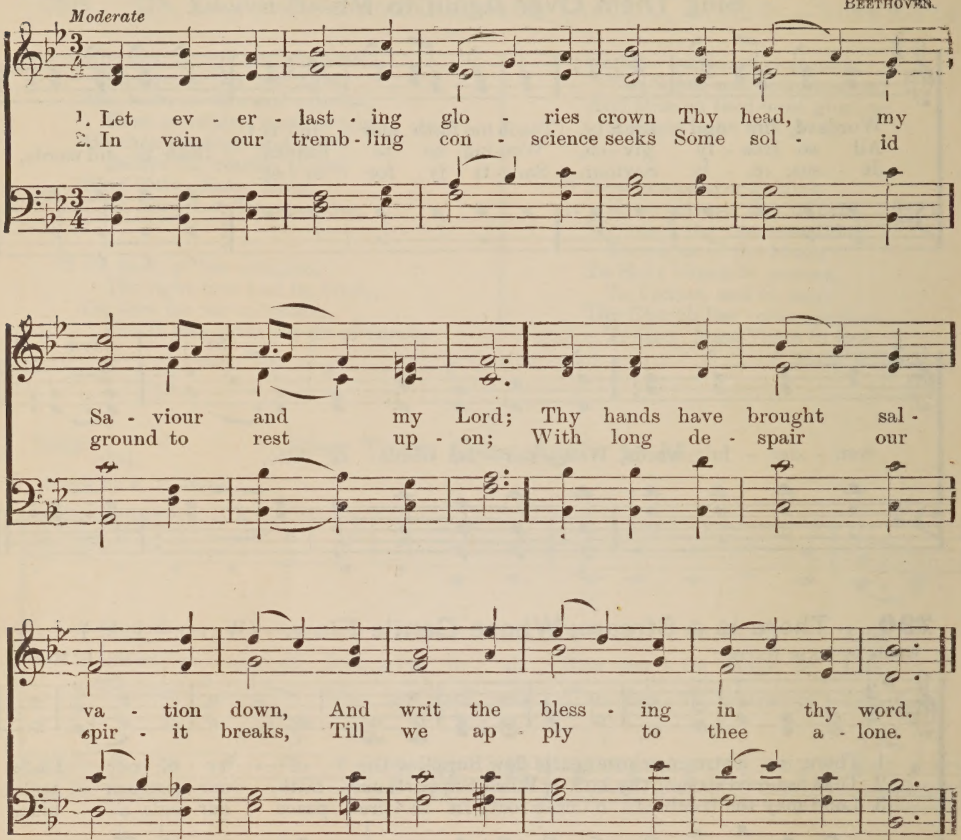

Words of life and beau-ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo-ing us to heaven, Beau - ti - ful words,
Je - sus, on - ly Saviour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.
won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life, Life.
1st
2nd

290 There is a Stream, Whose Gentle Flow. (WARD.—L.M.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS. DR. L. MASON.


1. There is a stream, whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our God;
2. That sa-cred stream, thy ho - ly Word, Supports our faith, our fears con - trols;
3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide.
Life, love, and joy, still gli-ding thro', And wat'ring our di-vine a - bode.
Sweet peace thy prom-is - es af - ford, And give new strength to faint-ing souls.
While ev' - ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swell-ing tide.

291 Let Everlasting Glories Crown. (GERMANY.—L.M.)

BEETHOVEN.

Moderate
1. Let ev - er - last - ing glo - ries crown Thy head, my
2. In vain our tremb - ling con - science seeks Some sol - id
Sa - viour and my Lord; Thy hands have brought sal -
ground to rest up - on; With long de - spair our
va - tion down, And writ the bless - ing in thy word.
spir - it breaks, Till we ap - ply to thee a - lone.

3 How well thy blessèd truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how firm they be!
How firm our hope and comfort stands!

4 Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind thy Gospel to my heart.

—*Isaac Watts.*

292 Father of All, in Whom Alone We Live. (TALLIS.–C.M.–TUNE NO. 4.)

1 Father of all, in whom alone
We live, and move, and breathe,
One bright, celestial ray dart down,
And cheer thy sons beneath.

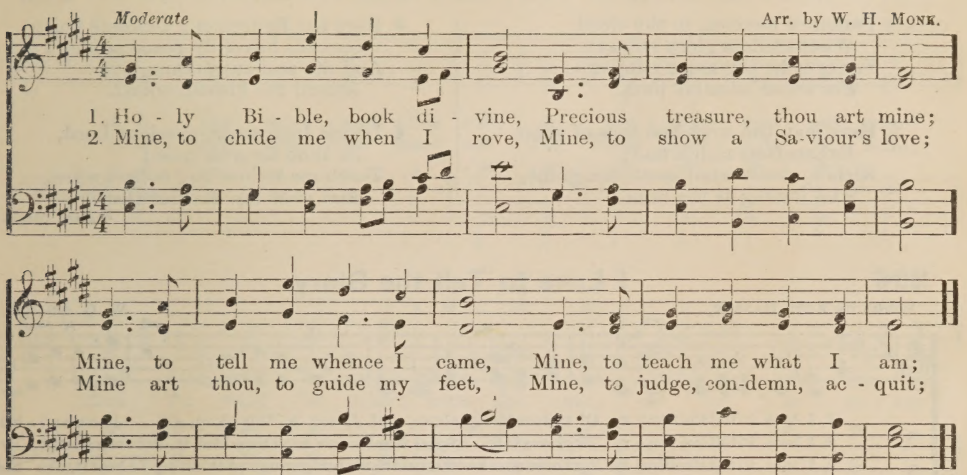
2 While in thy Word we search for thee,
We search with trembling awe!
Open our eyes, and let us see
The wonders of thy law.

3 Now let our darkness comprehend
The light that shines so clear;
Now the revealing Spirit send,
And give us ears to hear.

4 Before us make thy goodness pass,
Which here by faith we know:
Let us in Jesus see thy face,
And die to all below.

—*C. Wesley.*

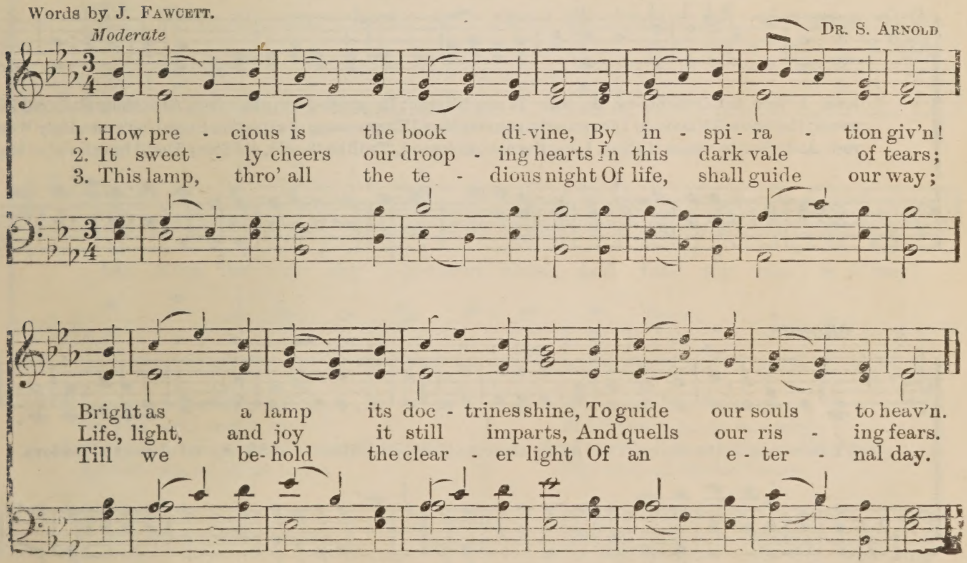
293 Holy Bible, Book Divine. (INNOCENTS.—4–7s.)


Moderate
Arr. by W. H. MONK.
1. Ho - ly Bi - ble, book di - vine, Precious treasure, thou art mine;
2. Mine, to chide me when I rove, Mine, to show a Sa-viour's love;
Mine, to tell me whence I came, Mine, to teach me what I am;
Mine art thou, to guide my feet, Mine, to judge, con-demn, ac - quit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death;

4 Mine, to tell of joys to come,
And the rebel sinner's doom;
Holy Bible, book divine,
Precious treasure, thou art mine.
—*J. Burton.*

294 How Precious is the Book Divine. (ARNOLD.—C.M.)


Words by J. FAWCETT.
Moderate
DR. S. ARNOLD
1. How pre - cious is the book di-vine, By in - spi - ra - tion giv'n!
2. It sweet - ly cheers our droop - ing hearts In this dark vale of tears;
3. This lamp, thro' all the te - dious night Of life, shall guide our way;
Bright as a lamp its doc - trines shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.
Life, light, and joy it still imparts, And quells our ris - ing fears.
Till we be-hold the clear - er light Of an e - ter - nal day.

295 Father of Mercies. (St. Agnes, Durham.—C.M.—Tune No. 134.)

1 Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

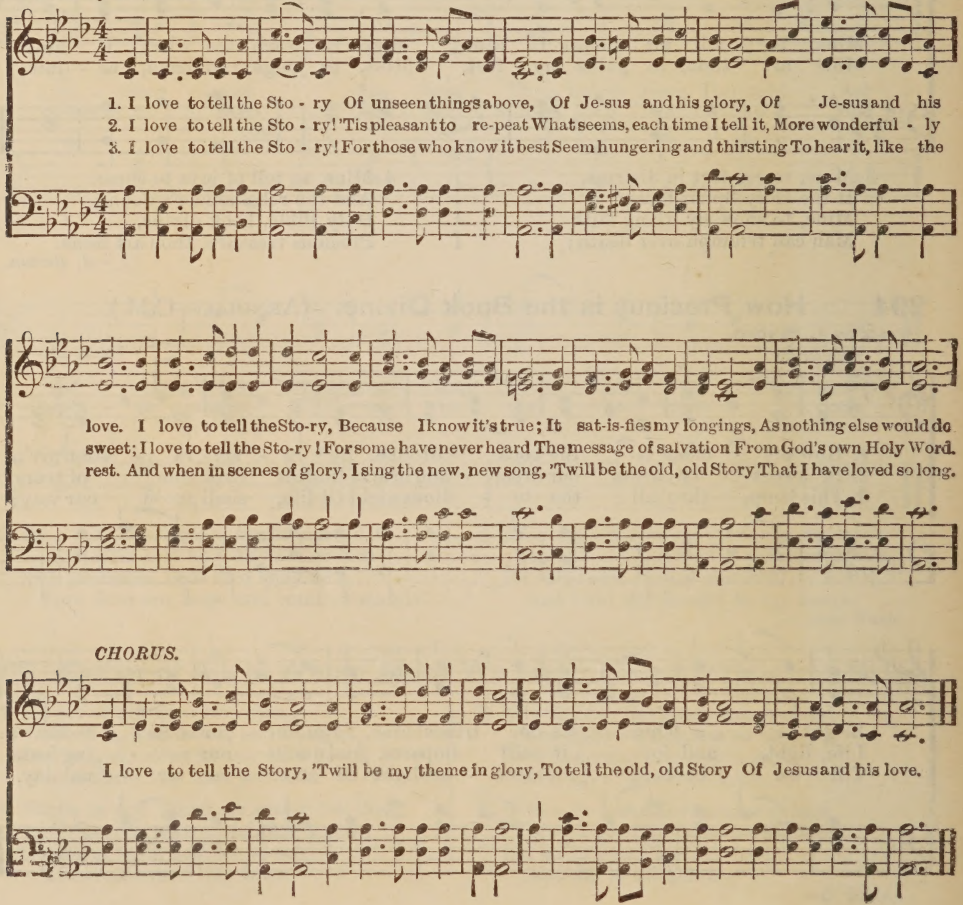
3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

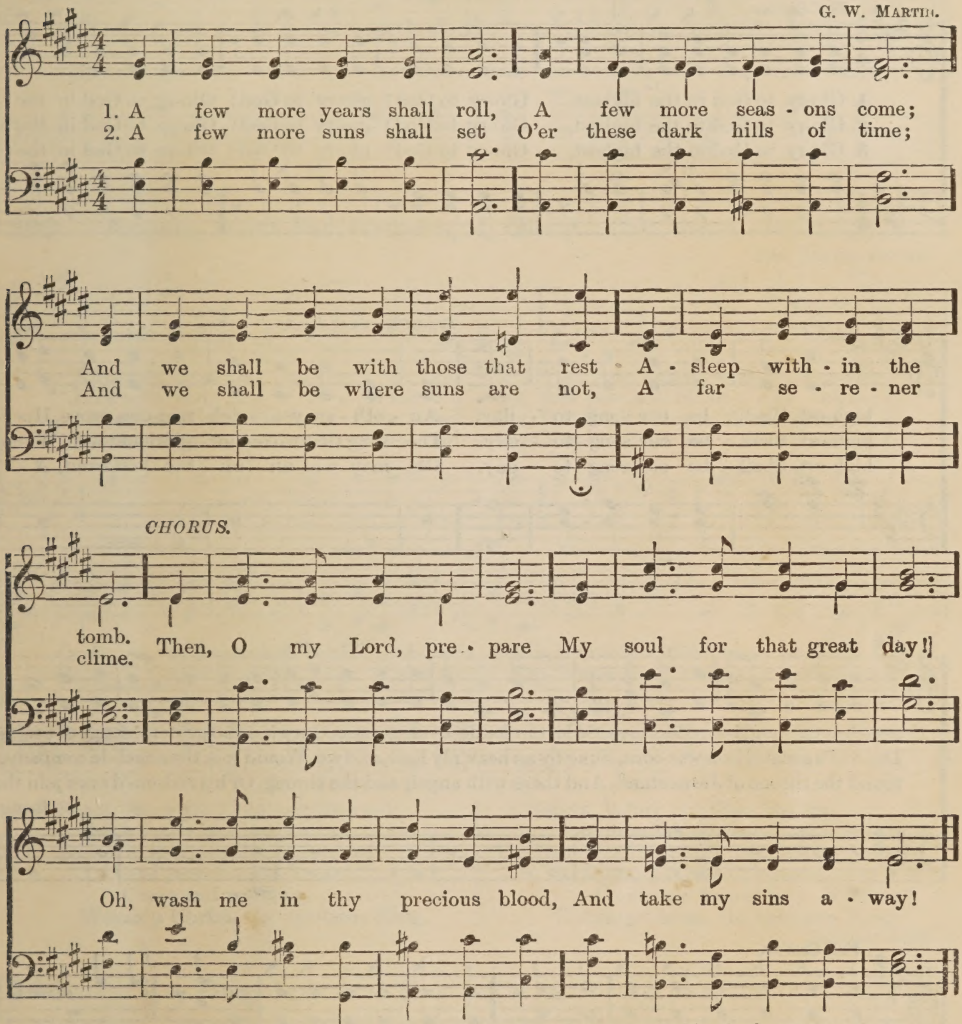
—*Miss Steele.*

296 I Love to Tell the Story.

Words by Kate Hankey. W. G. Fischer.


1. I love to tell the Sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je-sus and his glory, Of Je-sus and his
2. I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Tis pleasant to re-peat What seems, each time I tell it, More wonderful - ly
3. I love to tell the Sto - ry! For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting To hear it, like the
love. I love to tell the Sto-ry, Because I know it's true; It sat-is-fies my longings, As nothing else would do
sweet; I love to tell the Sto-ry! For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own Holy Word.
rest. And when in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old Story That I have loved so long.
CHORUS.
I love to tell the Story, 'Twill be my theme in glory, To tell the old, old Story Of Jesus and his love.

297 A Few More Years Shall Roll. (LEOMINSTER.—S.M.)

G. W. MARTIN.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seas - ons come;
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time;
And we shall be with those that rest A - sleep with - in the
And we shall be where suns are not, A far se - re - ner
CHORUS.
tomb.
clime. Then, O my Lord, pre - pare My soul for that great day!
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins a - way!

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore;
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.

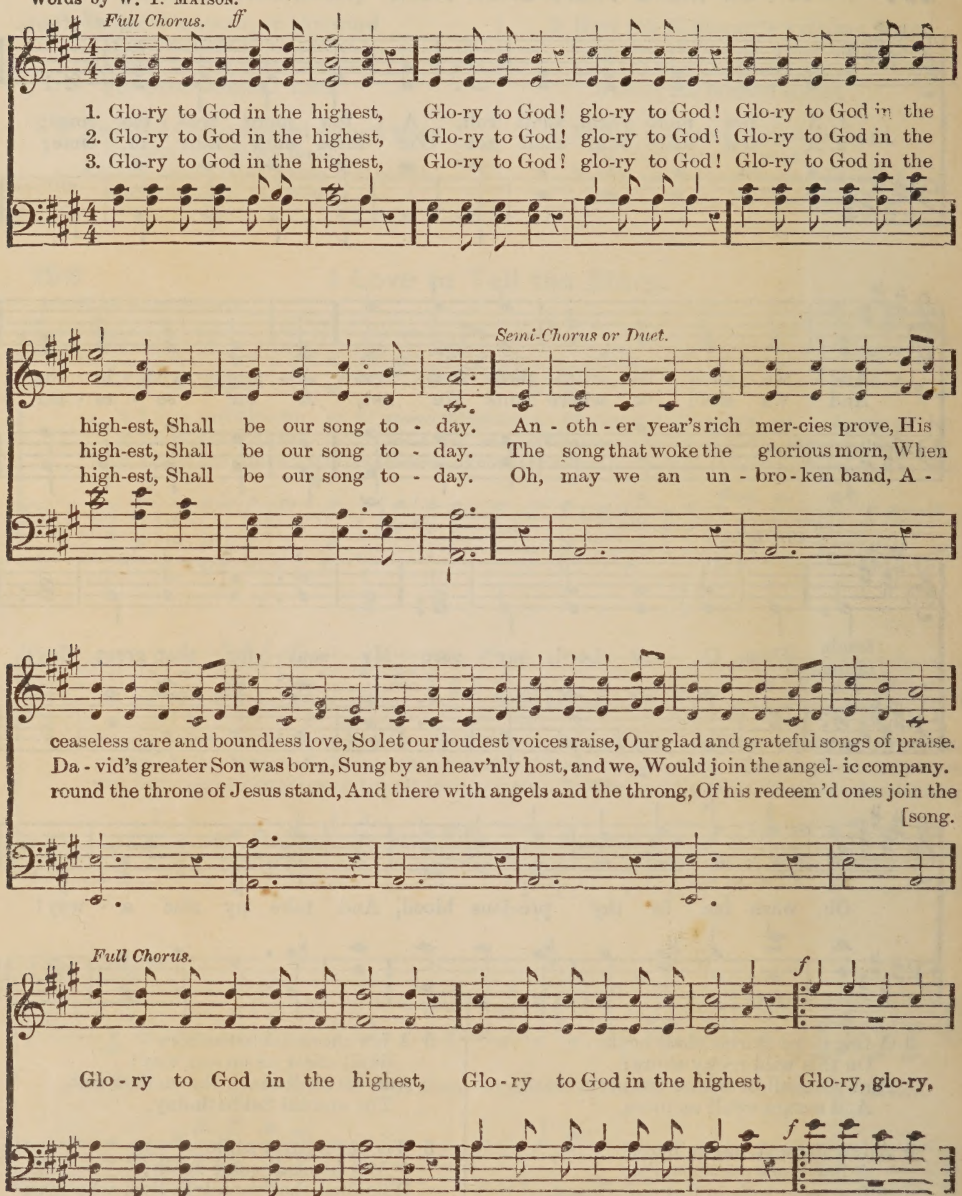
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

5 A few more Sabbaths here
Shall cheer us on our way;
And we shall reach the endless rest,
The eternal Sabbath-day.

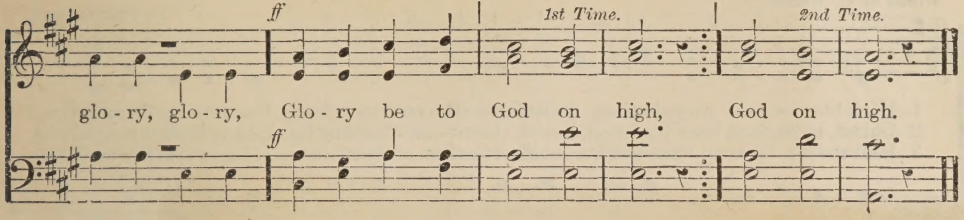
6 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again;
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign.

—*H. Bonar.*

298 Glory to God in the Highest.

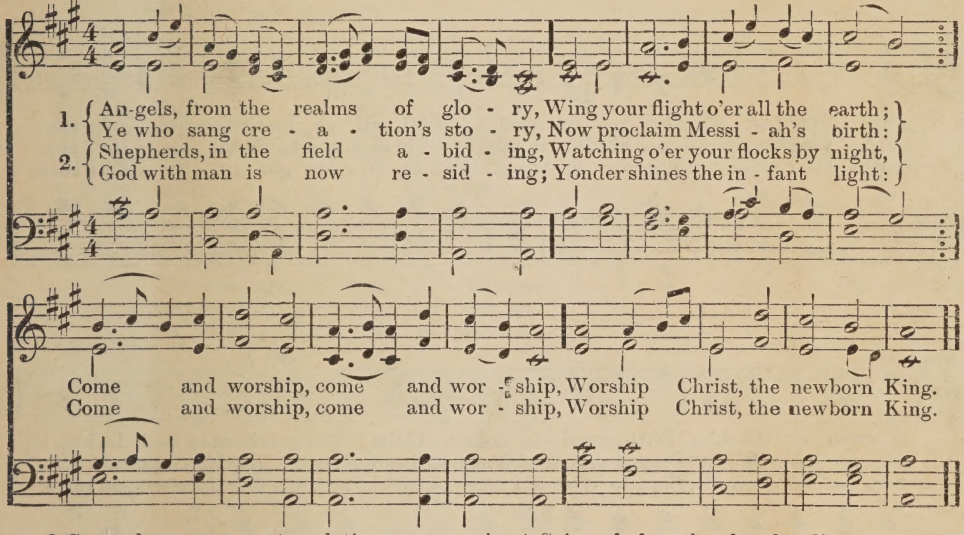
Words by W. T. MATSON.

Full Chorus. ff
1. Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the
2. Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the
3. Glo-ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry to God! glo-ry to God! Glo-ry to God in the
Semi-Chorus or Duet.
high-est, Shall be our song to - day. An - oth - er year's rich mer-cies prove, His
high-est, Shall be our song to - day. The song that woke the glorious morn, When
high-est, Shall be our song to - day. Oh, may we an un - bro - ken band, A -
ceaseless care and boundless love, So let our loudest voices raise, Our glad and grateful songs of praise.
Da - vid's greater Son was born, Sung by an heav'nly host, and we, Would join the angel- ic company.
round the throne of Jesus stand, And there with angels and the throng, Of his redeem'd ones join the
[song.
Full Chorus.
f
Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo - ry to God in the highest, Glo-ry, glo-ry,
f

Glory to God in the Highest—*Concluded.*



299 Angels, from the Realms of Glory. (Helmsley.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Rev. Thomas Oliver.


1. An-gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now proclaim Messi - ah's birth:
2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now re - sid - ing; Yonder shines the in - fant light:
Come and worship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the newborn King.
Come and worship, come and wor - ship, Worship Christ, the newborn King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations;
Ye have seen his natal star:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

4 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship,
Worship Christ, the newborn King.

—*Montgomery.*

300 Brightest and Best. (11s & 10s.—Tune No. 79.)

1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

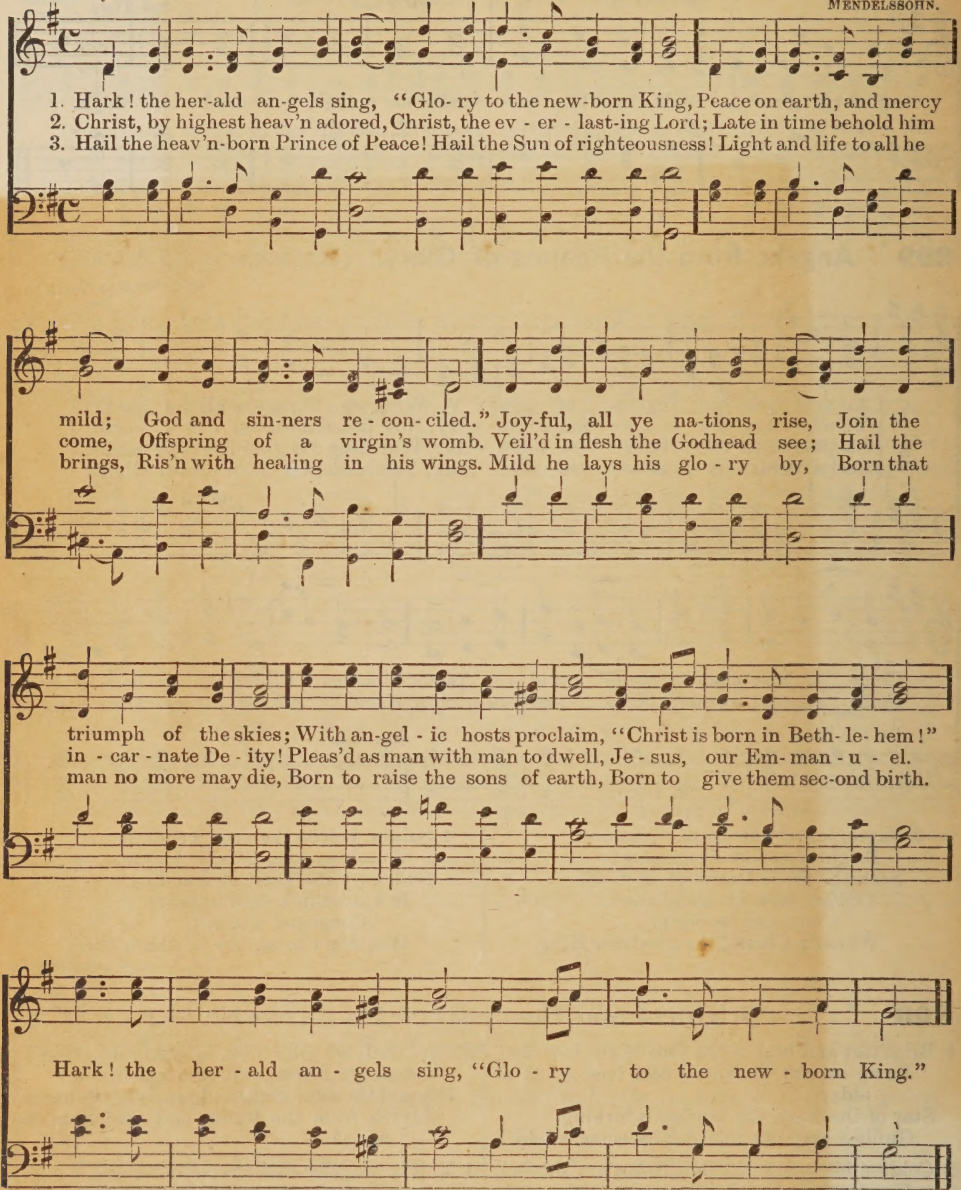
3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

—*Bishop Heber.*

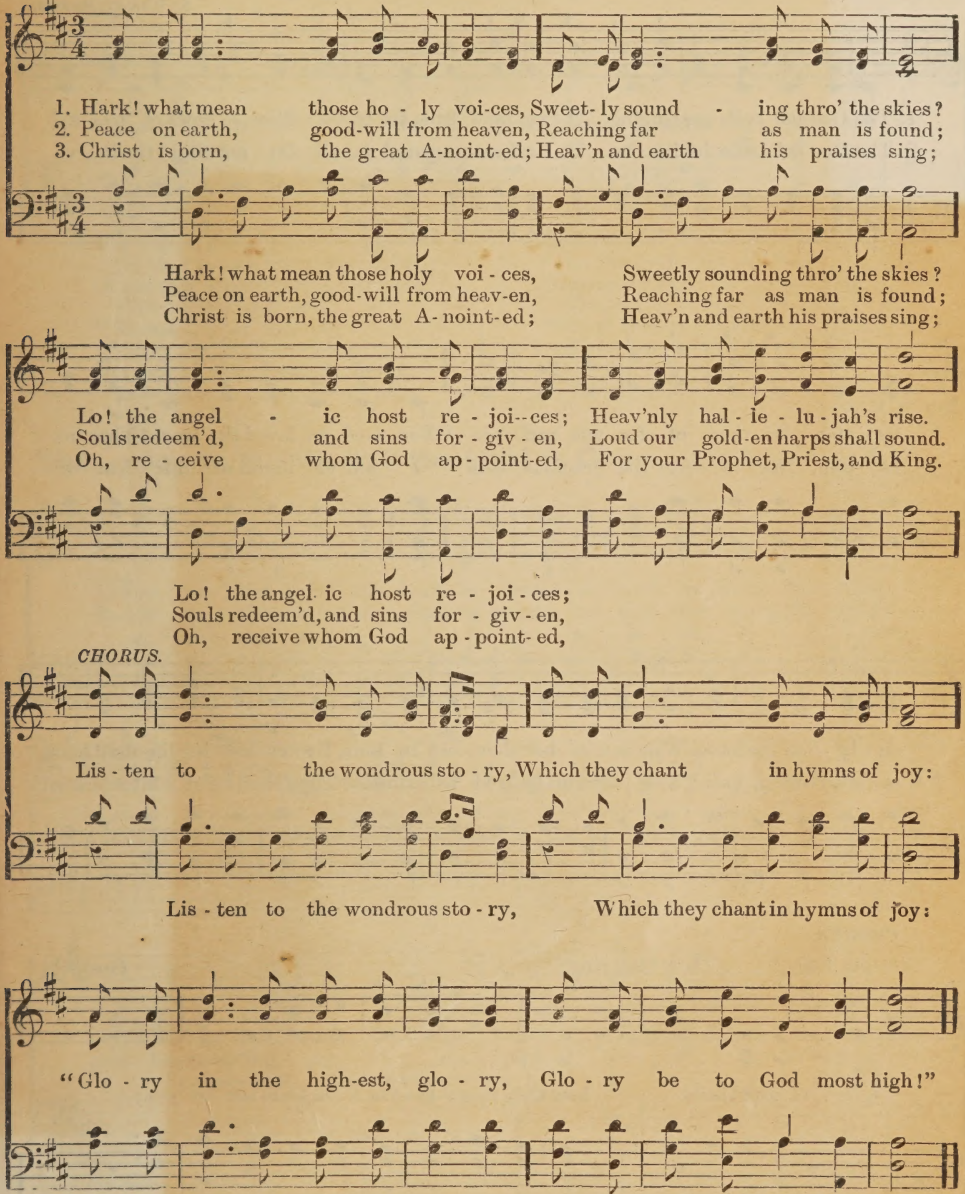
301 Hark! the Herald Angels Sing. (MENDELSSOHN.—7s.)

Words by C. WESLEY.

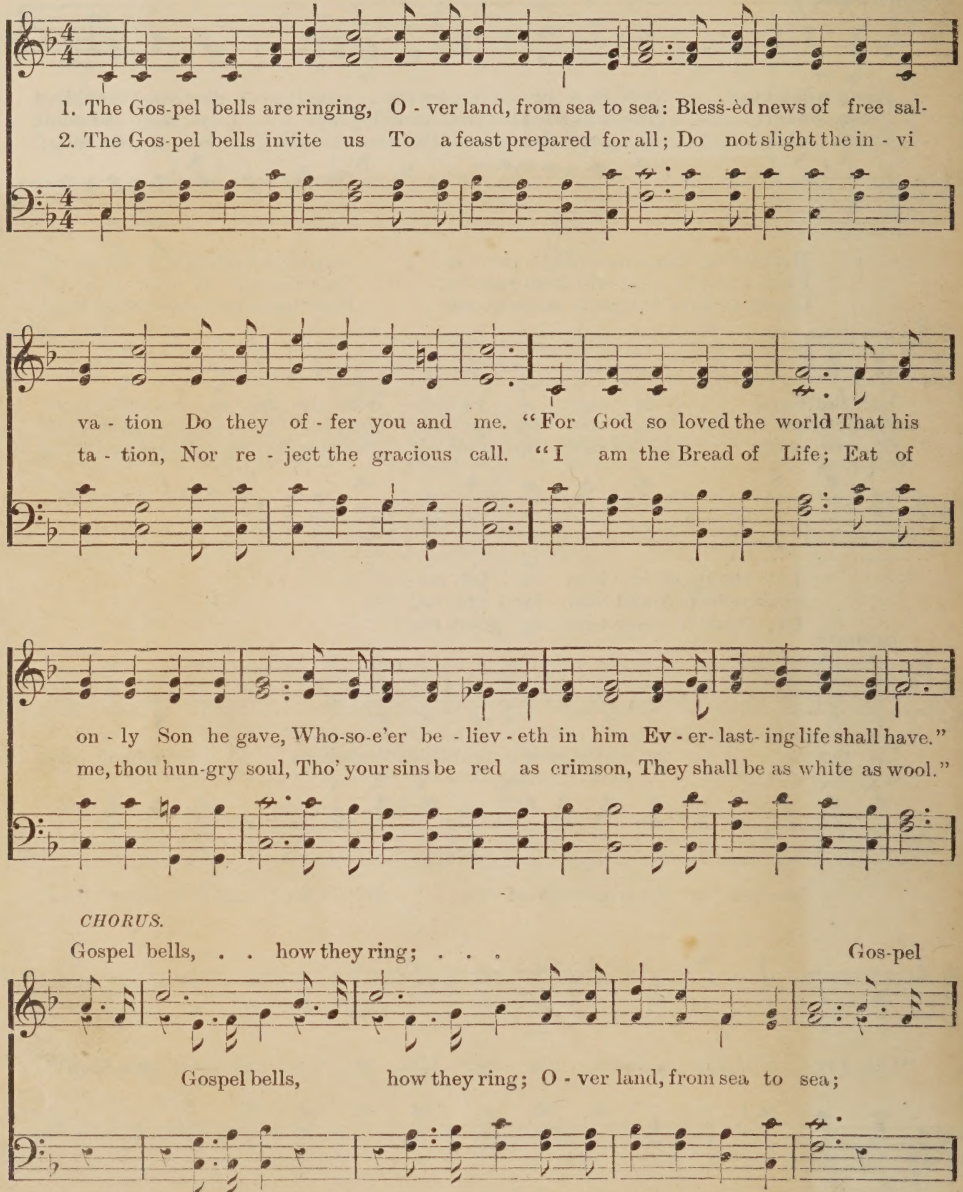
MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, "Glo- ry to the new-born King, Peace on earth, and mercy
2. Christ, by highest heav'n adored, Christ, the ev - er - last-ing Lord; Late in time behold him
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to all he
mild; God and sin-ners re - con- ciled." Joy-ful, all ye na-tions, rise, Join the
come, Offspring of a virgin's womb. Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see; Hail the
brings, Ris'n with healing in his wings. Mild he lays his glo - ry by, Born that
triumph of the skies; With an-gel - ic hosts proclaim, "Christ is born in Beth- le- hem!"
in - car - nate De - ity! Pleas'd as man with man to dwell, Je - sus, our Em- man - u - el.
man no more may die, Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec-ond birth.
Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, "Glo - ry to the new - born King."

302 Hark! What Mean Those Holy Voices? (8s & 7s.)

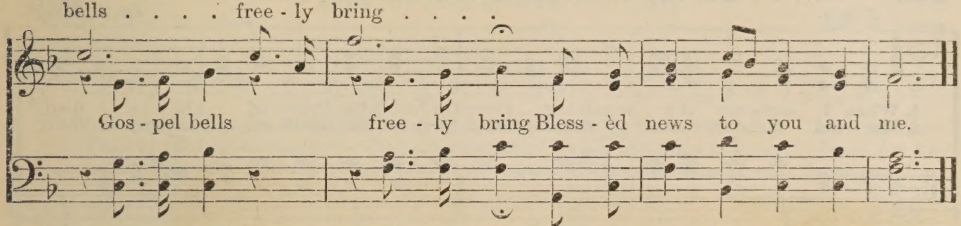
Words by J. Cawood.


1. Hark! what mean those ho - ly voi-ces, Sweet- ly sound - ing thro' the skies?
2. Peace on earth, good-will from heaven, Reaching far as man is found;
3. Christ is born, the great A-noint-ed; Heav'n and earth his praises sing;
Hark! what mean those holy voi - ces, Sweetly sounding thro' the skies?
Peace on earth, good-will from heav-en, Reaching far as man is found;
Christ is born, the great A - noint-ed; Heav'n and earth his praises sing;
Lo! the angel - ic host re - joi--ces; Heav'nly hal - le - lu - jah's rise.
Souls redeem'd, and sins for - giv - en, Loud our gold-en harps shall sound.
Oh, re - ceive whom God ap - point-ed, For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
Lo! the angel ic host re - joi - ces;
Souls redeem'd, and sins for - giv - en,
Oh, receive whom God ap - point- ed,
CHORUS.
Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry, Which they chant in hymns of joy:
"Glo - ry in the high-est, glo - ry, Glo - ry be to God most high!"

303 The Gospel Bells are Ringing.

S. Wesley Martin.

1. The Gos-pel bells are ringing, O - ver land, from sea to sea: Bless-èd news of free sal-
2. The Gos-pel bells invite us To a feast prepared for all; Do not slight the in - vi
va - tion Do they of - fer you and me. "For God so loved the world That his
ta - tion, Nor re - ject the gracious call. "I am the Bread of Life; Eat of
on - ly Son he gave, Who-so-e'er be - liev - eth in him Ev - er- last- ing life shall have."
me, thou hun-gry soul, Tho' your sins be red as crimson, They shall be as white as wool."
CHORUS.
Gospel bells, . . how they ring; . . . Gos-pel
Gospel bells, how they ring; O - ver land, from sea to sea;

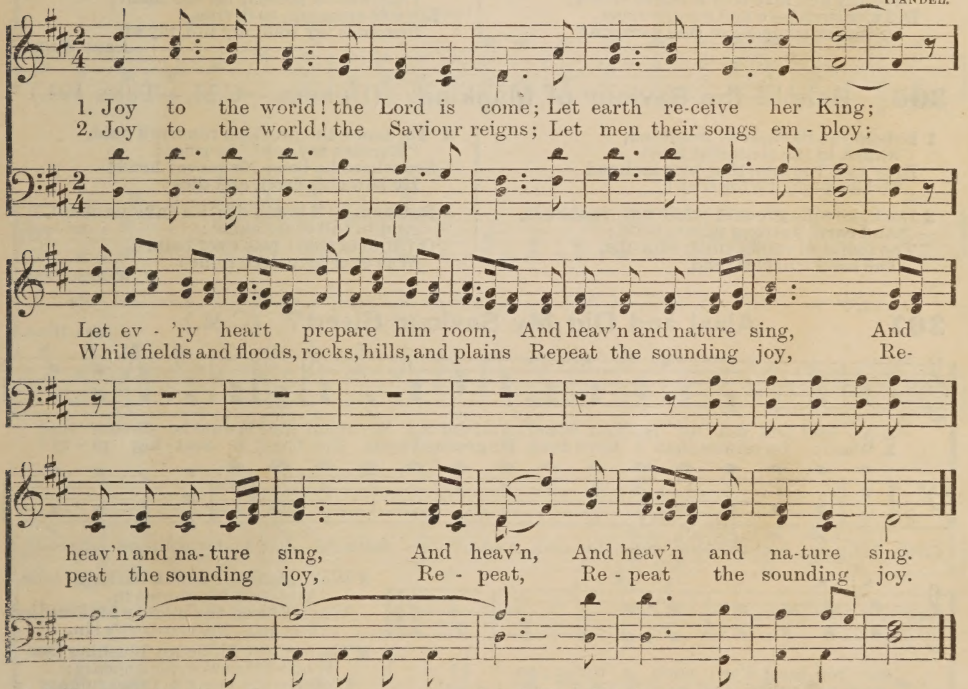
The Gospel Bells are Ringing—*Concluded.*



3 The Gospel bells give warning,
As they sound from day to day,
Of the fate which doth await them
Who forever will delay.
"Escape ye, for thy life;
Tarry not in all the plain,
Nor behind thee look, oh, never,
Lest thou be consumed in pain."

4 The Gospel bells are joyful,
As they echo far and wide,
Bearing notes of perfect pardon,
Through a Saviour crucified.
"Good tidings of great joy
To all people do I bring,
Unto you is born a Saviour,
Which is Christ the Lord" and King.
—*J. H. Martin.*

304 Joy to the World! the Lord is Come. (ANTIOCH.—C.M.)

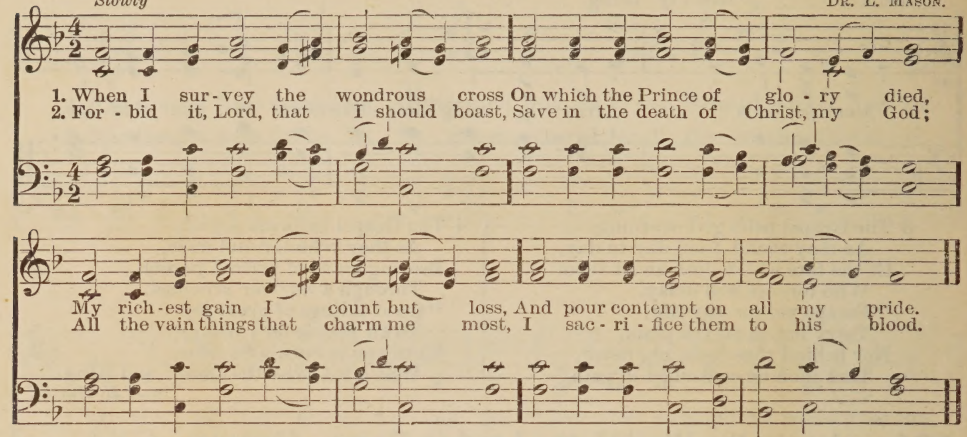
HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King;
2. Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns; Let men their songs em - ploy;
Let ev - 'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
heav'n and na-ture sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and na-ture sing.
peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, Re - peat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love. —*Isaac Watts*

305 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross. (HAMBURG.—L.M.)

Slowly DR. L. MASON.


1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri-fice them to his blood.

p 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown!

f 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

—*Isaac Watts.*

306 Behold the Saviour of Mankind. (DUNDEE.—C.M.—TUNE 104.)

1 Behold the Saviour of mankind,
Nailed to the shameful tree!
How vast the love that him inclined
To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark, how he groans! while nature shakes,
And earth's strong pillars bend;
The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
The solid marbles rend.

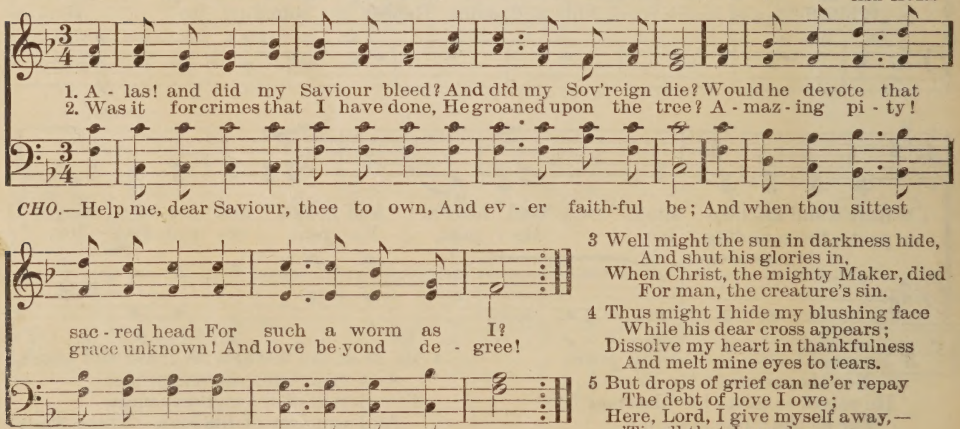
3 'Tis done! the precious ransom's paid,
"Receive my soul," he cries!
See where he bows his sacred head;
He bows his head, and dies!

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
And in full glory shine:
O Lamb of God! was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

S. Wesley, Senr.

307 Alas! and Did My Saviour Bleed? (C.M.)

ASA HULL.


1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing pi-ty!
CHO.—Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ev-er faith-ful be; And when thou sittest
sac-red head For such a worm as I?
grace unknown! And love be yond de-gree!
on th throne. Dear Lord, re-mem-ber me.

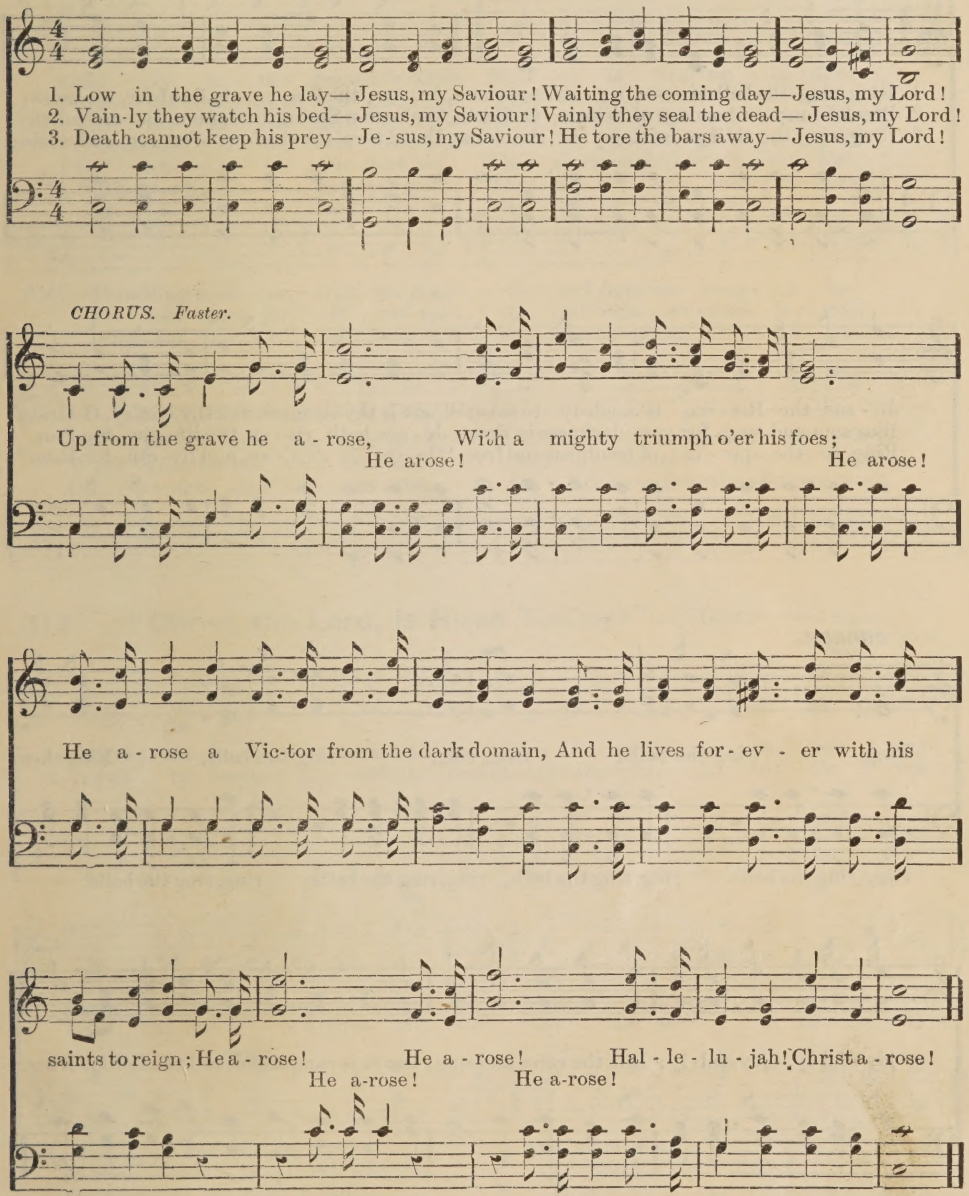
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness
And melt mine eyes to tears.

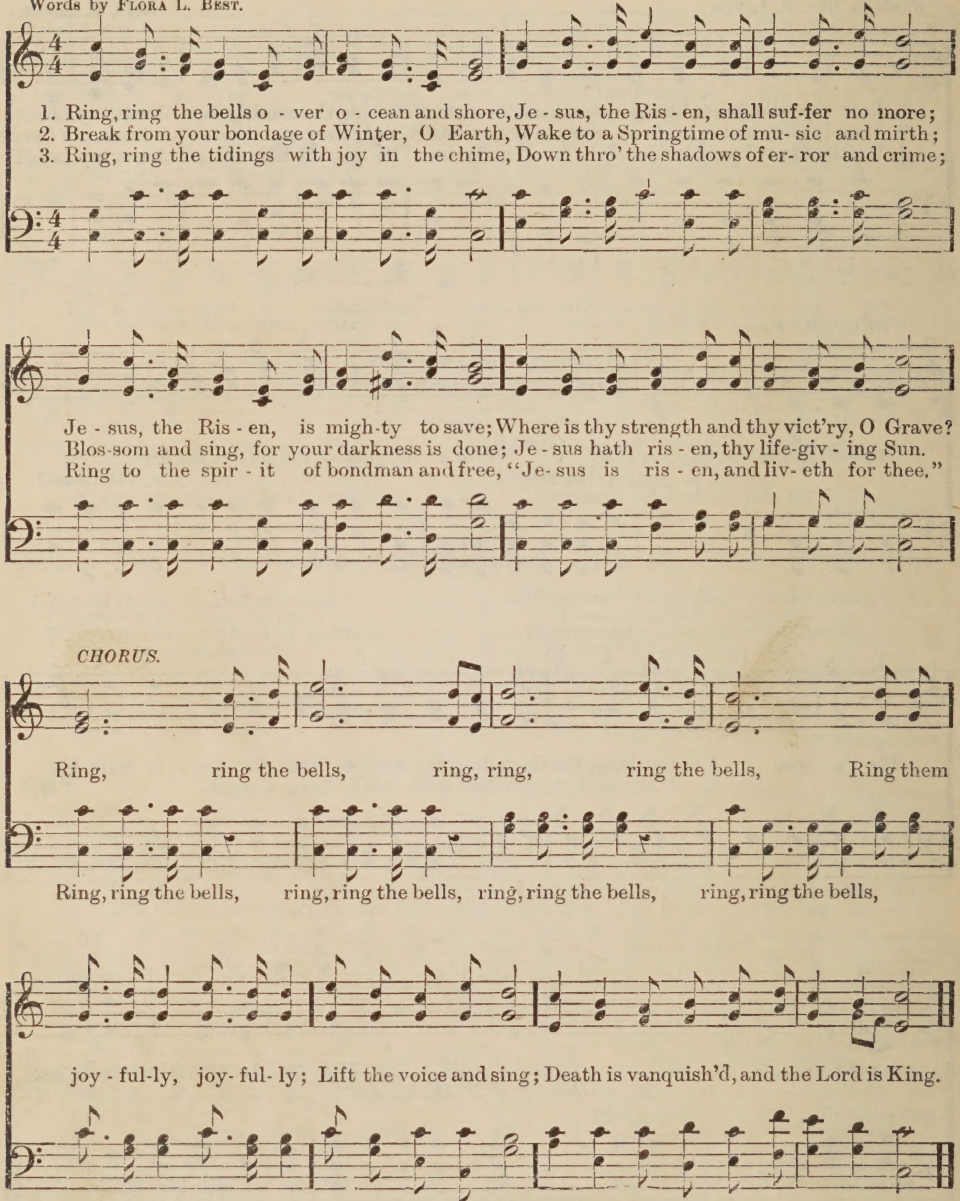
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

—*Isaac Watts.*

308 Low in the Grave He Lay.

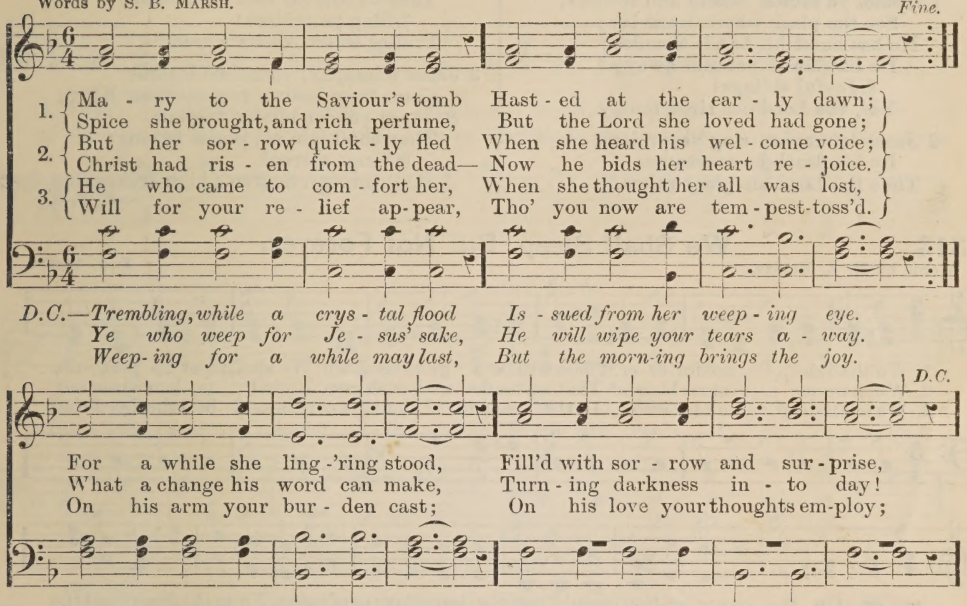
Words by Rev. R. Lowry. Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Low in the grave he lay— Jesus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day—Jesus, my Lord!
2. Vain-ly they watch his bed— Jesus, my Saviour! Vainly they seal the dead— Jesus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey— Je - sus, my Saviour! He tore the bars away— Jesus, my Lord!
CHORUS. Faster.
Up from the grave he a - rose, With a mighty triumph o'er his foes;
He arose! He arose!
He a - rose a Vic-tor from the dark domain, And he lives for - ev - er with his
saints to reign; He a - rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

309 Ring, Ring the Bells Over Ocean and Shore.

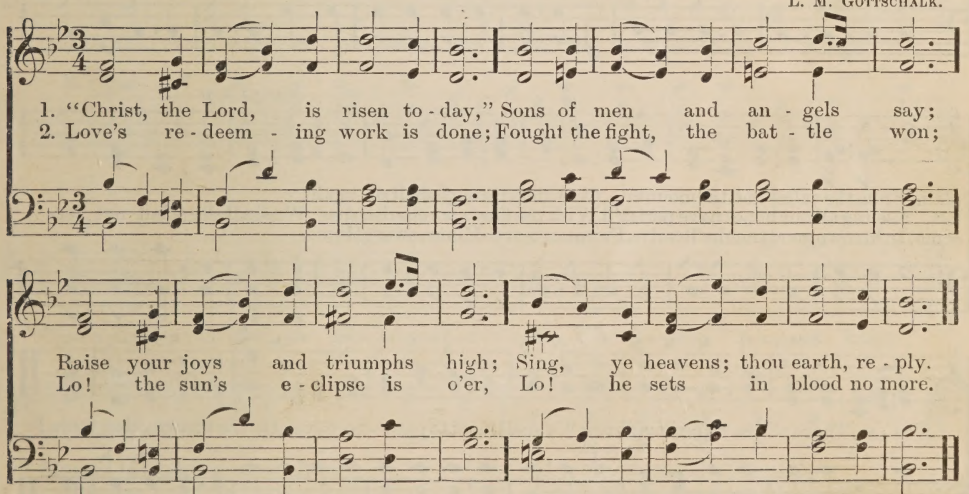
Words by FLORA L. BEST. REV. R. LOWRY.

1. Ring, ring the bells o - ver o - cean and shore, Je - sus, the Ris - en, shall suf-fer no more;
2. Break from your bondage of Winter, O Earth, Wake to a Springtime of mu- sic and mirth;
3. Ring, ring the tidings with joy in the chime, Down thro' the shadows of er- ror and crime;
Je - sus, the Ris - en, is migh-ty to save; Where is thy strength and thy vict'ry, O Grave?
Blos-som and sing, for your darkness is done; Je - sus hath ris - en, thy life-giv - ing Sun.
Ring to the spir - it of bondman and free, "Je- sus is ris - en, and liv- eth for thee."
CHORUS.
Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring, ring the bells, Ring them
Ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells, ring, ring the bells,
joy - ful-ly, joy- ful- ly; Lift the voice and sing; Death is vanquish'd, and the Lord is King.

310 Mary to the Saviour's Tomb. (MARTYN.—8–7s.)

Words by S. B. MARSH.


Fine.
1. Ma - ry to the Saviour's tomb Hast - ed at the ear - ly dawn;
Spice she brought, and rich perfume, But the Lord she loved had gone;
2. But her sor - row quick - ly fled When she heard his wel - come voice;
Christ had ris - en from the dead— Now he bids her heart re - joice.
3. He who came to com - fort her, When she thought her all was lost,
Will for your re - lief ap - pear, Tho' you now are tem - pest-toss'd.
D.C.—Trembling, while a crys - tal flood Is - sued from her weep - ing eye.
Ye who weep for Je - sus' sake, He will wipe your tears a - way.
Weep - ing for a while may last, But the morn-ing brings the joy.
D.C.
For a while she ling -'ring stood, Fill'd with sor - row and sur - prise,
What a change his word can make, Turn - ing darkness in - to day!
On his arm your bur - den cast; On his love your thoughts em-ploy;

311 "Christ, the Lord, is Risen To-Day!" (MERCY—4–7s.)

L. M. GOTTSCHALK.

1. "Christ, the Lord, is risen to - day," Sons of men and an - gels say;
2. Love's re - deem - ing work is done; Fought the fight, the bat - tle won;
Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, re - ply.
Lo! the sun's e - clipse is o'er, Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

4 King of glory! Soul of bliss!
Everlasting life is this,—
Thee to know, thy power to prove,
Thus to sing, and thus to love. —*C. Wesley.*

312 Come, Ye Saints, Behold. (Crown Him.—8,7,8,7,4,7.—Tune No. 314.)

1 Come, ye saints, behold and wonder,
See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bands asunder;
He has borne our sins away;
‖: Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord has risen to-day. :‖

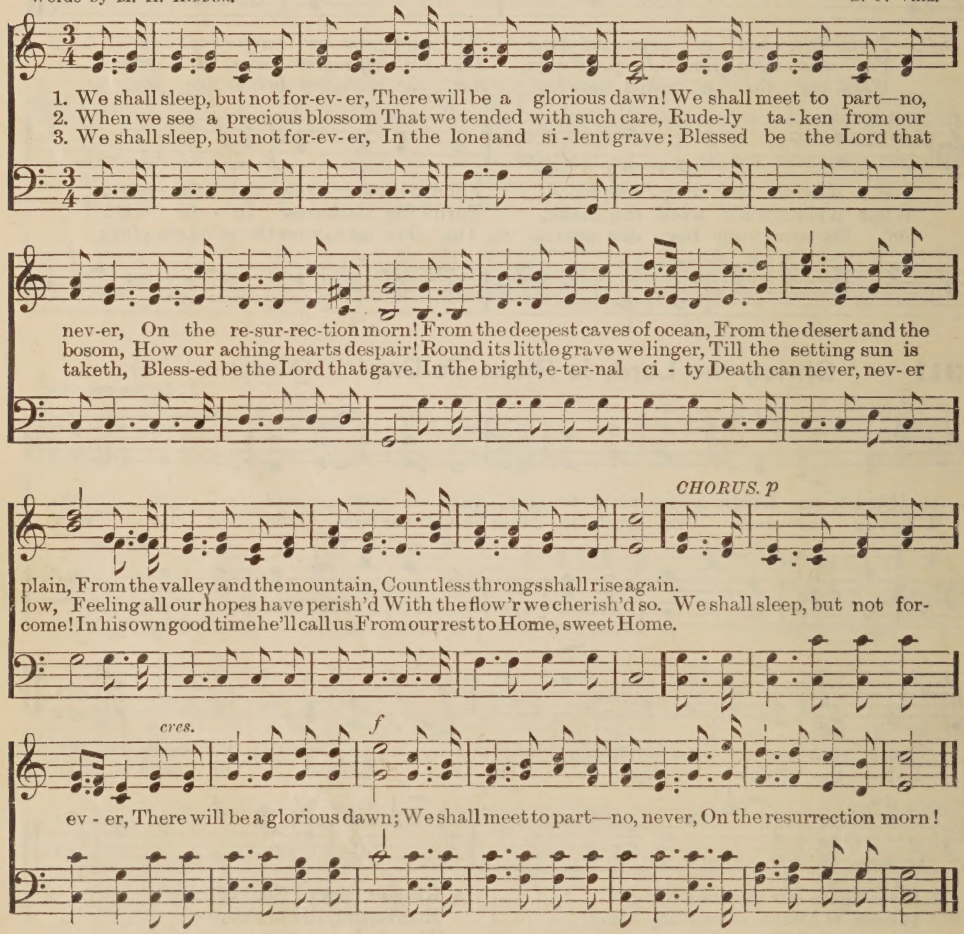
2 Jesus triumphs! sing ye praises;
By his death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame:
‖: Sing ye praises!
Praises to the Victor's name. :‖

3 Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their King;
Soon, in yonder blessèd regions,
They shall join his praise to sing;
‖: Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring :‖

—*T. Kelly.*

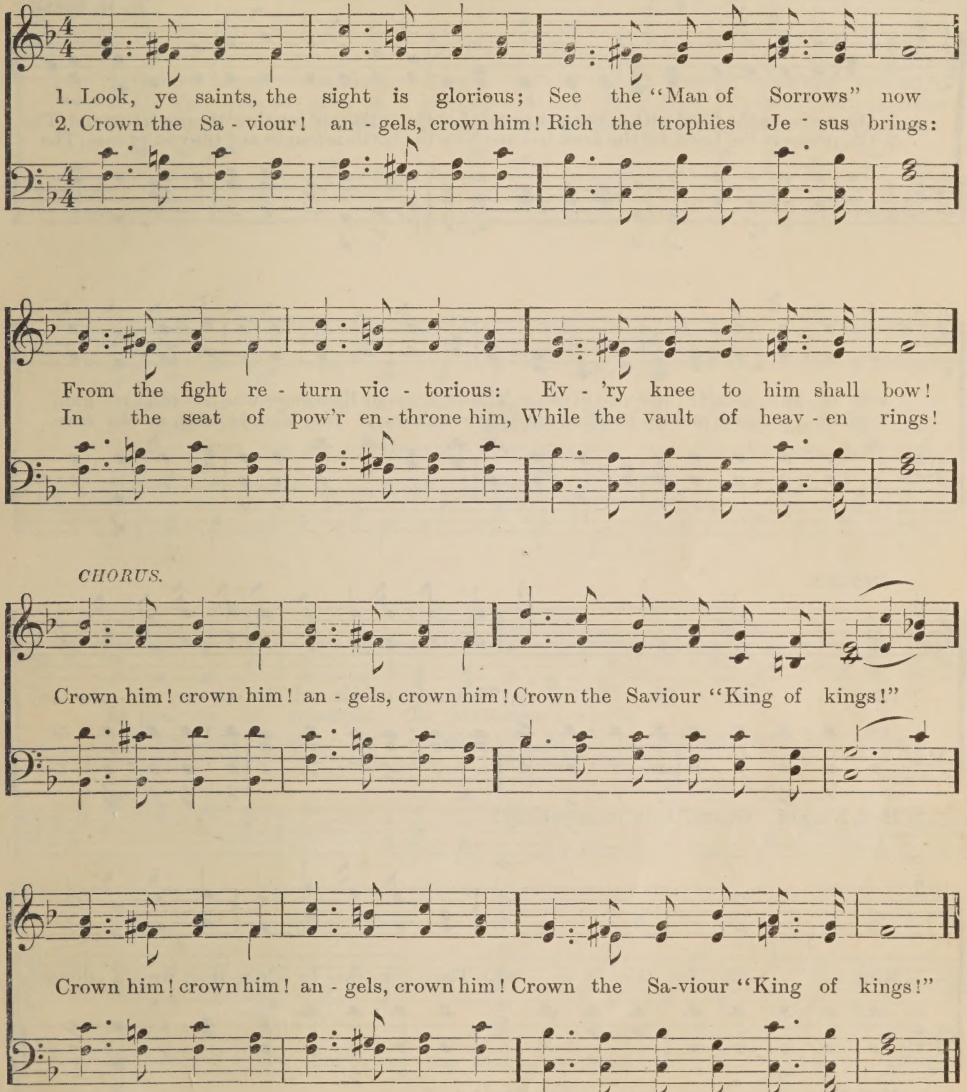
313 We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever.

Words by M. A. Kidder. S. J. Vail.


1. We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er, There will be a glorious dawn! We shall meet to part—no,
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tended with such care, Rude-ly ta-ken from our
3. We shall sleep, but not for-ev-er, In the lone and si-lent grave; Blessed be the Lord that
nev-er, On the re-sur-rec-tion morn! From the deepest caves of ocean, From the desert and the
bosom, How our aching hearts despair! Round its little grave we linger, Till the setting sun is
taketh, Bless-ed be the Lord that gave. In the bright, e-ter-nal ci-ty Death can never, nev-er
CHORUS. p
plain, From the valley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise again.
low, Feeling all our hopes have perish'd With the flow'r we cherish'd so. We shall sleep, but not for-
come! In his own good time he'll call us From our rest to Home, sweet Home.
cres.
f
ev-er, There will be a glorious dawn; We shall meet to part—no, never, On the resurrection morn!

314 Look, Ye Saints, the Sight is Glorious!

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

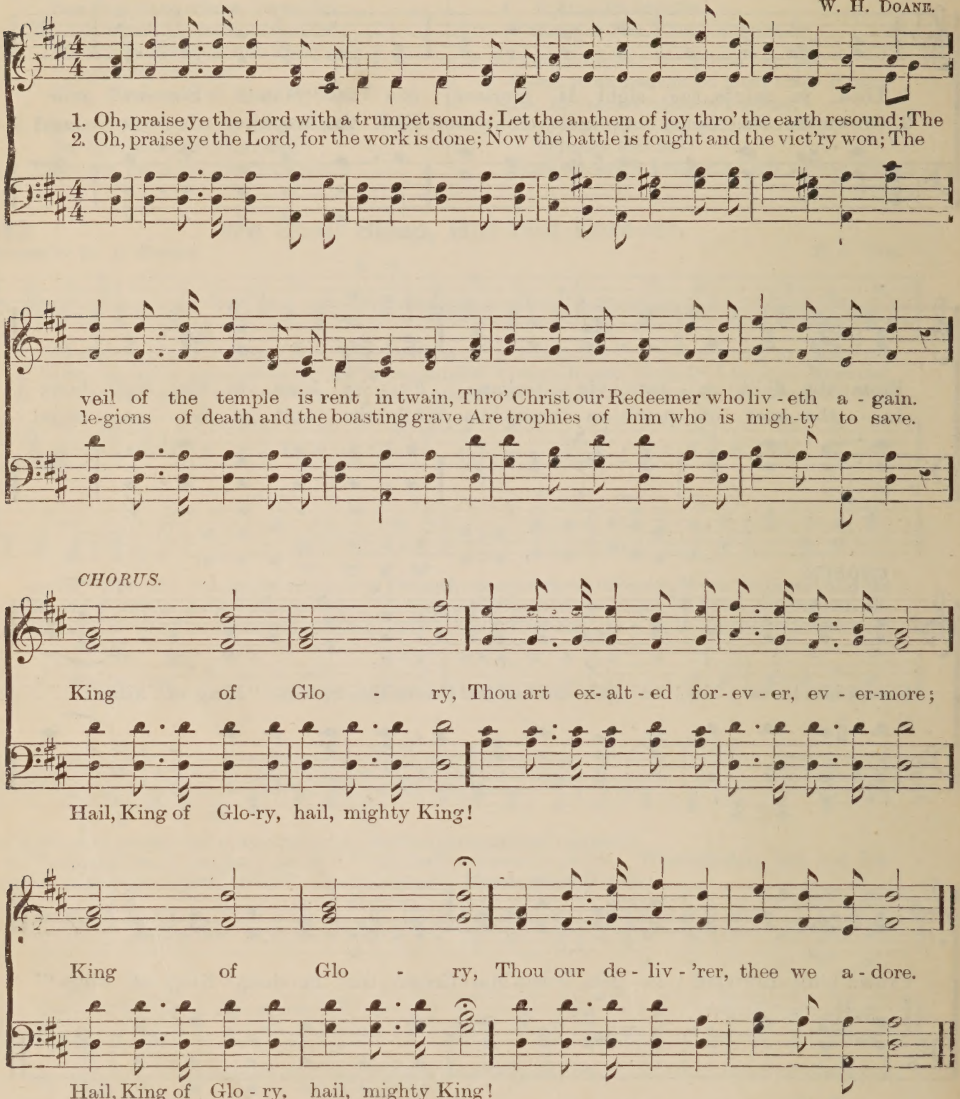

1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious; See the "Man of Sorrows" now
2. Crown the Sa - viour! an - gels, crown him! Rich the trophies Je - sus brings:
From the fight re - turn vic - torious: Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow!
In the seat of pow'r en - throne him, While the vault of heav - en rings!
CHORUS.
Crown him! crown him! an - gels, crown him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings!"
Crown him! crown him! an - gels, crown him! Crown the Sa-viour "King of kings!"

3 Sinners in derision crowned him,
Mocking thus the Saviour's claim;
Saints and angels crowd around him,
Own his title, praise his name.

4 Hark the bursts of acclamation!
Hark those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh, what joy the sight affords!

—*T. Kelly.*

315 Oh, Praise Ye the Lord with a Trumpet Sound.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Oh, praise ye the Lord with a trumpet sound; Let the anthem of joy thro' the earth resound; The
2. Oh, praise ye the Lord, for the work is done; Now the battle is fought and the vict'ry won; The
veil of the temple is rent in twain, Thro' Christ our Redeemer who liv - eth a - gain.
le-gions of death and the boasting grave Are trophies of him who is migh-ty to save.
CHORUS.
King of Glo - ry, Thou art ex- alt - ed for - ev - er, ev - er-more;
Hail, King of Glo-ry, hail, mighty King!
King of Glo - ry, Thou our de - liv - 'rer, thee we a - dore.
Hail, King of Glo - ry. hail, mighty King!

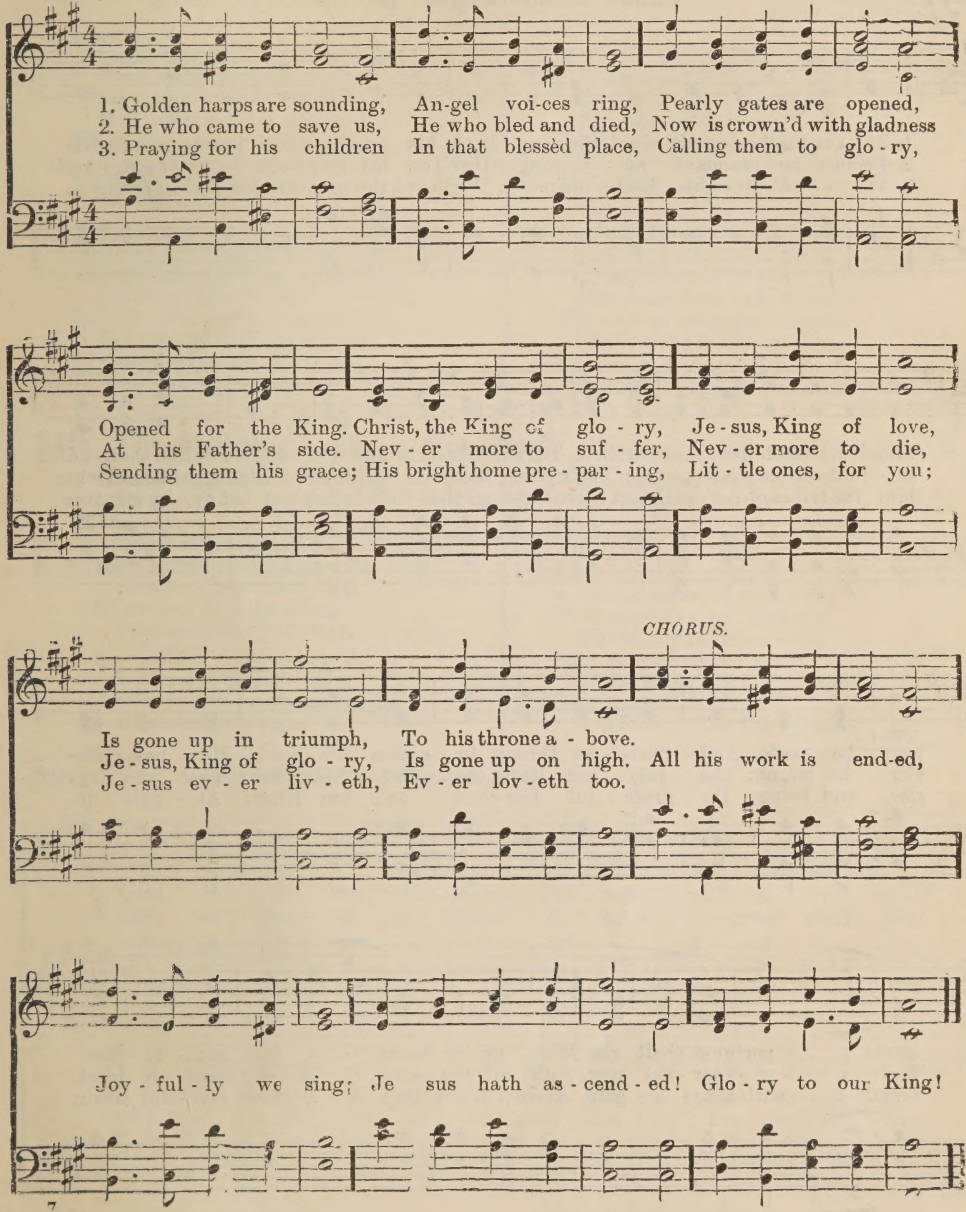
3 Oh, lift up your heads, all ye portals fair,
For the King everlasting to enter there;
He comes with a shout to his throne on high,
And loud hallelujahs now burst from the sky.

4 All honour to him, our exalted King!
Unto him all the praise let his children sing;
His truth and his mercy shall be our light,
A pillar to lead us by day and by night.

—*D. U.*

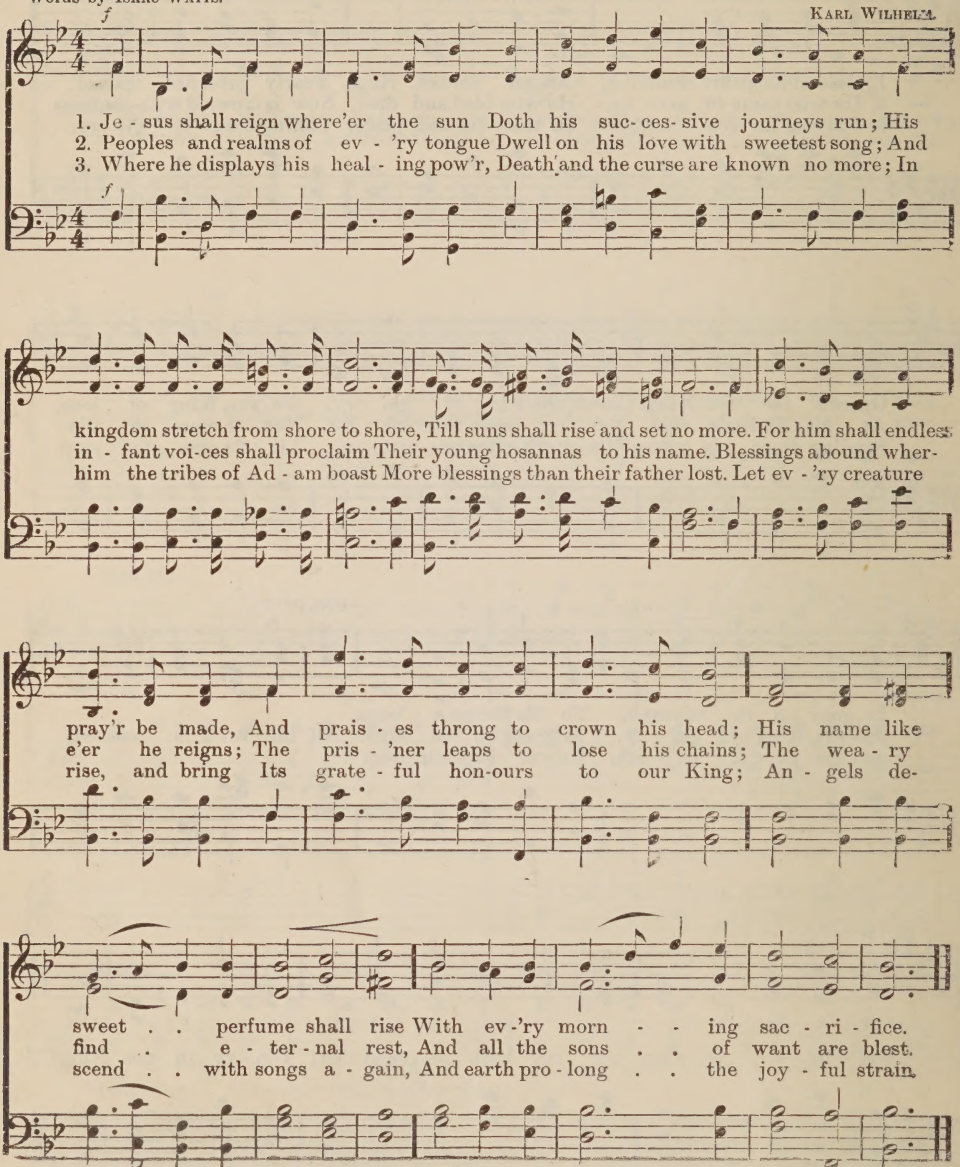
316 Golden Harps are Sounding.

Words by F. R. HAVERGAL.


1. Golden harps are sounding, An-gel voi-ces ring, Pearly gates are opened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crown'd with gladness
3. Praying for his children In that blessèd place, Calling them to glo-ry,
Opened for the King. Christ, the King of glo-ry, Je-sus, King of love,
At his Father's side. Nev-er more to suf-fer, Nev-er more to die,
Sending them his grace; His bright home pre-par-ing, Lit-tle ones, for you;
CHORUS.
Is gone up in triumph, To his throne a-bove.
Je-sus, King of glo-ry, Is gone up on high. All his work is end-ed,
Je-sus ev-er liv-eth, Ev-er lov-eth too.
Joy-ful-ly we sing; Je sus hath as-cend-ed! Glo-ry to our King!

317 Jesus Shall Reign. (L.M.)

Words by ISAAC WATTS.

KARL WILHELM.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Doth his suc-ces-sive journeys run; His
2. Peoples and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on his love with sweetest song; And
3. Where he displays his heal - ing pow'r, Death and the curse are known no more; In
kingdom stretch from shore to shore, Till suns shall rise and set no more. For him shall endless
in - fant voi-ces shall proclaim Their young hosannas to his name. Blessings abound wher-
him the tribes of Ad - am boast More blessings than their father lost. Let ev - 'ry creature
pray'r be made, And prais - es throng to crown his head; His name like
e'er he reigns; The pris - 'ner leaps to lose his chains; The wea - ry
rise, and bring Its grate - ful hon-ours to our King; An - gels de-
sweet . . perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn - - ing sac - ri - fice.
find . . e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons . . of want are blest.
scend . . with songs a - gain, And earth pro - long . . the joy - ful strain.

318 From Greenland's Icy Mountains. (7s & 6s.—TUNE No. 262.)

(MISSIONARY HYMN.)

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile!
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strewn;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learnt Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

—*Bishop Heber.*

319 The Morning Light is Breaking. (WEBB.—7s & 6s.—TUNE No. 193.)

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

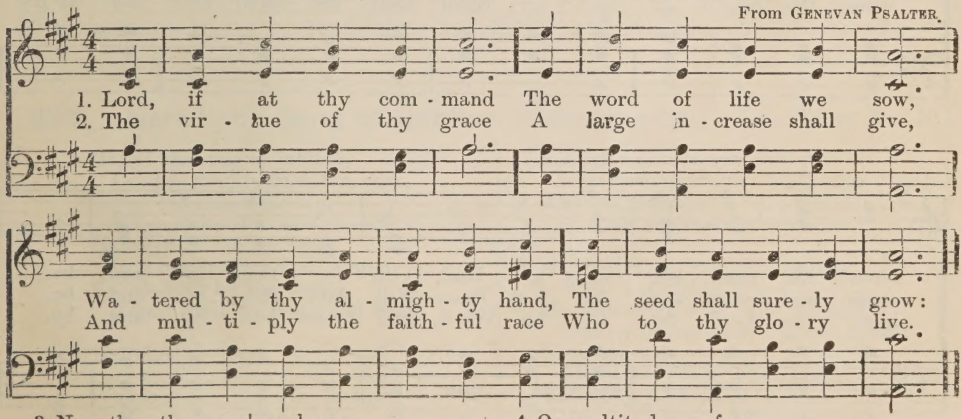
2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

—*S. F. Smith.*

320 Lord, if at Thy Command. (ST. MICHAEL.—S.M.)

From GENEVAN PSALTER.

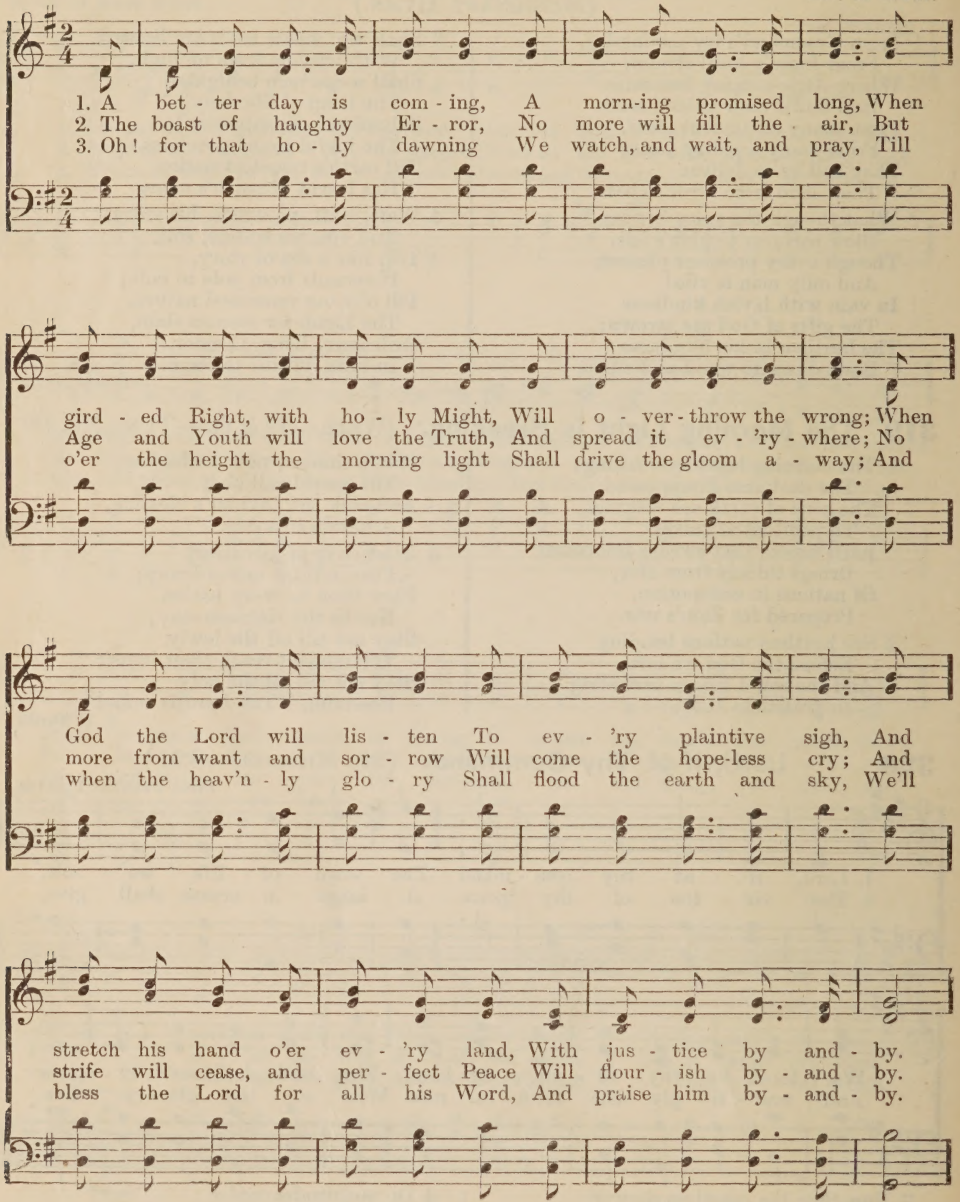

1. Lord, if at thy com - mand The word of life we sow,
2. The vir - tue of thy grace A large in - crease shall give,
Wa - tered by thy al - migh - ty hand, The seed shall sure - ly grow:
And mul - ti - ply the faith - ful race Who to thy glo - ry live.

3 Now then the ceaseless shower
Of gospel blessings send,
And let the soul-converting power
Thy ministers attend.

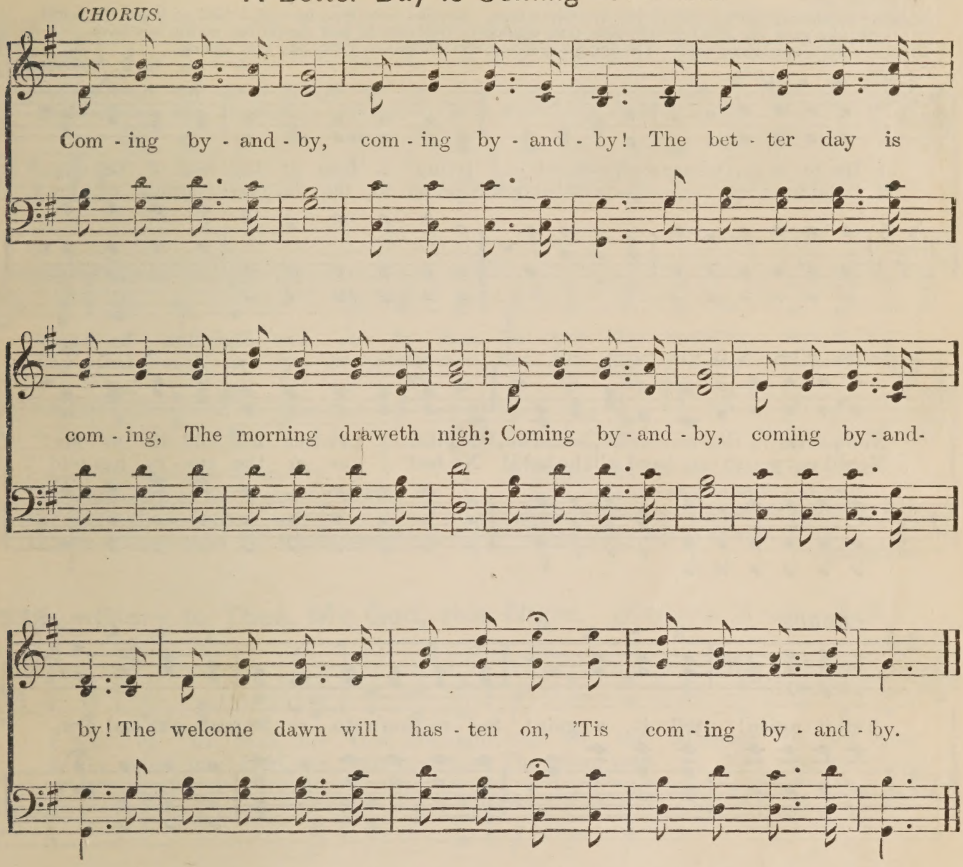
4 On multitudes confer
The heart-renewing love,
And by the joy of grace prepare
For fuller joys above.

—*C. Wesley.*

321 A Better Day is Coming.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A morn-ing promised long, When
2. The boast of haughty Er - ror, No more will fill the air, But
3. Oh! for that ho - ly dawning We watch, and wait, and pray, Till
gird - ed Right, with ho - ly Might, Will o - ver - throw the wrong; When
Age and Youth will love the Truth, And spread it ev - 'ry - where; No
o'er the height the morning light Shall drive the gloom a - way; And
God the Lord will lis - ten To ev - 'ry plaintive sigh, And
more from want and sor - row Will come the hope-less cry; And
when the heav'n - ly glo - ry Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll
stretch his hand o'er ev - 'ry land, With jus - tice by and - by.
strife will cease, and per - fect Peace Will flour - ish by - and - by.
bless the Lord for all his Word, And praise him by - and - by.

A Better Day is Coming—*Concluded.*


CHORUS.
Com - ing by - and - by, com - ing by - and - by! The bet - ter day is
com - ing, The morning draweth nigh; Coming by - and - by, coming by - and-
by! The welcome dawn will has - ten on, 'Tis com - ing by - and - by.

322 Hark! the Song of Jubilee. (MENDELSSOHN.—7S.—TUNE NO. 301.)

1 Hark! the song of jubilee;
Loud as mighty thunders roar,
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore:
Hallelujah! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign;
Hallelujah! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.

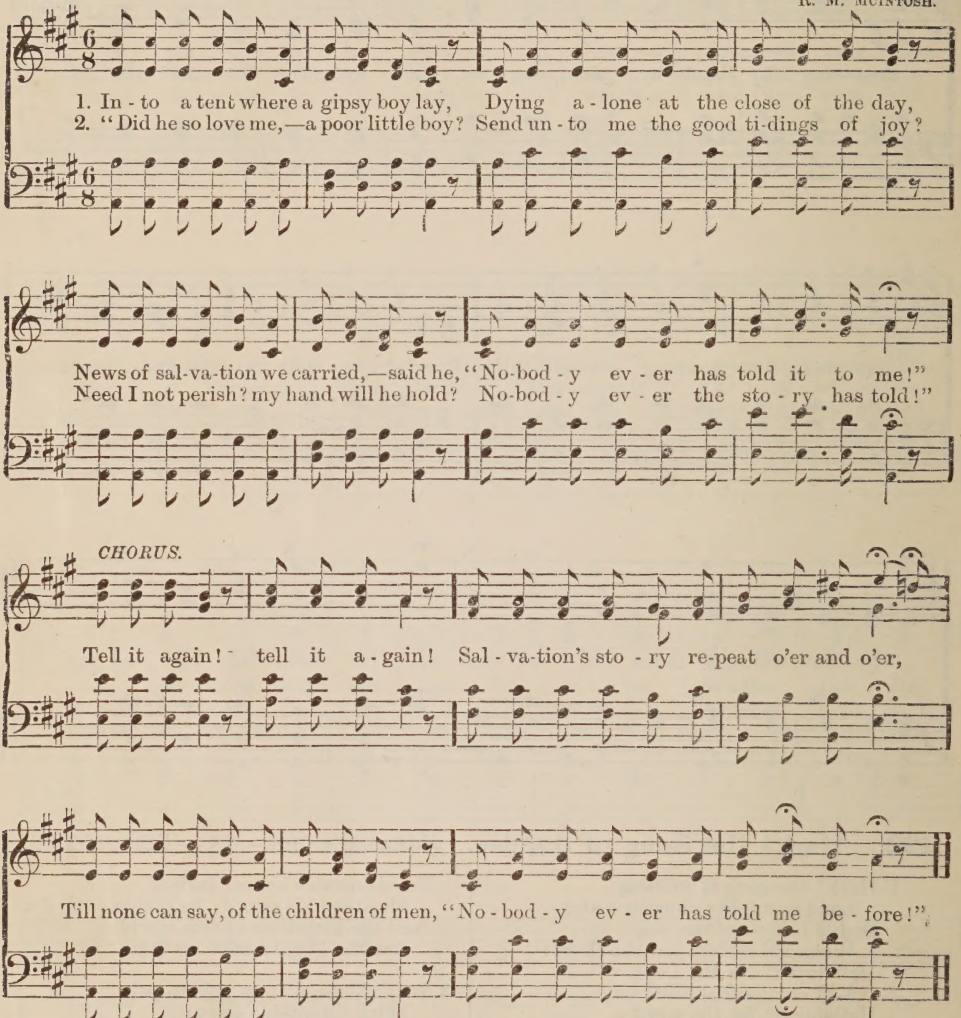
2 Hallelujah!—hark! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wakes above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies:
See Jehovah's banner furled,
Sheathed his sword: he speaks—'tis done!
And the kingdoms of this world
Are the kingdoms of his Son.

3 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway;
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away:
Then the end;—beneath his rod,
Man's last enemy shall fall;
Hallelujah! Christ in God,
God in Christ, is all in all.

—*Montgomery*

323 Into a Tent Where a Gipsy Boy Lay.

A home missionary visited a dying boy in a Gipsy tent. Bending over him, he said, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." The dying boy heard, and whispered, "Nobody ever told me."

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. In - to a tent where a gipsy boy lay, Dying a - lone at the close of the day,
2. "Did he so love me,—a poor little boy? Send un - to me the good ti-dings of joy?
News of sal-va-tion we carried,—said he, "No-bod - y ev - er has told it to me!"
Need I not perish? my hand will he hold? No-bod - y ev - er the sto - ry has told!"
CHORUS.
Tell it again! tell it a - gain! Sal - va-tion's sto - ry re-peat o'er and o'er,
Till none can say, of the children of men, "No - bod - y ev - er has told me be - fore!"

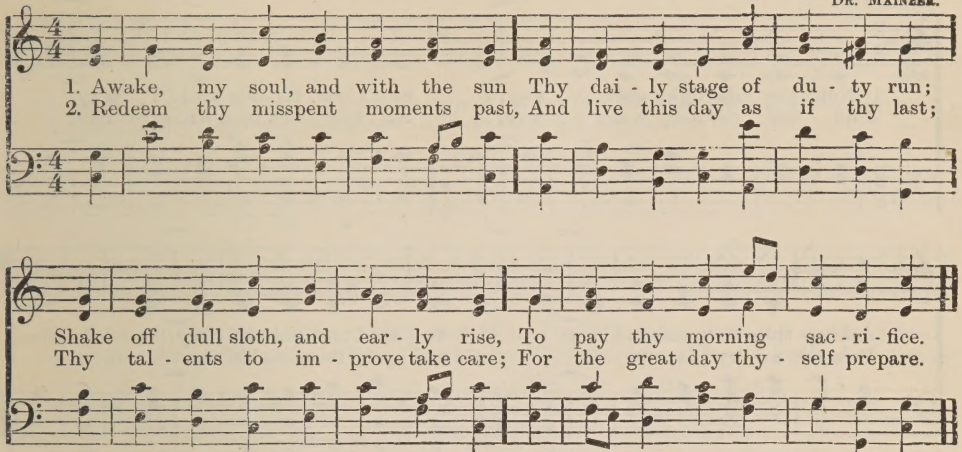
3 Bending, we caught the last words of his breath,
Just as he entered the valley of death:
"God sent his Son! - whosoever?"—said he;
"Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"

4 Smiling, he said, as his last sigh was spent,
"I am so glad that for me he was sent!"
Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west,
"Lord, I believe! tell it now to the rest!"

—*Mrs. M. B. Slade.*

324 Awake, My Soul, and with the Sun. (Morning Hymn.—L.M.)

Dr. Mainzer.


1. Awake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run;
2. Redeem thy misspent moments past, And live this day as if thy last;
Shake off dull sloth, and ear - ly rise, To pay thy morning sac - ri - fice.
Thy tal - ents to im - prove take care; For the great day thy - self prepare.

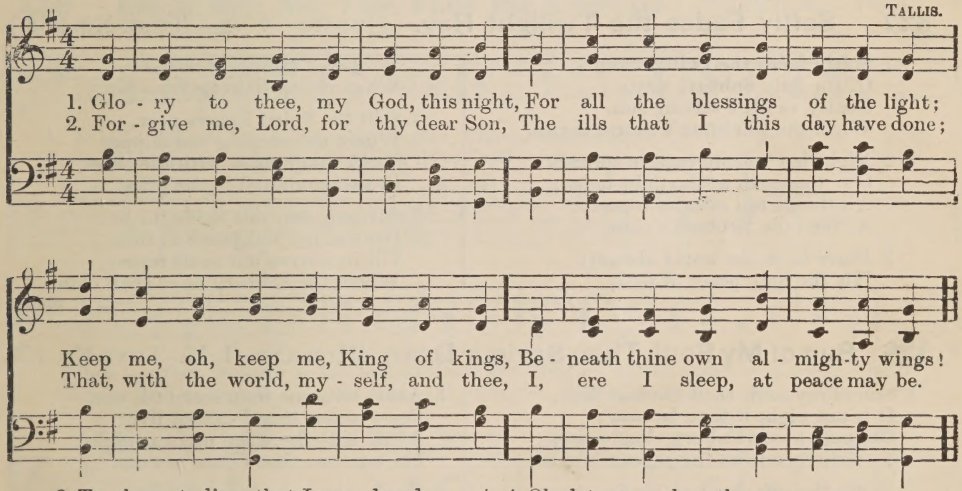
3 Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy words, and ways.

4 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels take thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to the eternal King.

—*Bishop Ken.*

325 Glory to Thee, My God, this Night. (Evening Hymn.—L.M.)

Tallis.


1. Glo - ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;
2. For - give me, Lord, for thy dear Son, The ills that I this day have done;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings, Be - neath thine own al - migh-ty wings!
That, with the world, my - self, and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

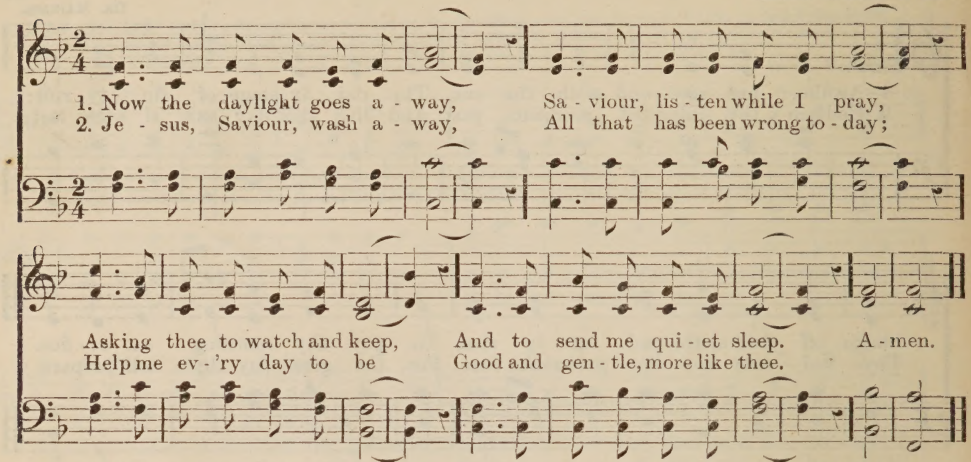
3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful day.

4 Oh, let my soul on thee repose!
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

—*Bishop Ken.*

326 Now the Daylight Goes Away. (Vespers.—4–7s).

German Evening Hymn.


1. Now the daylight goes a - way, Sa - viour, lis - ten while I pray,
2. Je - sus, Saviour, wash a - way, All that has been wrong to - day;
Asking thee to watch and keep, And to send me qui - et sleep. A - men.
Help me ev - 'ry day to be Good and gen - tle, more like thee.

3 Let my near and dear ones be,
Always near and dear to thee;
Oh, bring me and all I love
To thy happy home above.

4 Now my evening praise I give;
Thou didst die that I might live;
All my blessings come from thee,
Oh, how good thou art to me!

5 Thou my best and kindest Friend,
Thou wilt love me to the end!
Let me love thee more and more,
Always better than before.

—F. R. Havergal.

327 Softly Fades the Twilight Ray. (Judah.—4–7s.—Tune No. 268.)

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.

3 Peace is on the world abroad;
'Tis the holy peace of God,
Symbol of the peace within,
When the spirit rests from sin.

4 Still the Spirit lingers near,
Where the evening worshipper
Seeks communion with the skies,
Pressing onward to the prize.

5 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of joy and peace in thee,
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

—S. F. Smith.

328 Sun of My Soul, Thou Saviour Dear. (Hursley.–L.M.–Tune No. 157.)

1 Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes!

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

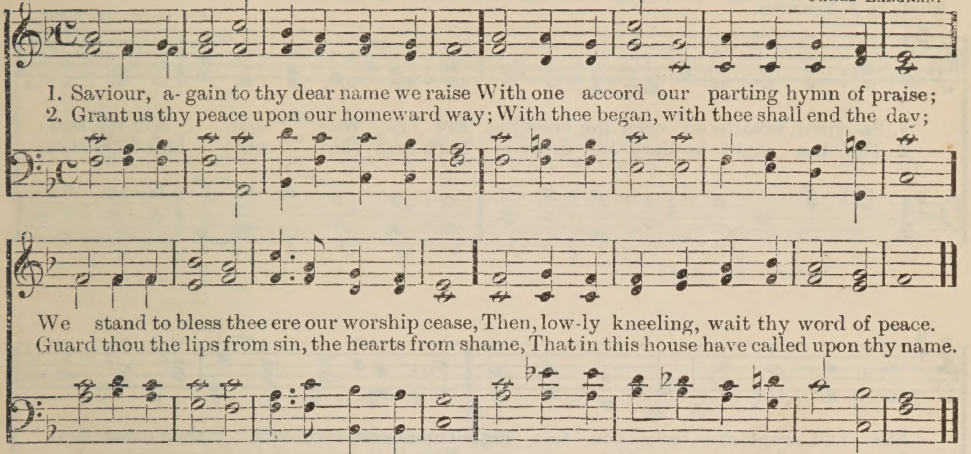
3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

4 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till, in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

—J. Keble.

329 Saviour, Again to Thy Dear Name We Raise. (St. Agnes.—10s.)

James Langran.


1. Saviour, a- gain to thy dear name we raise With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
2. Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way; With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease, Then, low-ly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame, That in this house have called upon thy name.

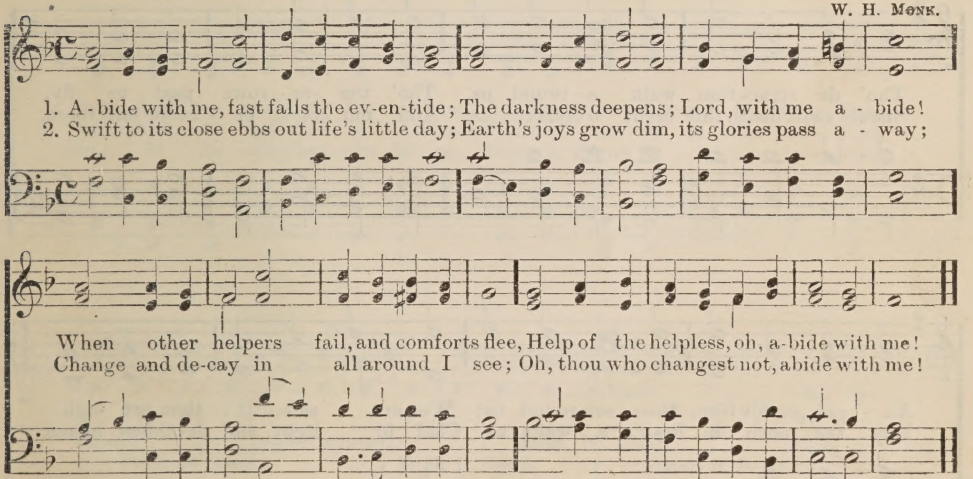
3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free;
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

4 Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace.

—*J. Ellerton.*

330 Abide with Me, Fast Falls the Eventide. (Eventide.—10s.)

W. H. Monk.


1. A-bide with me, fast falls the ev-en-tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a-bide with me!
Change and de-cay in all around I see; Oh, thou who changest not, abide with me!

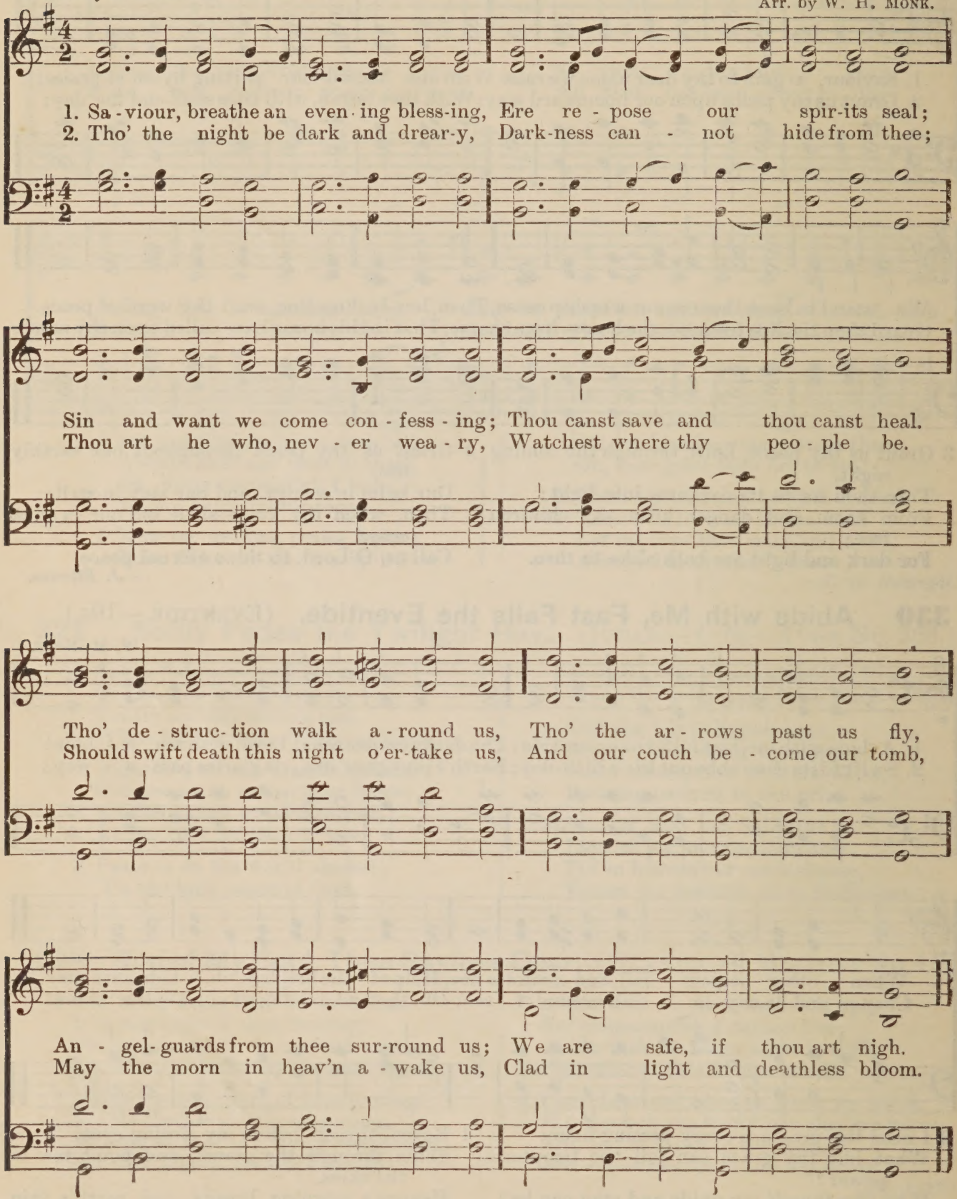
3 I need thy presence every passing hour;
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Reveal thyself before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies,
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life and death, O Lord, abide with me!

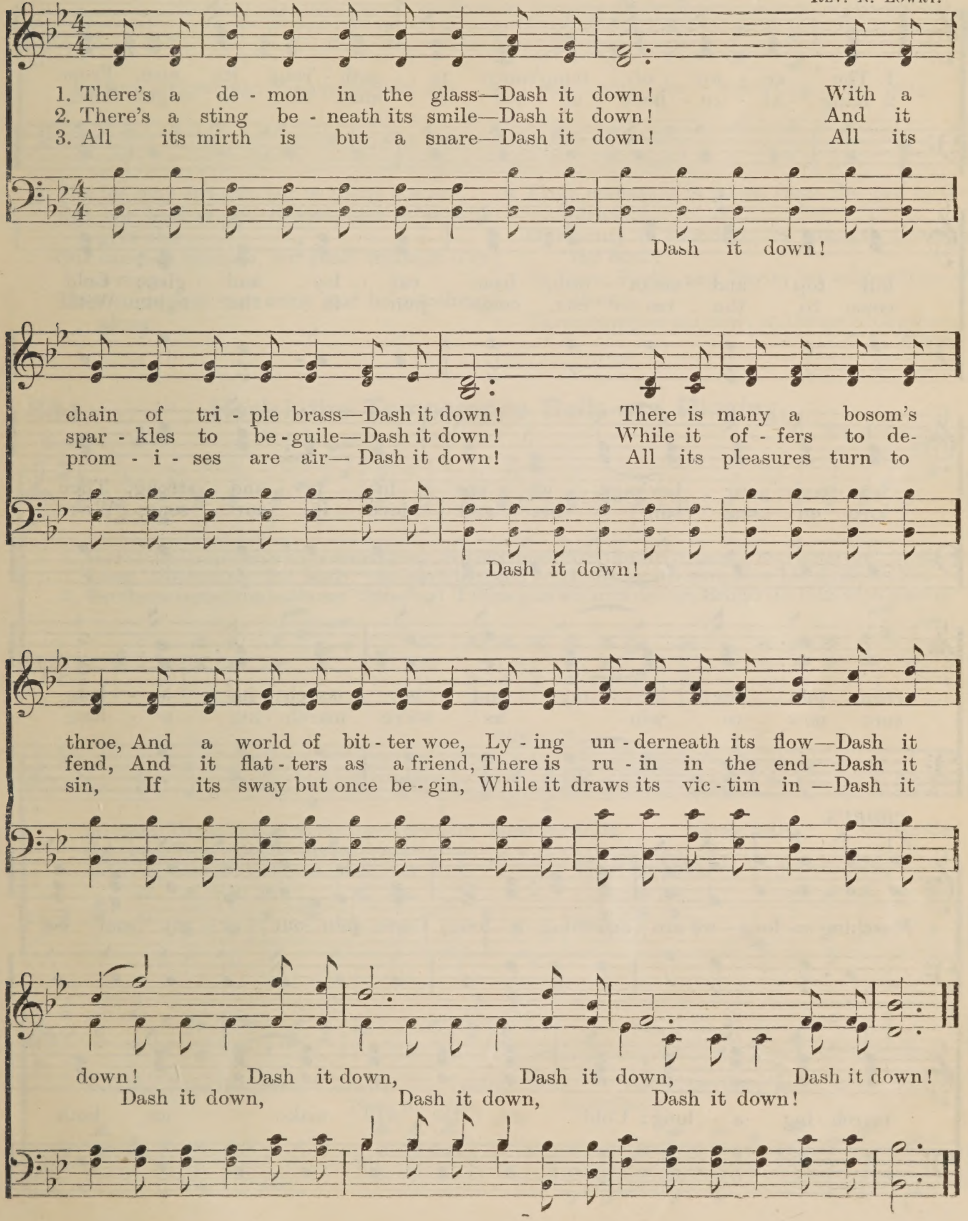
—*H. F. Lyte.*

331 Saviour, Breathe an Evening Blessing. (Italian Chorale.—8s & 7s.)

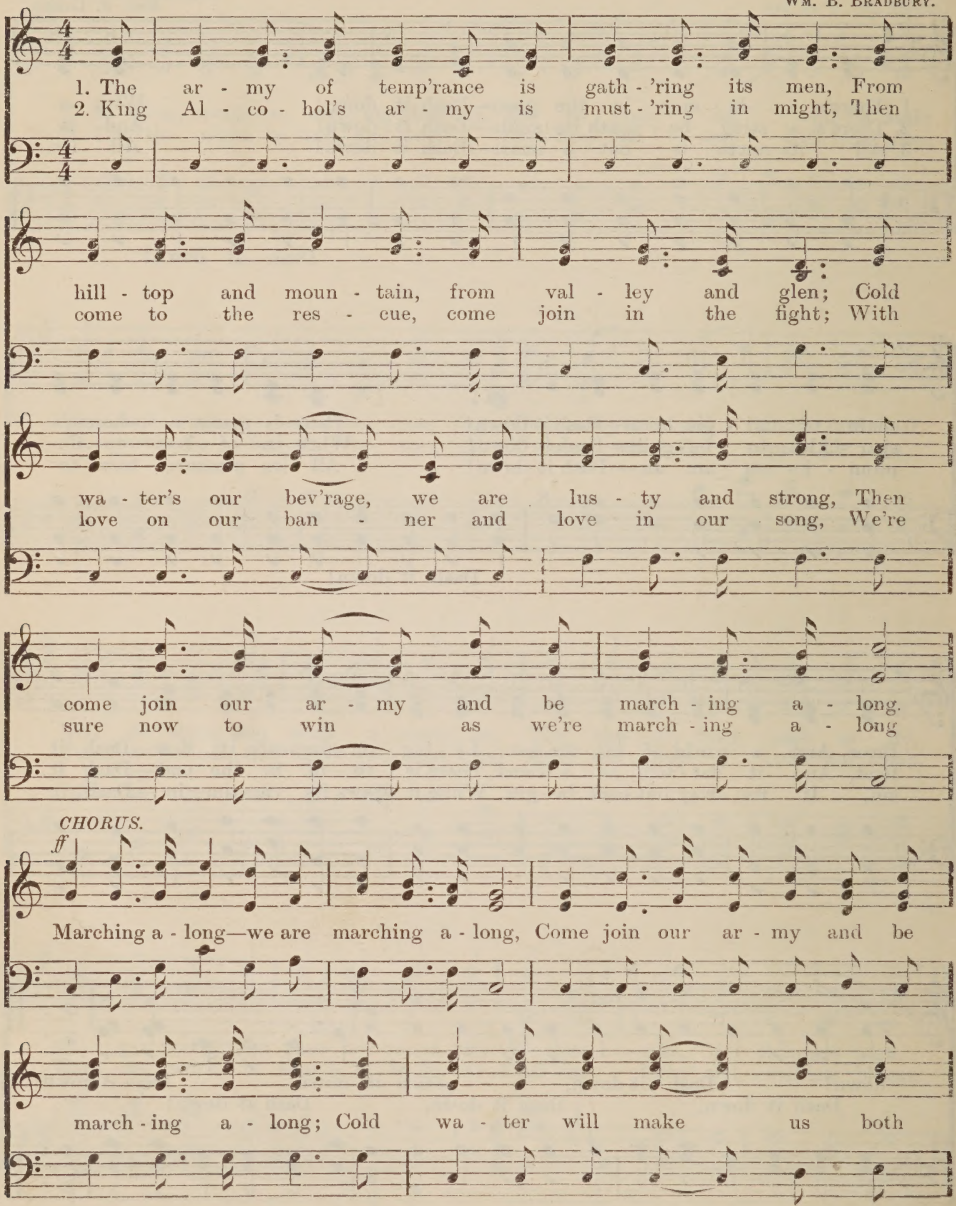
Words by J. Edmeston. Arr. by W. H. Monk.


1. Sa - viour, breathe an even - ing bless-ing, Ere re - pose our spir-its seal;
2. Tho' the night be dark and drear-y, Dark-ness can - not hide from thee;
Sin and want we come con - fess - ing; Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
Thou art he who, nev - er wea - ry, Watchest where thy peo - ple be.
Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the ar - rows past us fly,
Should swift death this night o'er-take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,
An - gel - guards from thee sur-round us; We are safe, if thou art nigh.
May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in light and deathless bloom.

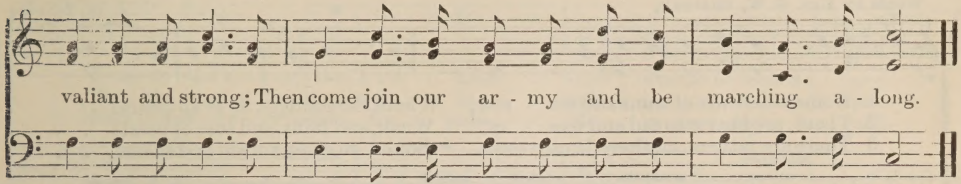
332 There's a Demon in the Glass—Dash it Down!

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. There's a de - mon in the glass—Dash it down! With a
2. There's a sting be - neath its smile—Dash it down! And it
3. All its mirth is but a snare—Dash it down! All its
Dash it down!
chain of tri - ple brass—Dash it down! There is many a bosom's
spar - kles to be - guile—Dash it down! While it of - fers to de-
prom - i - ses are air— Dash it down! All its pleasures turn to
Dash it down!
throe, And a world of bit - ter woe, Ly - ing un - derneath its flow—Dash it
fend, And it flat - ters as a friend, There is ru - in in the end—Dash it
sin, If its sway but once be - gin, While it draws its vic - tim in —Dash it
down! Dash it down, Dash it down, Dash it down!
Dash it down, Dash it down, Dash it down!

333 The Army of Temperance is Gathering Its Men.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. The ar - my of temp'rance is gath - 'ring its men, From
2. King Al - co - hol's ar - my is must - 'ring in might, Then
hill - top and moun - tain, from val - ley and glen; Cold
come to the res - cue, come join in the fight; With
wa - ter's our bev'rage, we are lus - ty and strong, Then
love on our ban - ner and love in our song, We're
come join our ar - my and be march - ing a - long.
sure now to win as we're march - ing a - long
CHORUS.
ff
Marching a - long—we are marching a - long, Come join our ar - my and be
march - ing a - long; Cold wa - ter will make us both

The Army of Temperance is Gathering Its Men—*Concluded.*

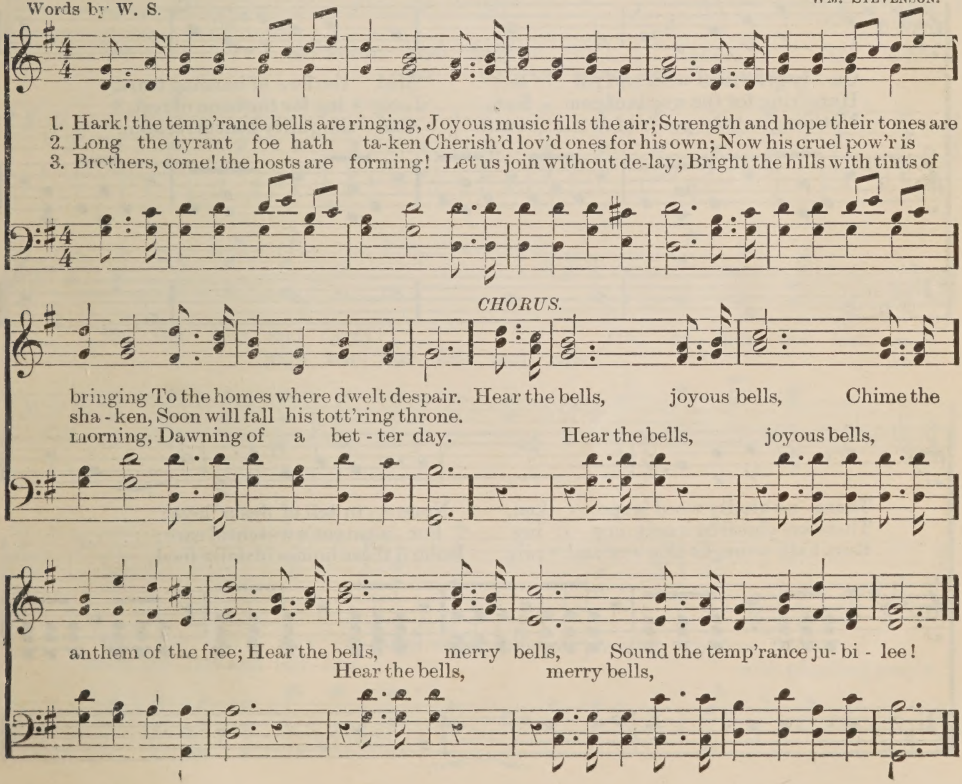


3 The foe may out-number us many a score,
But our leaders are valiant, and ne'er will give o'er:
Our cause is humane, we shall triumph o'er wrong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.

4 From mountain to lakes, from the gulf to the strand,
Our army is marching in strength through the land;
In Love, Faith, and Purity we still will grow strong,
Then come join our army and be marching along.

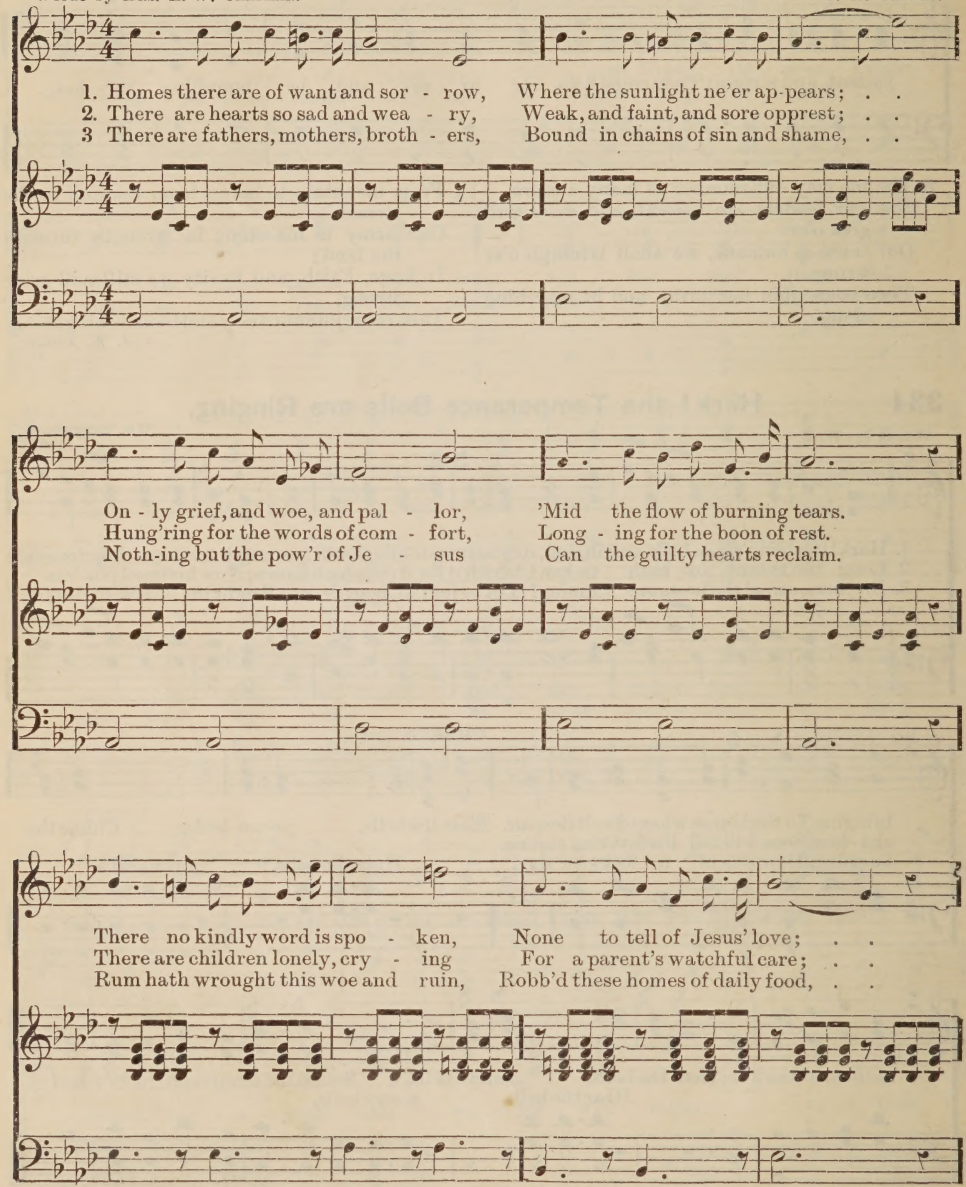
—*J. W. Bunce.*

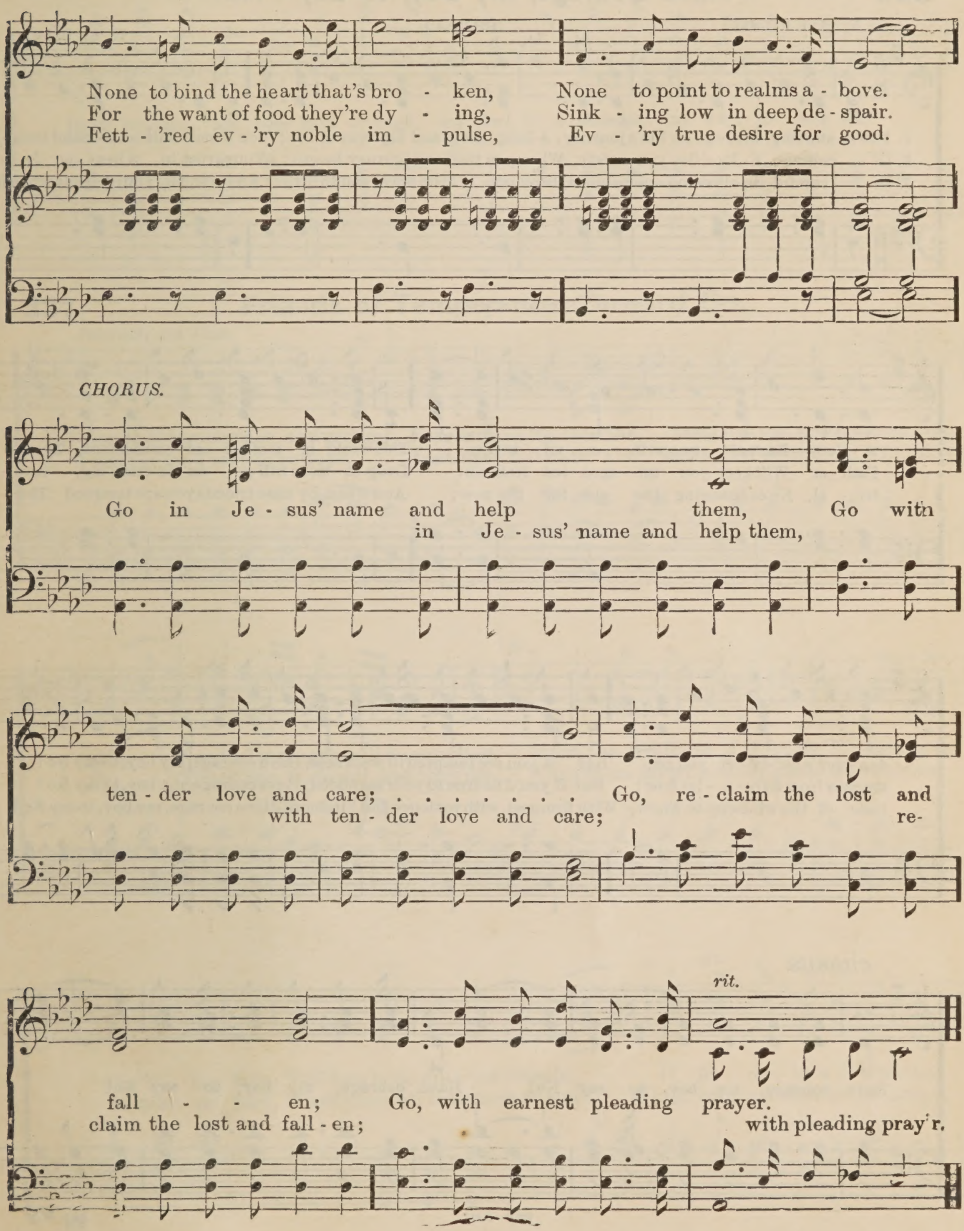
334 Hark! the Temperance Bells are Ringing.

Words by W. S. WM. STEVENSON.

1. Hark! the temp'rance bells are ringing, Joyous music fills the air; Strength and hope their tones are
2. Long the tyrant foe hath ta-ken Cherish'd lov'd ones for his own; Now his cruel pow'r is
3. Brothers, come! the hosts are forming! Let us join without de-lay; Bright the hills with tints of
CHORUS.
bringing To the homes where dwelt despair. Hear the bells, joyous bells, Chime the
sha - ken, Soon will fall his tott'ring throne.
morning, Dawning of a bet - ter day. Hear the bells, joyous bells,
anthem of the free; Hear the bells, merry bells, Sound the temp'rance ju- bi - lee!
Hear the bells, merry bells,

335 Homes There Are of Want and Sorrow.

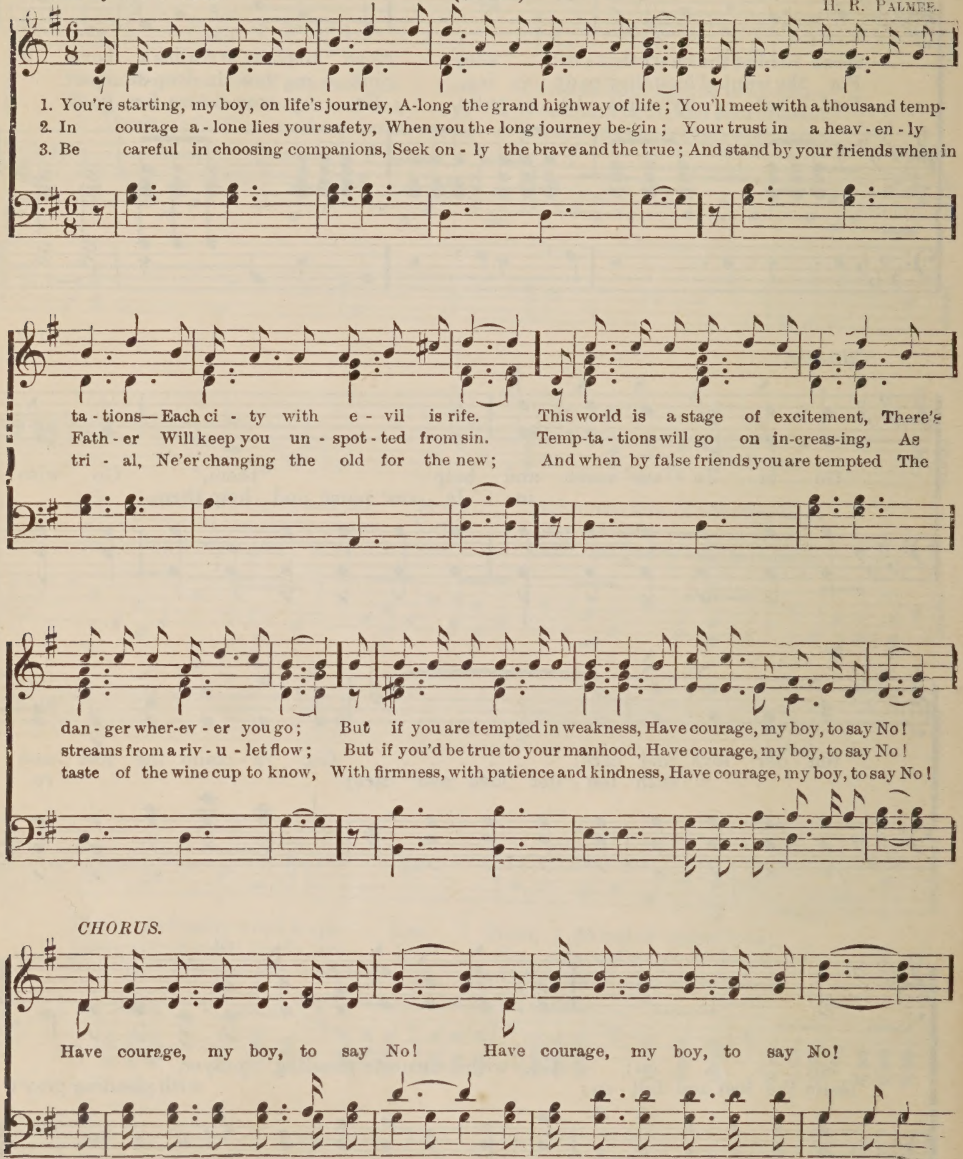
Words by MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.


1. Homes there are of want and sor - row, Where the sunlight ne'er ap-pears; . .
2. There are hearts so sad and wea - ry, Weak, and faint, and sore opprest; . .
3 There are fathers, mothers, broth - ers, Bound in chains of sin and shame, . .
On - ly grief, and woe, and pal - lor, 'Mid the flow of burning tears.
Hung'ring for the words of com - fort, Long - ing for the boon of rest.
Noth-ing but the pow'r of Je - sus Can the guilty hearts reclaim.
There no kindly word is spo - ken, None to tell of Jesus' love; . .
There are children lonely, cry - ing For a parent's watchful care; . .
Rum hath wrought this woe and ruin, Robb'd these homes of daily food, . .

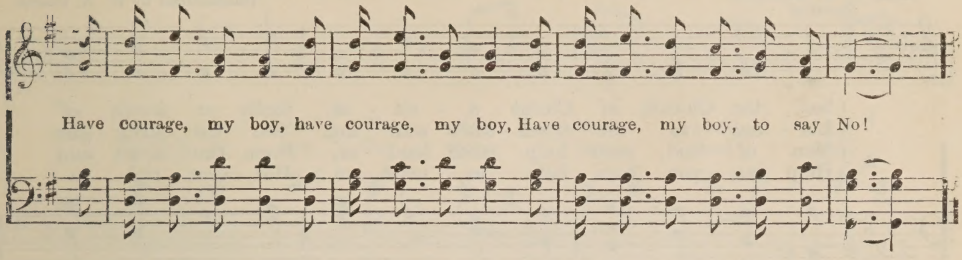
Homes There Are of Want and Sorrow—*Concluded.*

None to bind the heart that's bro - ken, None to point to realms a - bove.
For the want of food they're dy - ing, Sink - ing low in deep de - spair.
Fett - 'red ev - 'ry noble im - pulse, Ev - 'ry true desire for good.
CHORUS.
Go in Je - sus' name and help them, Go with
in Je - sus' name and help them,
ten - der love and care; . . . . . Go, re - claim the lost and
with ten - der love and care; re-
rit.
fall - - en; Go, with earnest pleading prayer.
claim the lost and fall - en; with pleading pray'r.

336 Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No!"

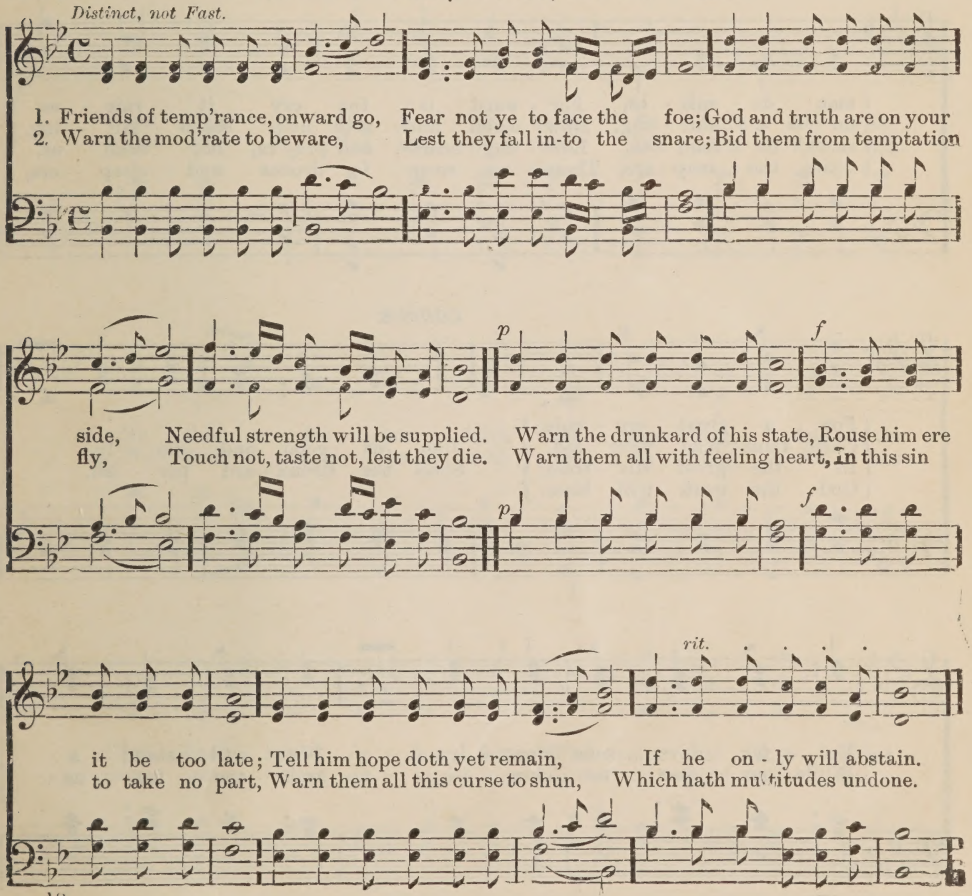
Words by RAY PALMER. (SOLO.) H. R. PALMER.


1. You're starting, my boy, on life's journey, A-long the grand highway of life; You'll meet with a thousand temp-
2. In courage a-lone lies your safety, When you the long journey be-gin; Your trust in a heav-en-ly
3. Be careful in choosing companions, Seek on-ly the brave and the true; And stand by your friends when in
ta-tions—Each ci-ty with e-vil is rife. This world is a stage of excitement, There's
Fath-er Will keep you un-spot-ted from sin. Temp-ta-tions will go on in-creas-ing, As
tri-al, Ne'er changing the old for the new; And when by false friends you are tempted The
dan-ger wher-ev-er you go; But if you are tempted in weakness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
streams from a riv-u-let flow; But if you'd be true to your manhood, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
taste of the wine cup to know, With firmness, with patience and kindness, Have courage, my boy, to say No!
CHORUS.
Have courage, my boy, to say No! Have courage, my boy, to say No!
say No! say No!

Have Courage, My Boy, to Say "No!"—*Concluded.*

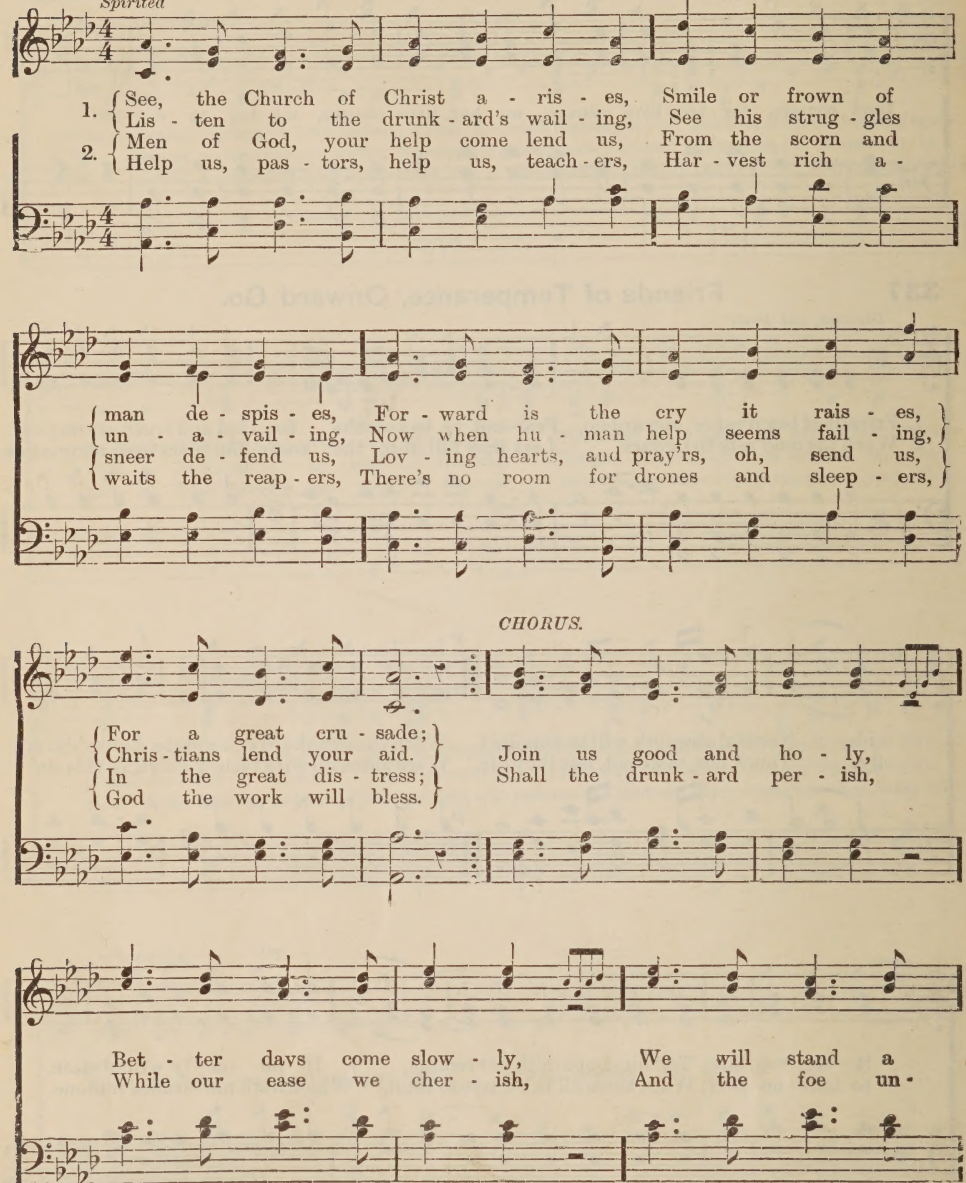


337 Friends of Temperance, Onward Go.

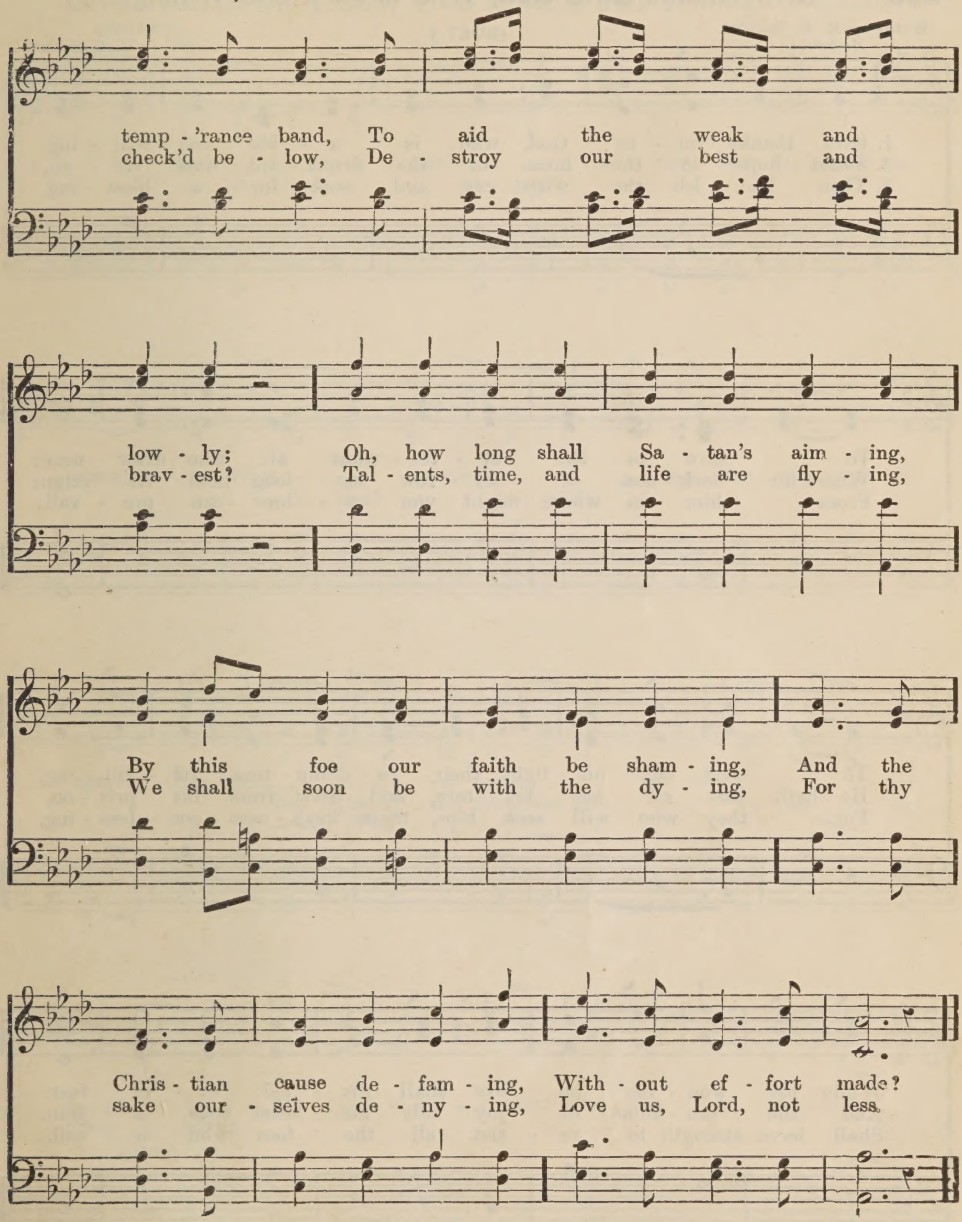

Distinct, not Fast.
1. Friends of temp'rance, onward go, Fear not ye to face the foe; God and truth are on your
2. Warn the mod'rate to beware, Lest they fall in-to the snare; Bid them from temptation
p
f
side, Needful strength will be supplied. Warn the drunkard of his state, Rouse him ere
fly, Touch not, taste not, lest they die. Warn them all with feeling heart, in this sin
rit.
it be too late; Tell him hope doth yet remain, If he on - ly will abstain.
to take no part, Warn them all this curse to shun, Which hath multitudes undone.

338 See, the Church of Christ Arises.

Words by A. SARGENT. Harmonized by W. A. OGDEN.

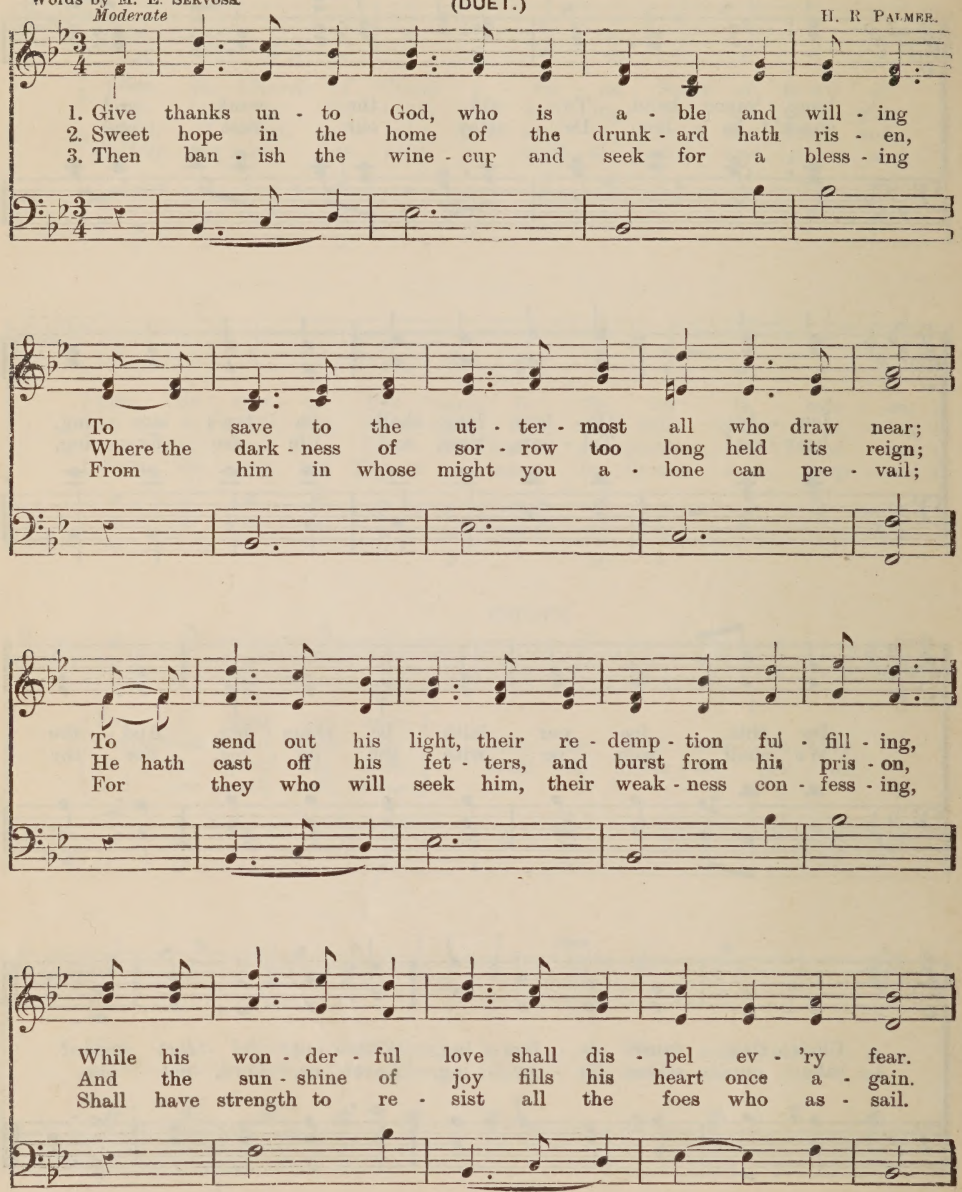
Spirited

1. See, the Church of Christ a - ris - es, Smile or frown of
Lis - ten to the drunk - ard's wail - ing, See his strug - gles
2. Men of God, your help come lend us, From the scorn and
Help us, pas - tors, help us, teach - ers, Har - vest rich a -
man de - spis - es, For - ward is the cry it rais - es,
un - a - vail - ing, Now when hu - man help seems fail - ing,
sneer de - fend us, Lov - ing hearts, and pray'rs, oh, send us,
waits the reap - ers, There's no room for drones and sleep - ers,
CHORUS.
For a great cru - sade;
Chris - tians lend your aid.
In the great dis - tress;
God the work will bless.
Join us good and ho - ly,
Shall the drunk - ard per - ish,
Bet - ter days come slow - ly, We will stand a
While our ease we cher - ish, And the foe un -

See, the Church of Christ Arises—*Concluded.*

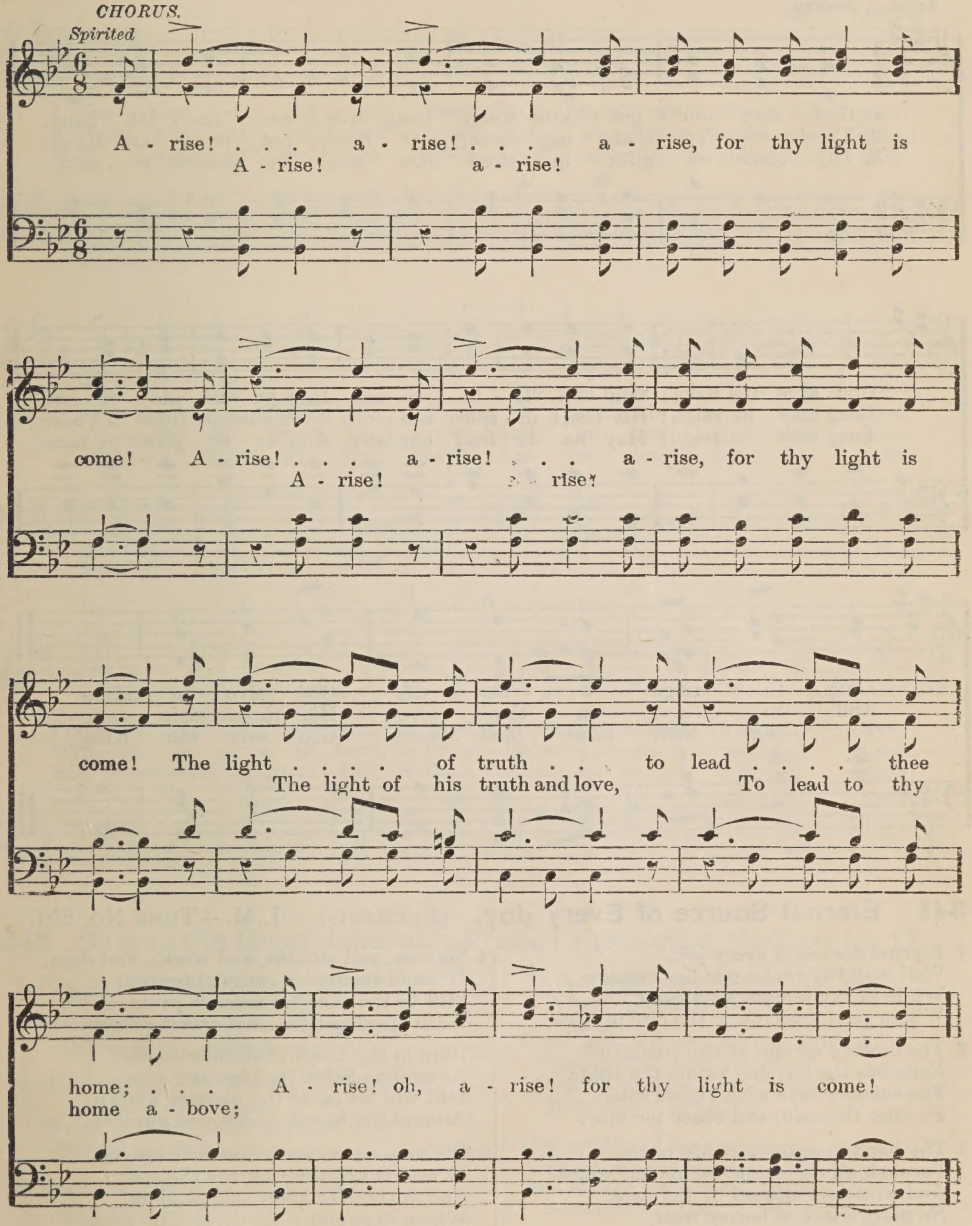

temp - 'rance band, To aid the weak and
check'd be - low, De - stroy our best and
low - ly; Oh, how long shall Sa - tan's aim - ing,
brav - est? Tal - ents, time, and life are fly - ing,
By this foe our faith be sham - ing, And the
We shall soon be with the dy - ing, For thy
Chris - tian cause de - fam - ing, With - out ef - fort made?
sake our - selves de - ny - ing, Love us, Lord, not less.

339 Give Thanks Unto God, Who is Able and Willing.

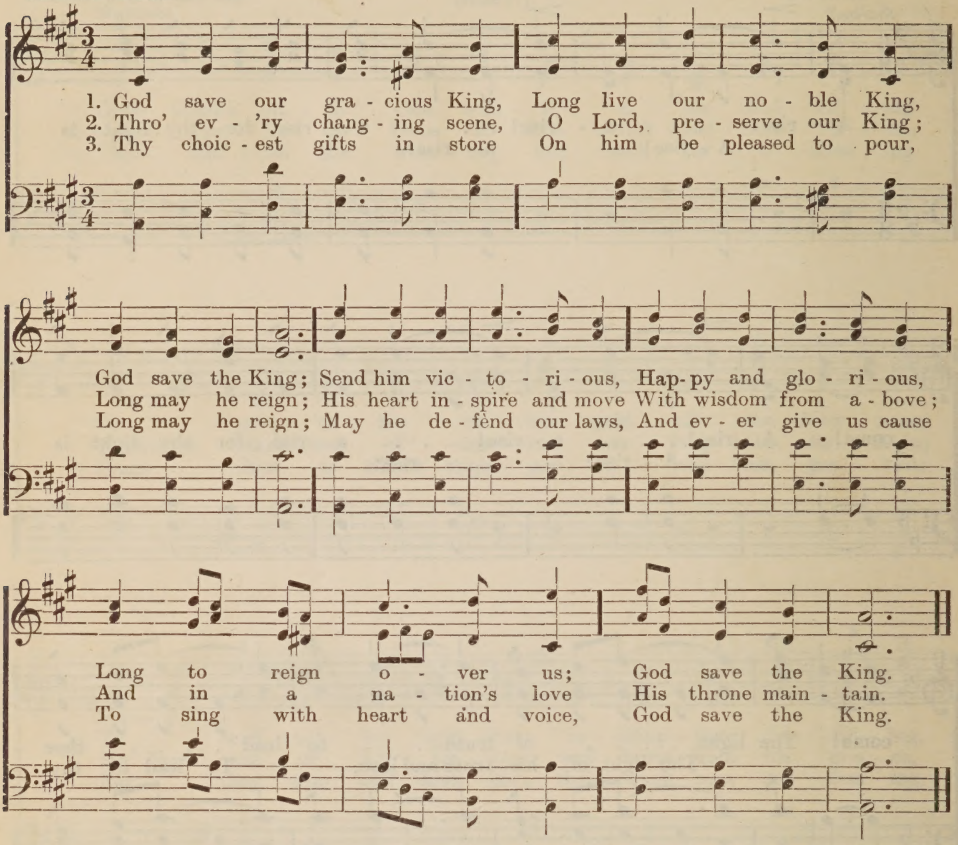
Words by M. E. Servoss. (DUET.) H. R. Palmer.

Moderate

1. Give thanks un - to God, who is a - ble and will - ing
2. Sweet hope in the home of the drunk - ard hath ris - en,
3. Then ban - ish the wine - cup and seek for a bless - ing
To save to the ut - ter - most all who draw near;
Where the dark - ness of sor - row too long held its reign;
From him in whose might you a - lone can pre - vail;
To send out his light, their re - demp - tion ful - fill - ing,
He hath cast off his fet - ters, and burst from his pris - on,
For they who will seek him, their weak - ness con - fess - ing,
While his won - der - ful love shall dis - pel ev - 'ry fear.
And the sun - shine of joy fills his heart once a - gain.
Shall have strength to re - sist all the foes who as - sail.

Give Thanks Unto God, Who is Able and Willing—*Concluded.*


CHORUS.
Spirited
A - rise! . . . a - rise! . . . a - rise, for thy light is
A - rise! a - rise!
come! A - rise! . . . a - rise! . . . a - rise, for thy light is
A - rise! a - rise!
come! The light . . . . of truth . . to lead . . . . thee
The light of his truth and love, To lead to thy
home; . . . A - rise! oh, a - rise! for thy light is come!
home a - bove;

340 God Save Our Gracious King. (6,6,4,6,6,6,4.)

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

1. God save our gra - cious King, Long live our no - ble King,
2. Thro' ev - 'ry chang - ing scene, O Lord, pre - serve our King;
3. Thy choic - est gifts in store On him be pleased to pour,
God save the King; Send him vic - to - ri - ous, Hap - py and glo - ri - ous,
Long may he reign; His heart in - spire and move With wisdom from a - bove;
Long may he reign; May he de - fend our laws, And ev - er give us cause
Long to reign o - ver us; God save the King.
And in a na - tion's love His throne main - tain.
To sing with heart and voice, God save the King.

341 Eternal Source of Every Joy. (EUCHARIST.—L.M.—TUNE NO. 204.)

1 Eternal Source of every joy,
Well may thy praise our lips employ
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

2 The flowery spring, at thy command,
Embalms the air, and paints the land;
The summer rays with vigour shine,
To raise the corn, and cheer the vine.

3 Thy hand in autumn richly pours
Through all our coasts redundant stores;
And winters, softened by thy care,
No more a face of horror wear.

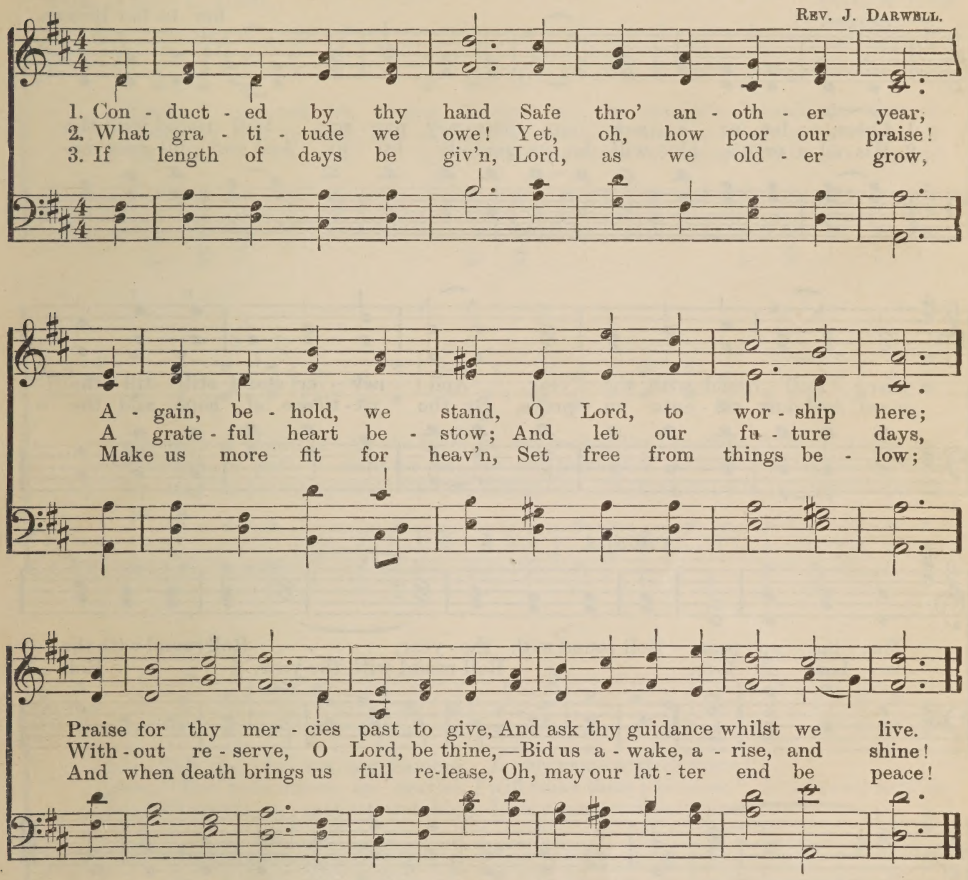
4 Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid
With opening light, and evening shade.

5 Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling Sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known
Around thy board, and round our own.

6 Oh, may our more harmonious tongue
In worlds unknown pursue the song;
And in those brighter courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

—*Doddridge.*

342 Conducted By Thy Hand. (DARWELL.—6s & 8s.)

REV. J. DARWELL.

1. Con - duct - ed by thy hand Safe thro' an - oth - er year,
2. What gra - ti - tude we owe! Yet, oh, how poor our praise!
3. If length of days be giv'n, Lord, as we old - er grow,
A - gain, be - hold, we stand, O Lord, to wor - ship here;
A grate - ful heart be - stow; And let our fu - ture days,
Make us more fit for heav'n, Set free from things be - low;
Praise for thy mer - cies past to give, And ask thy guidance whilst we live.
With - out re - serve, O Lord, be thine,—Bid us a - wake, a - rise, and shine!
And when death brings us full re-lease, Oh, may our lat - ter end be peace!

343 Sing to the Great Jehovah's Praise! (ABRIDGE.–C.M.–TUNE No. 132)

1 Sing to the great Jehovah's praise!
All praise to him belongs;
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
Demands our choicest songs.

2 His providence hath brought us through
Another various year;
We all with vows and anthems new
Before our God appear.

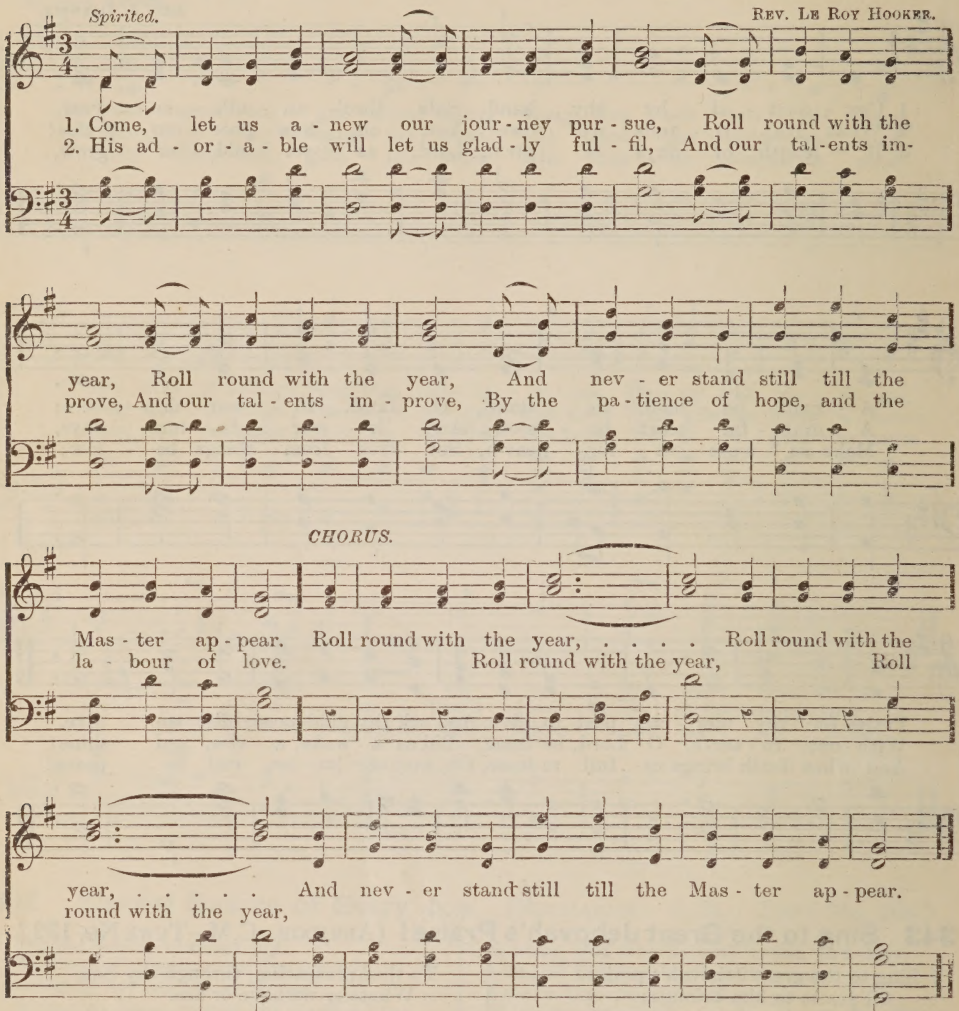
3 Father, thy mercies past we own,
Thy still continued care;
To thee presenting, through thy Son,
Whate'er we have or are.

4 Our lips and lives shall gladly show
The wonders of thy love,
While on in Jesus' steps we go
To see thy face above.

5 Our residue of days or hours
Thine, wholly thine, shall be,
And all our consecrated powers
A sacrifice to thee.

— *C. Wesley.*

344 Come, Let Us Anew Our Journey Pursue. (10,5,11.)

Spirited. REV. LE ROY HOOKER.

1. Come, let us a - new our jour - ney pur - sue, Roll round with the
2. His ad - or - a - ble will let us glad - ly ful - fil, And our tal - ents im-
year, Roll round with the year, And nev - er stand still till the
prove, And our tal - ents im - prove, By the pa - tience of hope, and the
CHORUS.
Mas - ter ap - pear. Roll round with the year, ... Roll round with the
la - bour of love. Roll round with the year, Roll
year, ... And nev - er stand still till the Mas - ter ap - pear.
round with the year,

3 Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away;
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

4 The arrow is flown; the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

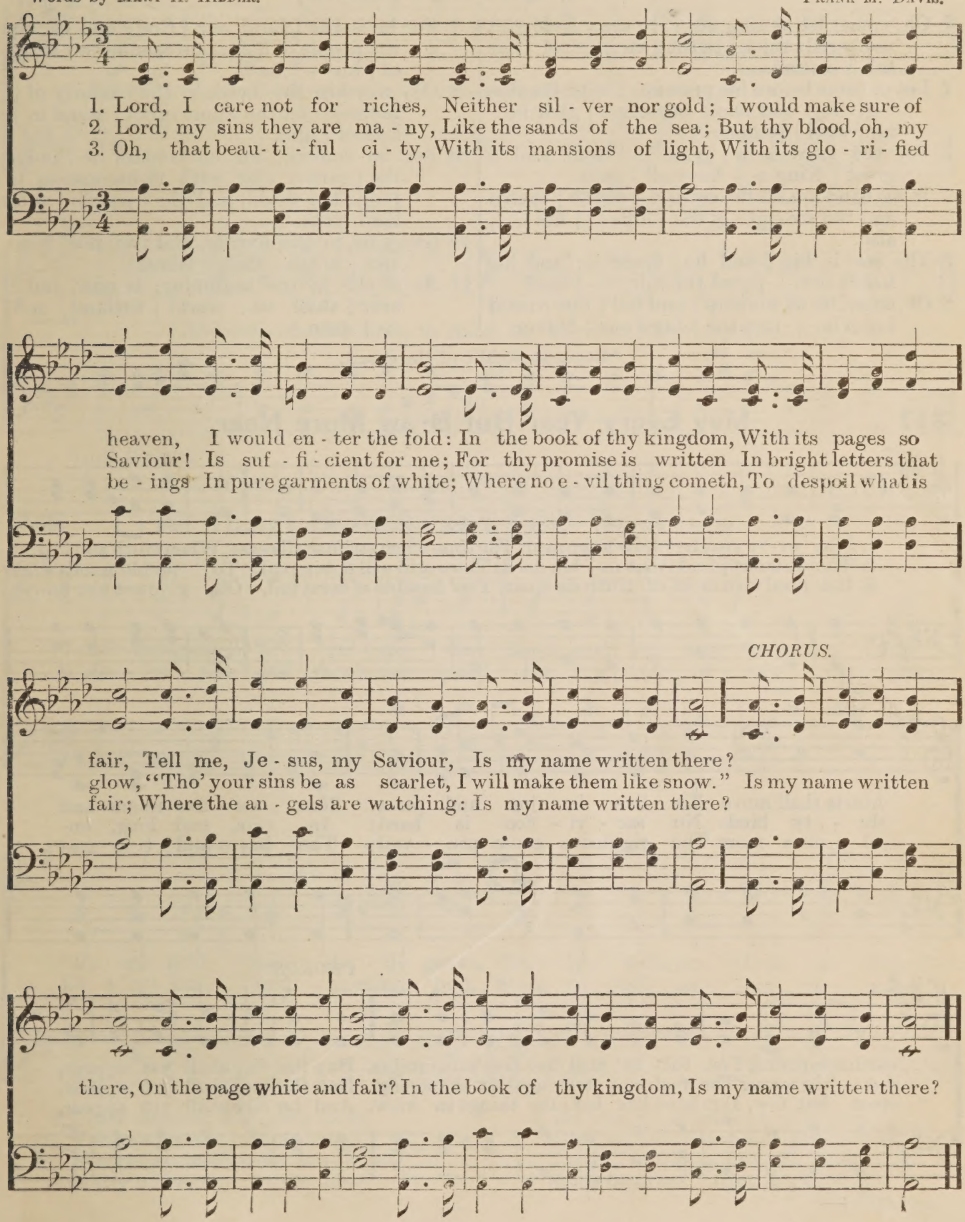
5 Oh, that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

6 Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

—*C. Wesley.*

345 Lord, I Care Not for Riches.

Words by MARY A. KIDDER. FRANK M. DAVIS.


1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma - ny, Like the sands of the sea; But thy blood, oh, my
3. Oh, that beau - ti - ful ci - ty, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied
heaven, I would en - ter the fold: In the book of thy kingdom, With its pages so
Saviour! Is suf - fi - cient for me; For thy promise is written In bright letters that
be - ings In pure garments of white; Where no e - vil thing cometh, To despoil what is
CHORUS.
fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there?
glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." Is my name written
fair; Where the an - gels are watching: Is my name written there?
there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

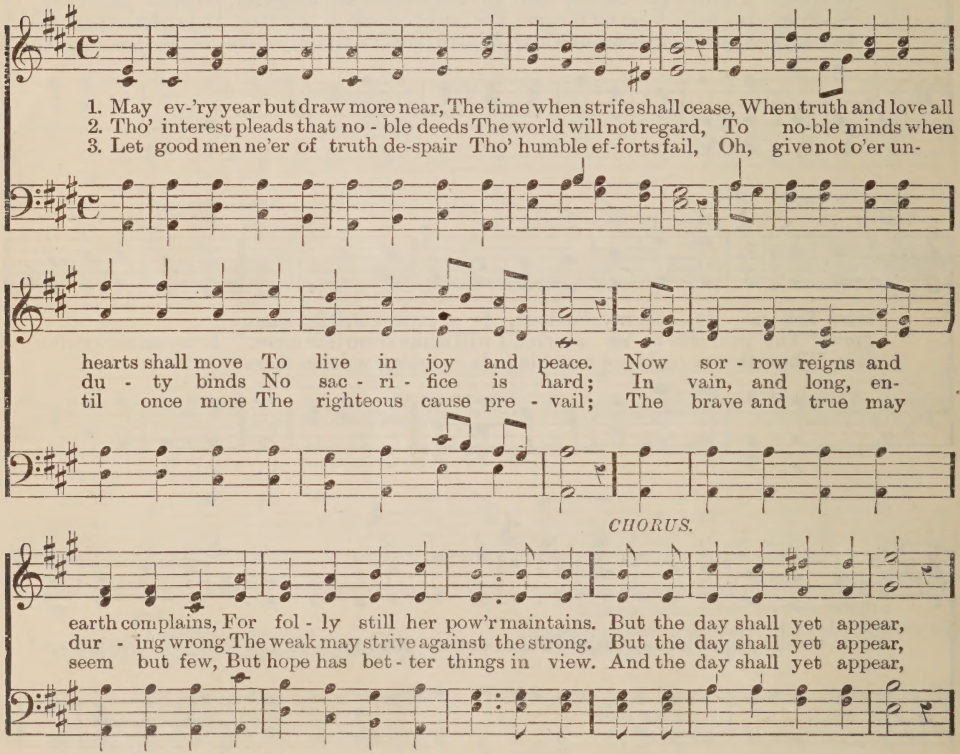
346 Oh, Come, Let Us Sing Unto the Lord. (CHANT.–C.M.–TUNE No. 21.)

(VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.)

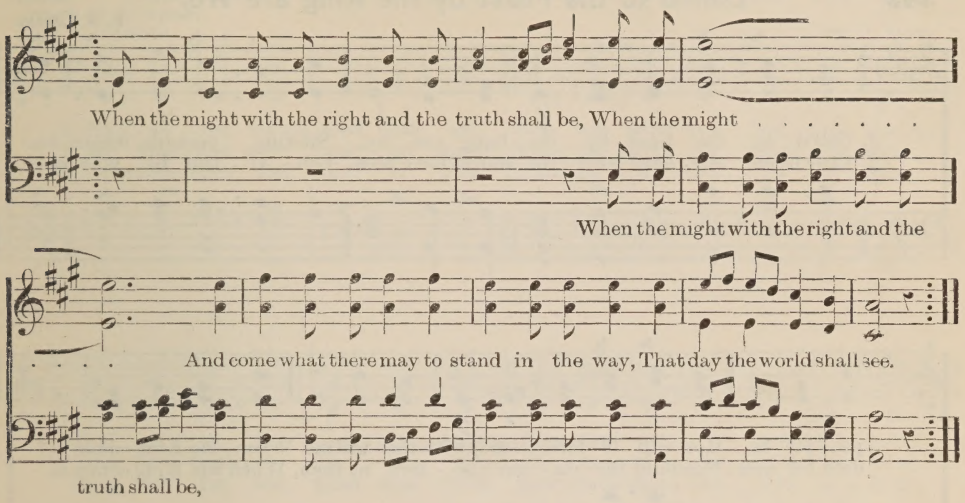
1 Oh, come, let us sing un- | -to the | Lord: let us heartily rejoice in the | strength of | our sal- | -vation.
2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- | -giving: and show ourselves | glad in | him with | psalms.
3 For the Lord is a | great — | God: and a great | King a- | -bove all | gods.
4 In his hand are all the corners | of the | earth: and the strength of the | hills is | his — | also.
5 The sea is his, | and he | made it: and his hands pre- | -pared the | dry — | land.
6 Oh, come, let us worship | and fall | down: and kneel be- | -fore the | Lord our | Maker.
7 For he is the | Lord our | God: and we are the people of his pasture, and the | sheep of | his — | hand.
8 Oh, worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness: let the whole earth | stand in | awe of | him.
*9 For he cometh, for he cometh to | judge the | earth: and with righteousness to judge the world, and the | people | with his | truth.
10 Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son: and | to the | Holy | Ghost;
11 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever | shall be: world | without | end. A- | -men.

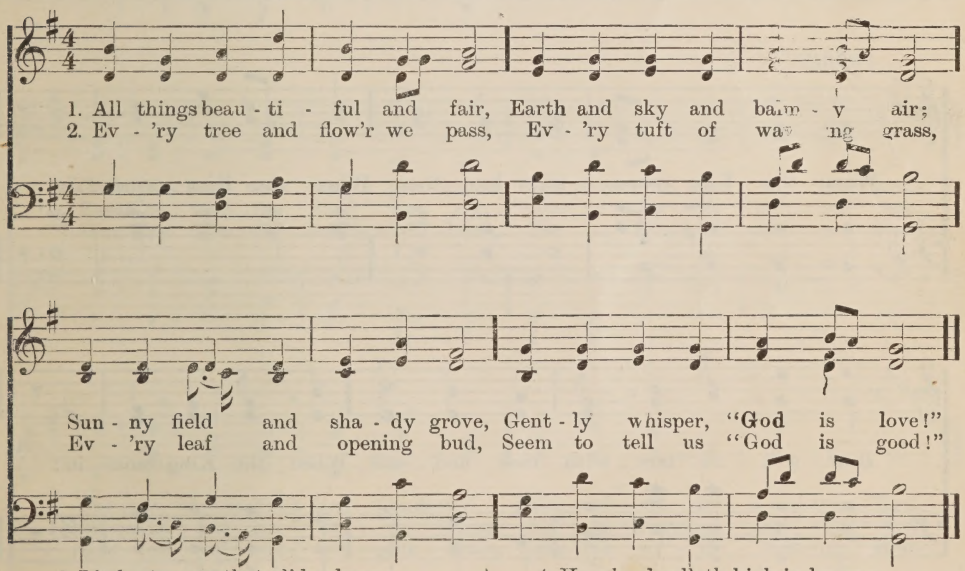
*Begin at middle of the chant.

347 May Every Year But Draw More Near.


1. May ev-'ry year but draw more near, The time when strife shall cease, When truth and love all
2. Tho' interest pleads that no - ble deeds The world will not regard, To no-ble minds when
3. Let good men ne'er of truth de-spair Tho' humble ef-forts fail, Oh, give not o'er un-
hearts shall move To live in joy and peace. Now sor - row reigns and
du - ty binds No sac - ri - fice is hard; In vain, and long, en-
til once more The righteous cause pre - vail; The brave and true may
CHORUS.
earth complains, For fol - ly still her pow'r maintains. But the day shall yet appear,
dur - ing wrong The weak may strive against the strong. But the day shall yet appear,
seem but few, But hope has bet - ter things in view. And the day shall yet appear,

May Every Year But Draw More Near—*Concluded.*


When the might with the right and the truth shall be, When the might . . . . . .
When the might with the right and the
. . . . And come what there may to stand in the way, That day the world shall see.
truth shall be,

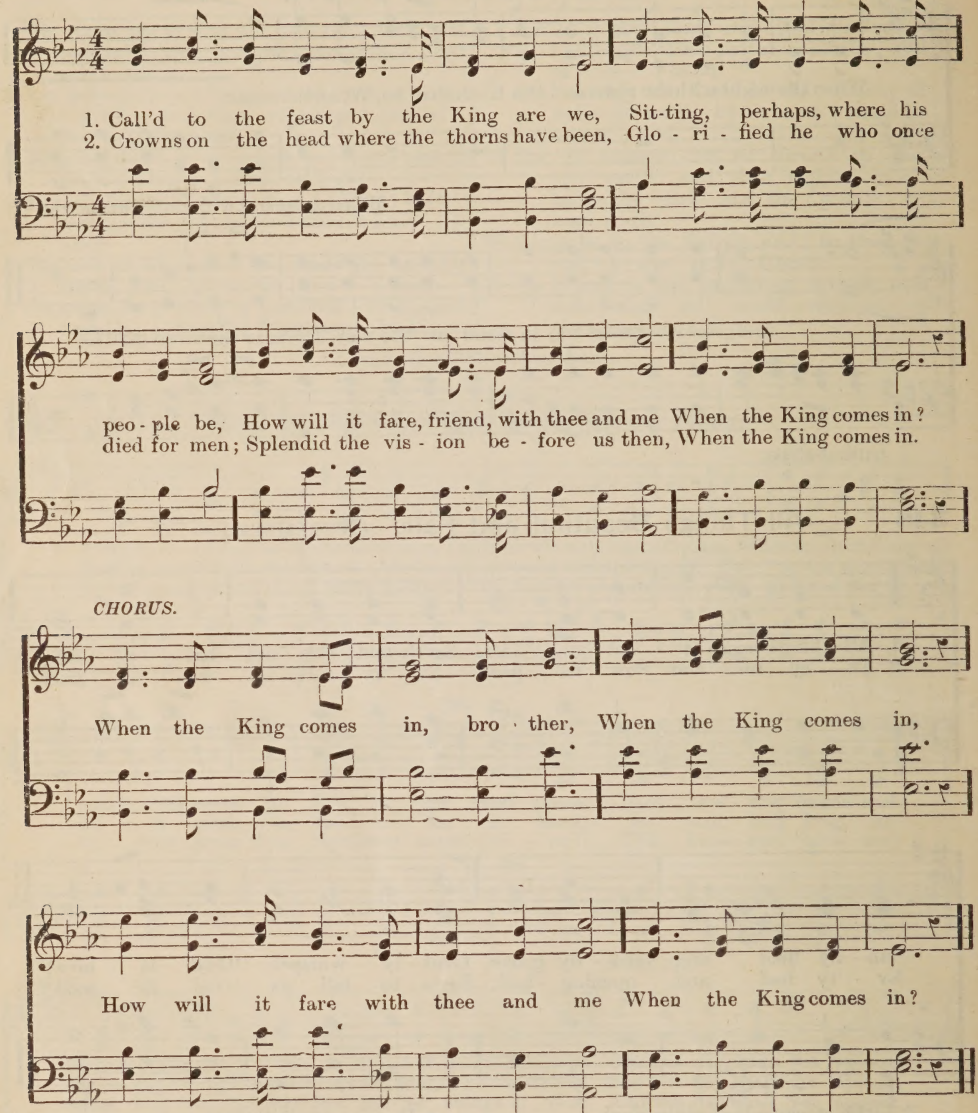
348 All Things Beautiful and Fair. (NUREMBERG.—7s.)

1. All things beau - ti - ful and fair, Earth and sky and balm - y air;
2. Ev - 'ry tree and flow'r we pass, Ev - 'ry tuft of wav - ing grass,
Sun - ny field and sha - dy grove, Gent - ly whisper, "God is love!"
Ev - 'ry leaf and opening bud, Seem to tell us "God is good!"

3 Little streams that glide along,
Verdant, mossy banks among,
Shadowing forth the clouds above
Softly murmur, "God is love!"

4 He who dwelleth high in heaven,
Unto us hath all things given;
Let us, as through life we move,
Ever feel that "God is love!"

—*Unknown.*

349 Called to the Feast by the King are We.

E. S. LORENZ

1. Call'd to the feast by the King are we, Sit-ting, perhaps, where his
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glo - ri - fied he who once
peo - ple be, How will it fare, friend, with thee and me When the King comes in?
died for men; Splendid the vis - ion be - fore us then, When the King comes in.
CHORUS.
When the King comes in, bro - ther, When the King comes in,
How will it fare with thee and me When the King comes in?

3 Like lightning's flash will that instant show
Things hidden long from both friend and foe,
Just what we are will each neighbour know
When the King comes in.

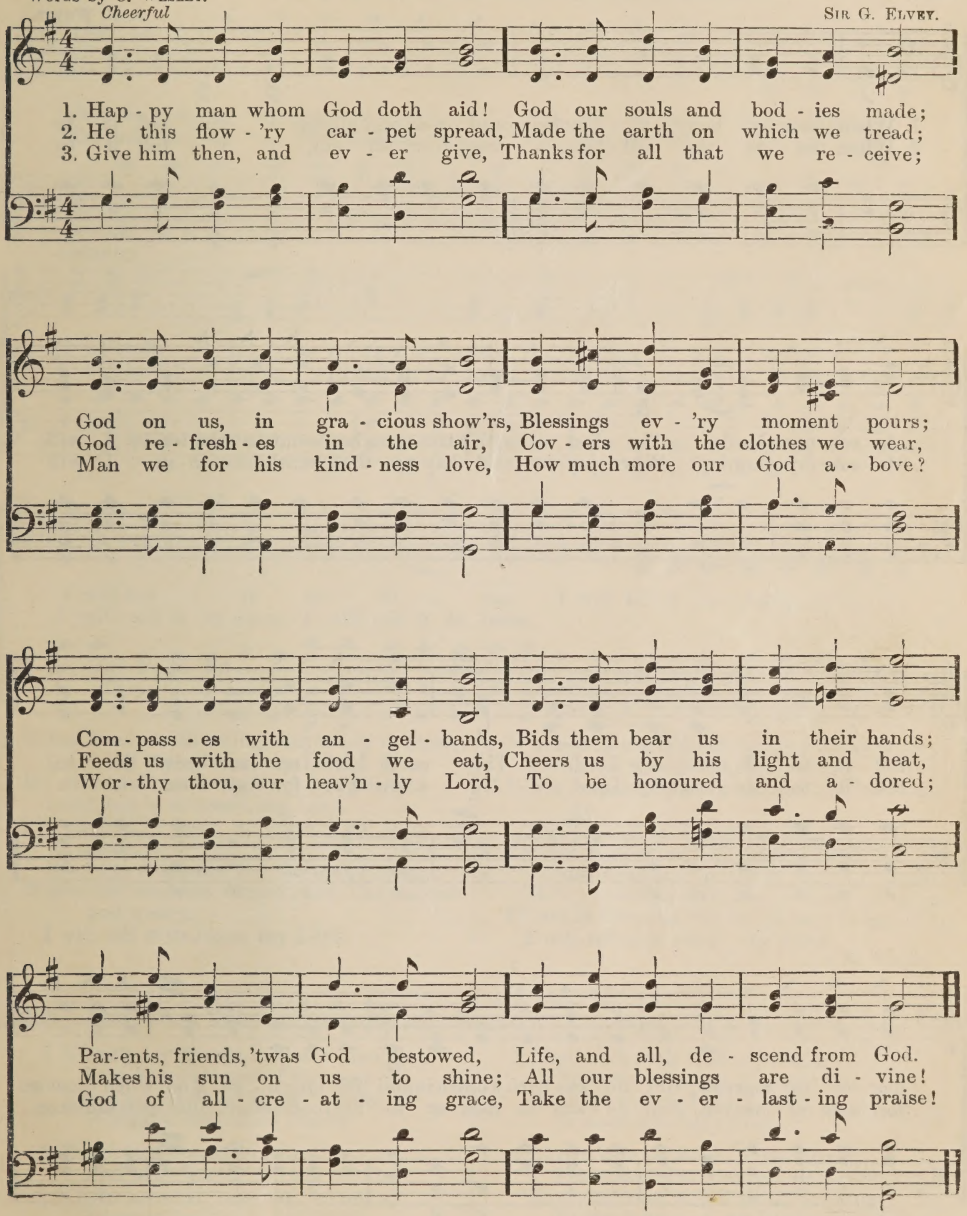
4 Joyful shall his eye on each one rest
Who is in white wedding garments dressed,
Ah, well for us if we stand the test
When the King comes in.

—*J. E. Landor.*

350 Happy Man Whom God Doth Aid! (St. George.—7s.)

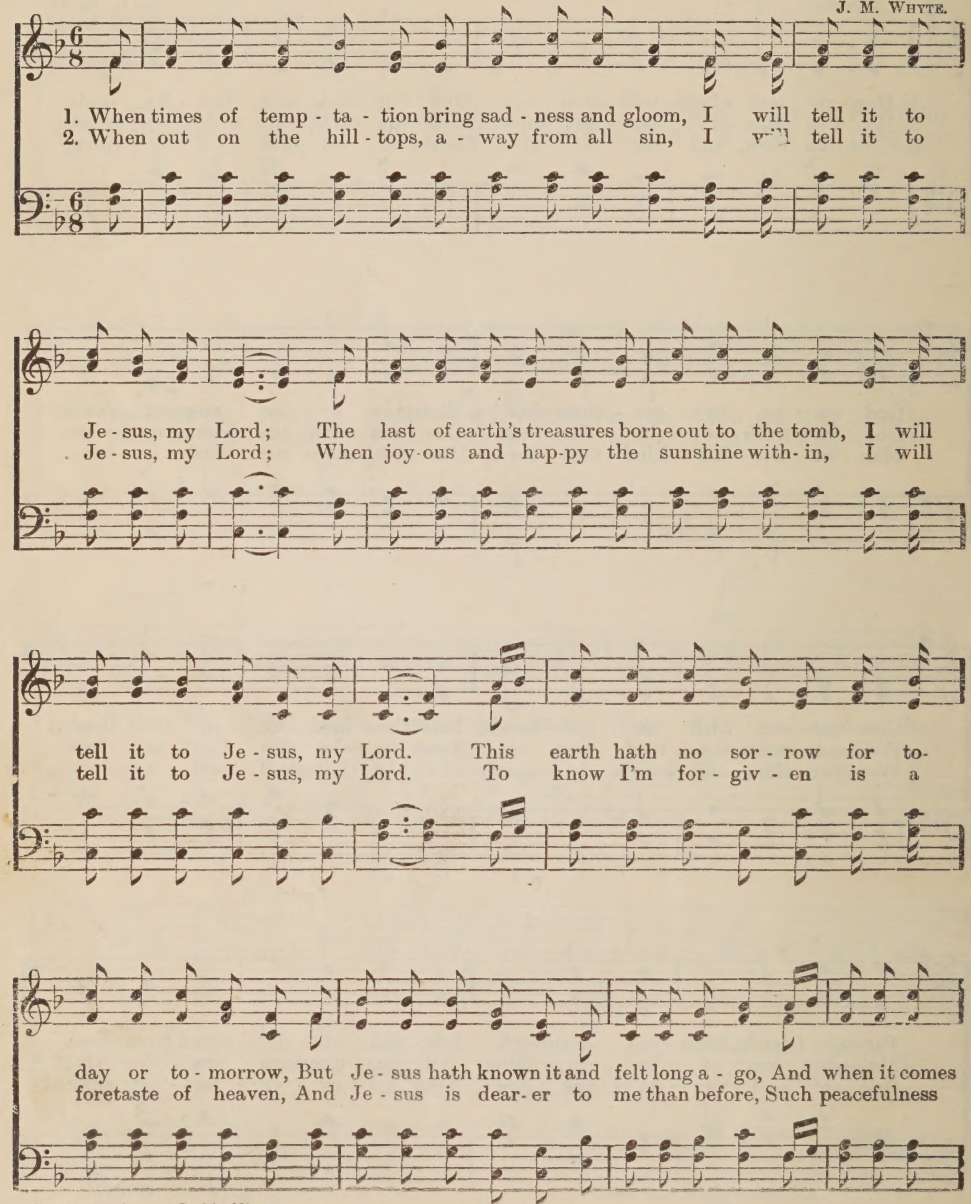
Words by C. Wesley.

Cheerful

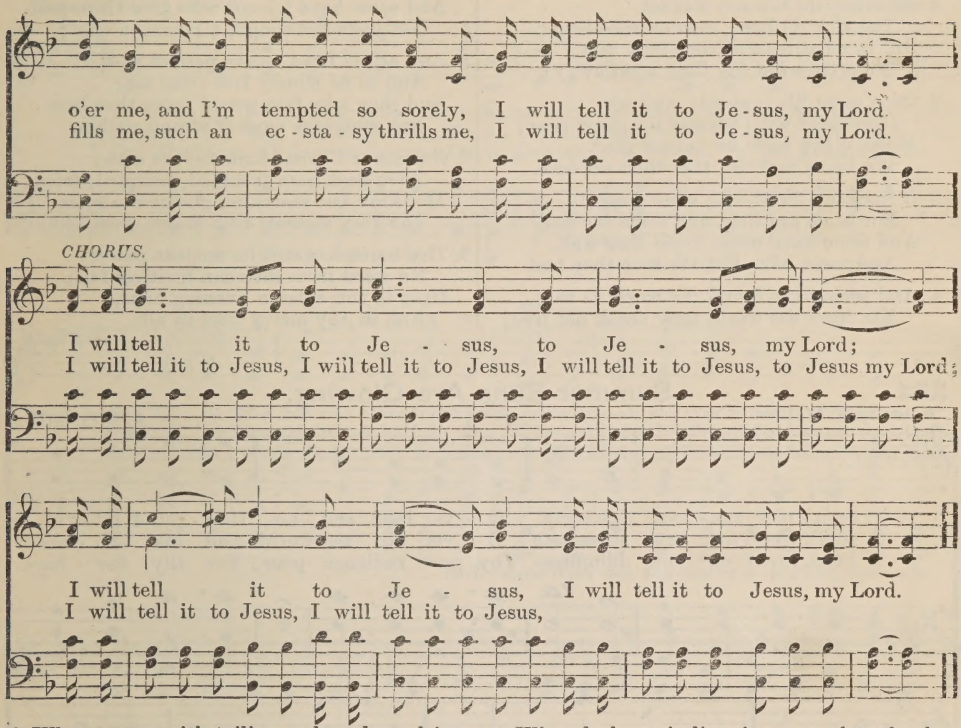
Sir G. Elvey.

1. Hap - py man whom God doth aid! God our souls and bod - ies made;
2. He this flow - 'ry car - pet spread, Made the earth on which we tread;
3. Give him then, and ev - er give, Thanks for all that we re - ceive;
God on us, in gra - cious show'rs, Blessings ev - 'ry moment pours;
God re - fresh - es in the air, Cov - ers with the clothes we wear,
Man we for his kind - ness love, How much more our God a - bove?
Com - pass - es with an - gel - bands, Bids them bear us in their hands;
Feeds us with the food we eat, Cheers us by his light and heat,
Wor - thy thou, our heav'n - ly Lord, To be honoured and a - dored;
Par - ents, friends, 'twas God bestowed, Life, and all, de - scend from God.
Makes his sun on us to shine; All our blessings are di - vine!
God of all - cre - at - ing grace, Take the ev - er - last - ing praise!

351 I Will Tell it to Jesus, My Lord.

J. M. WHYTE.


1. When times of temp - ta - tion bring sad - ness and gloom, I will tell it to
2. When out on the hill - tops, a - way from all sin, I will tell it to
Je - sus, my Lord; The last of earth's treasures borne out to the tomb, I will
Je - sus, my Lord; When joy - ous and hap - py the sunshine with - in, I will
tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. This earth hath no sor - row for to-
tell it to Je - sus, my Lord. To know I'm for - giv - en is a
day or to - morrow, But Je - sus hath known it and felt long a - go, And when it comes
foretaste of heaven, And Je - sus is dear - er to me than before, Such peacefulness

By permission of J. M. WHYTE.

I Will Tell it to Jesus, My Lord—*Concluded.*

o'er me, and I'm tempted so sorely, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord.
fills me, such an ec - sta - sy thrills me, I will tell it to Je - sus, my Lord.
CHORUS.
I will tell it to Je - sus, to Je - sus, my Lord;
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus, to Jesus my Lord;
I will tell it to Je - sus, I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
I will tell it to Jesus, I will tell it to Jesus,

3 When weary with toiling and ready to faint,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
He never refuses to hear my complaint,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
I'll cheerfully bear it, when I've Jesus to share it,
His yoke it is easy, his burden is light,
When life becomes dreary, and I'm footsore and weary,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

4 When darkness is dimming my path to the sky,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord;
When helpers shall fail me and comforts shall fly,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.
Though blurred my life's pages by my sin and its wages,
He's yesterday, now, and forever the same,
I'll not be forsaken, tho' my life should be taken,
I will tell it to Jesus, my Lord.

—*J. M. Whyte.*

352 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy. (VERMONT.—8s & 7s.—TUNE NO.

1 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There is welcome for the sinner,
And more graces for the good;
There is mercy with the Saviour;
There is healing in his blood.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most infinitely kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the favour of our Lord.

Faber.

353 At Even, Ere the Sun Was Set. (St. Crispin.—L.M.—Tune No. 158.)

1 At even, ere the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pains they met!
Oh, with what joy they went away!

2 Once more 'tis eventide, and we
Oppressed with various ills draw near;
What if thy form we cannot see?
We know and feel that thou art here.

3 O Saviour Christ, our woes dispel!
For some are sick, and some are sad,
And some have never loved thee well,
And some have lost the love they had

4 And some have found the world is vain,
Yet from the world they break not free;
And some have friends who give them pain
Yet have not sought a friend in thee;

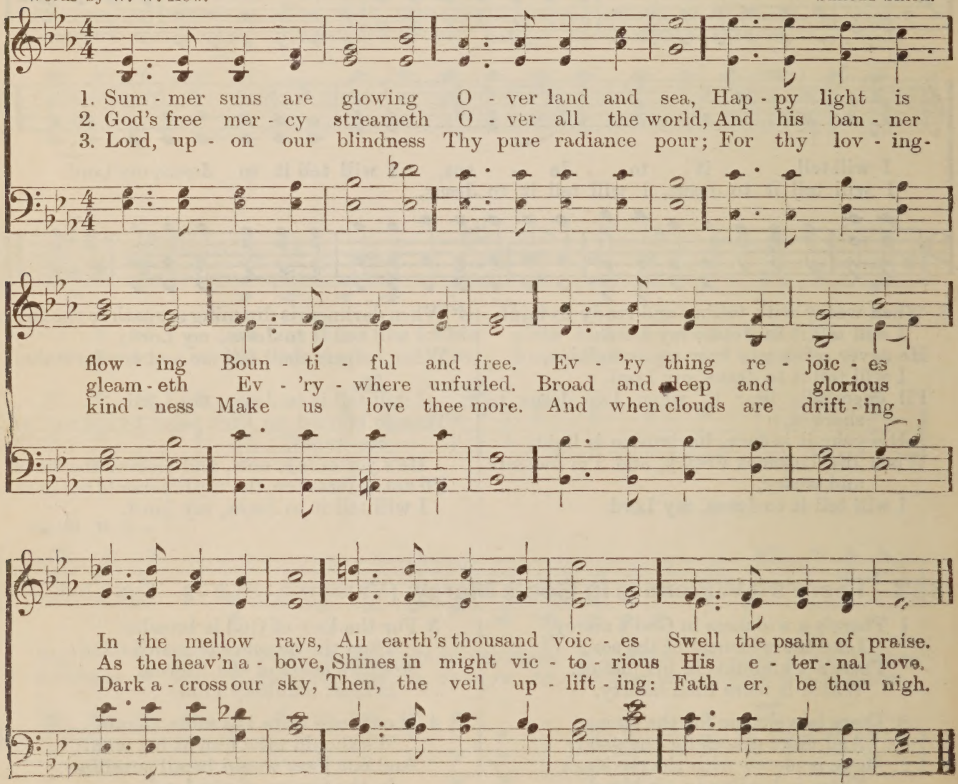
5 And all, O Lord, crave perfect rest,
And to be wholly free from sin;
And they who fain would serve thee best
Are conscious most of wrong within.

6 O Saviour Christ, thou too art man;
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;
Thy kind but searching glance can scan
The very wounds that shame would hide;

7 Thy touch has still its ancient power;
No word from thee can fruitless fall;
Hear in this solemn evening hour,
And in thy mercy heal us all.

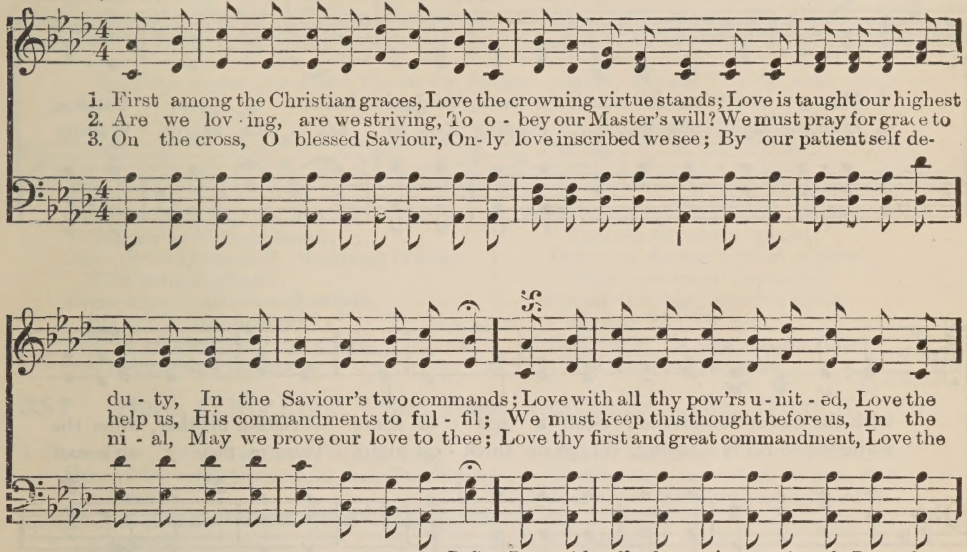
—*H. Twells.*

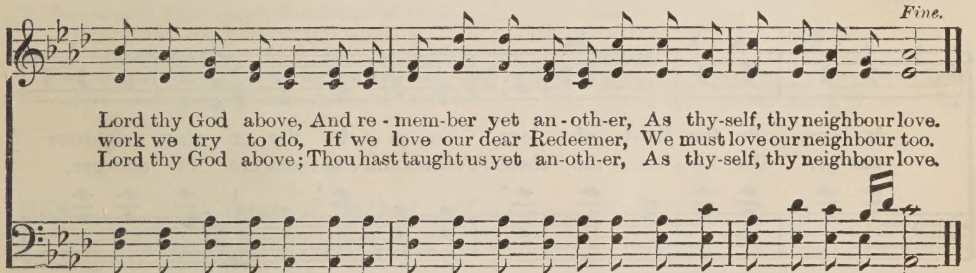
354 Summer Suns Are Glowing.

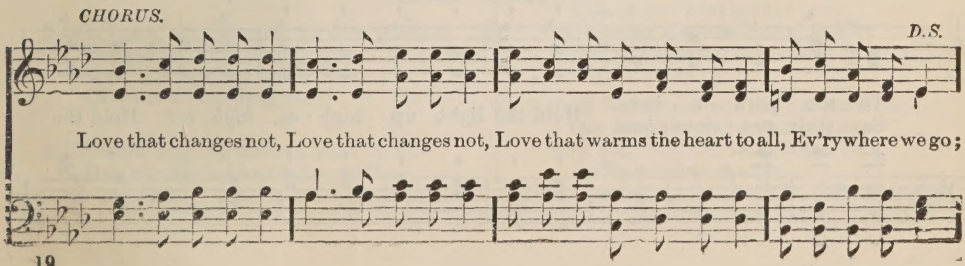
Words by W. W. How. Samuel Smith.

1. Sum - mer suns are glowing O - ver land and sea, Hap - py light is flow - ing Boun - ti - ful and free. Ev - 'ry thing re - joic - es
2. God's free mer - cy streameth O - ver all the world, And his ban - ner gleam - eth Ev - 'ry - where unfurled. Broad and deep and glorious
3. Lord, up - on our blindness Thy pure radiance pour; For thy lov - ing- kind - ness Make us love thee more. And when clouds are drift - ing
In the mellow rays, All earth's thousand voic - es Swell the psalm of praise.
As the heav'n a - bove, Shines in might vic - to - rious His e - ter - nal love.
Dark a - cross our sky, Then, the veil up - lift - ing: Fath - er, be thou nigh.

355 First Among the Christian Graces.

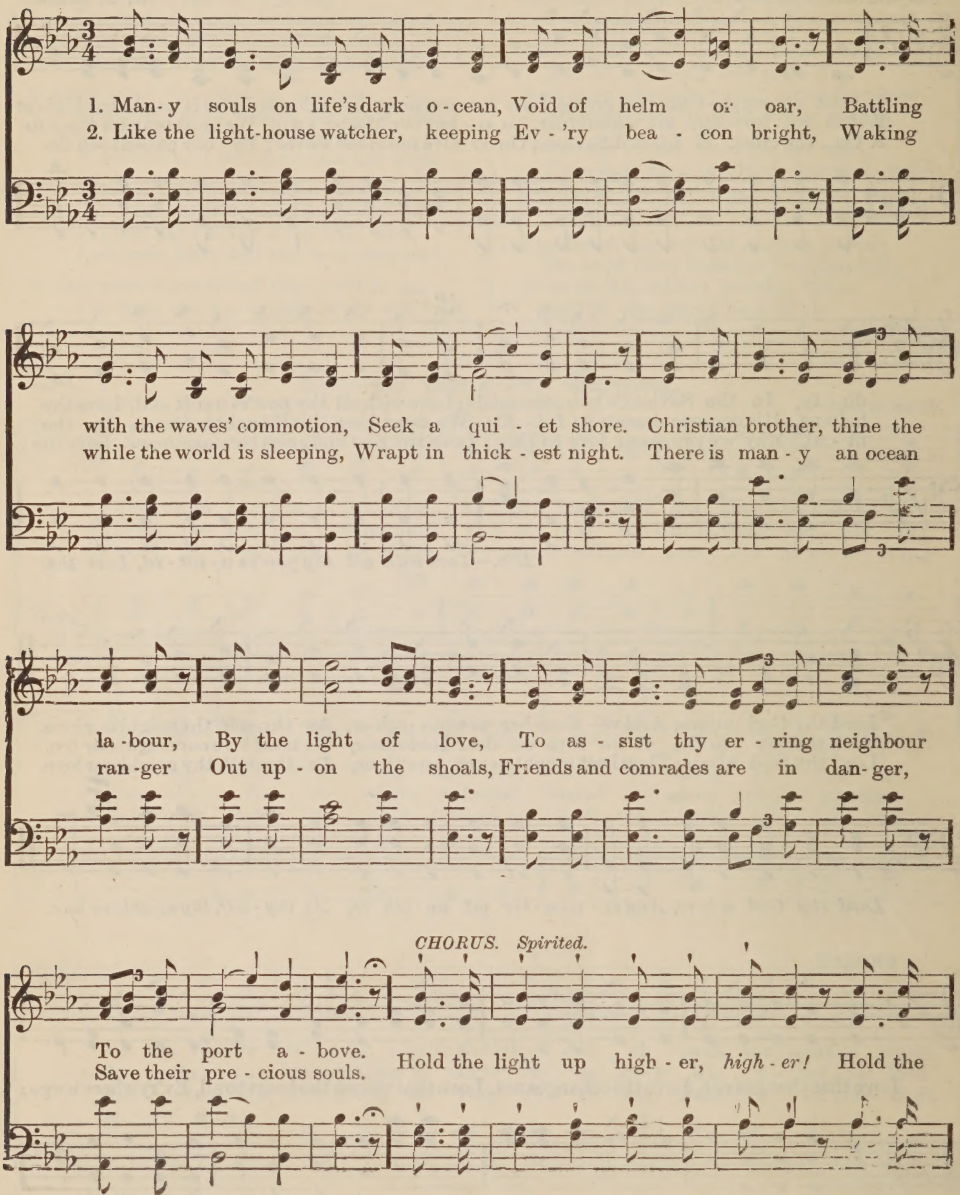
Words by FANNY CROSBY. W. H. DOANE.


1. First among the Christian graces, Love the crowning virtue stands; Love is taught our highest
2. Are we lov - ing, are we striving, To o - bey our Master's will? We must pray for grace to
3. On the cross, O blessed Saviour, On - ly love inscribed we see; By our patient self de-
du - ty, In the Saviour's two commands; Love with all thy pow'rs u - nit - ed, Love the
help us, His commandments to ful - fil; We must keep this thought before us, In the
ni - al, May we prove our love to thee; Love thy first and great commandment, Love the
D.S.—Love with all thy pow'rs u - nit - ed, Love the

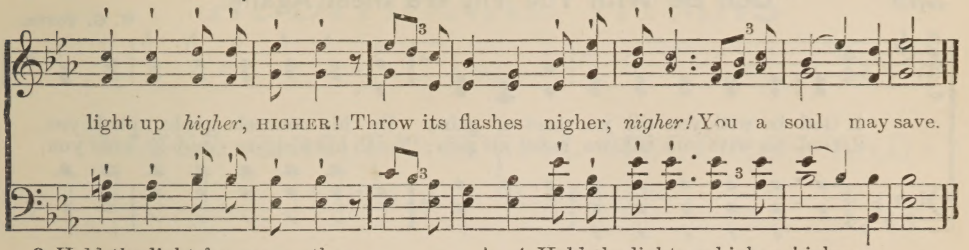

Fine.
Lord thy God above, And re - mem - ber yet an - oth - er, As thy-self, thy neighbour love.
work we try to do, If we love our dear Redeemer, We must love our neighbour too.
Lord thy God above; Thou hast taught us yet an-oth-er, As thy-self, thy neighbour love.
Lord thy God a-bove, And re - mem - ber yet an - oth - er, As thy - self, thy neighbour love.



356 Many Souls on Life's Dark Ocean.

T. O. OE.

1. Man-y souls on life's dark o-cean, Void of helm or oar, Battling
2. Like the light-house watcher, keeping Ev-'ry bea-con bright, Waking
with the waves' commotion, Seek a qui-et shore. Christian brother, thine the
while the world is sleeping, Wrapt in thick-est night. There is man-y an ocean
la-bour, By the light of love, To as-sist thy er-ring neighbour
ran-ger Out up-on the shoals, Friends and comrades are in dan-ger,
CHORUS. Spirited.
To the port a-bove.
Save their pre-cious souls.
Hold the light up high-er, high-er! Hold the

Many Souls on Life's Dark Ocean—*Concluded.*



3 Hold the light for one another,
'Tis the Lord's command;
Seize the shipwrecked, drowning brother,
With a manly hand;
Rouse him up to life and action,
Ply the means to save,
And by love's divine attraction,
Lift him from the wave.

4 Hold the light up higher, higher,
Thousands need your aid;
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade:
Borrow torches from the altar,
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag nor falter,
Till the work is done.

—*W. Hunter.*

357 Here, O My Lord, I See Thee. (ST. AGNES.—10s.—TUNE No. 329.)

1 Here, O my Lord, I see thee face to face;
Here faith can touch and handle things unseen;
Here grasp with firmer hand the eternal grace,
And all my weariness upon thee lean.

2 Here would I feed upon the bread of God;
Here drink with thee the royal wine of heaven;
Here would I lay aside each earthly load;
Here taste afresh the calm of sin forgiven.

3 I have no help but thine; nor do I need
Another arm save thine to lean upon;
It is enough, my Lord, enough indeed;
My strength is in thy might, thy might alone.

4 Mine is the sin, but thine the righteousness;
Mine is the guilt, but thine the cleansing blood;
Here is my robe, my refuge, and my peace,
Thy blood, thy righteousness, O Lord, my God.

—*H. Bonar.*

358 O God of Bethel. (TALLIS.—C.M.—TUNE No. 4.)

1 O God of Bethel, by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:

2 Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

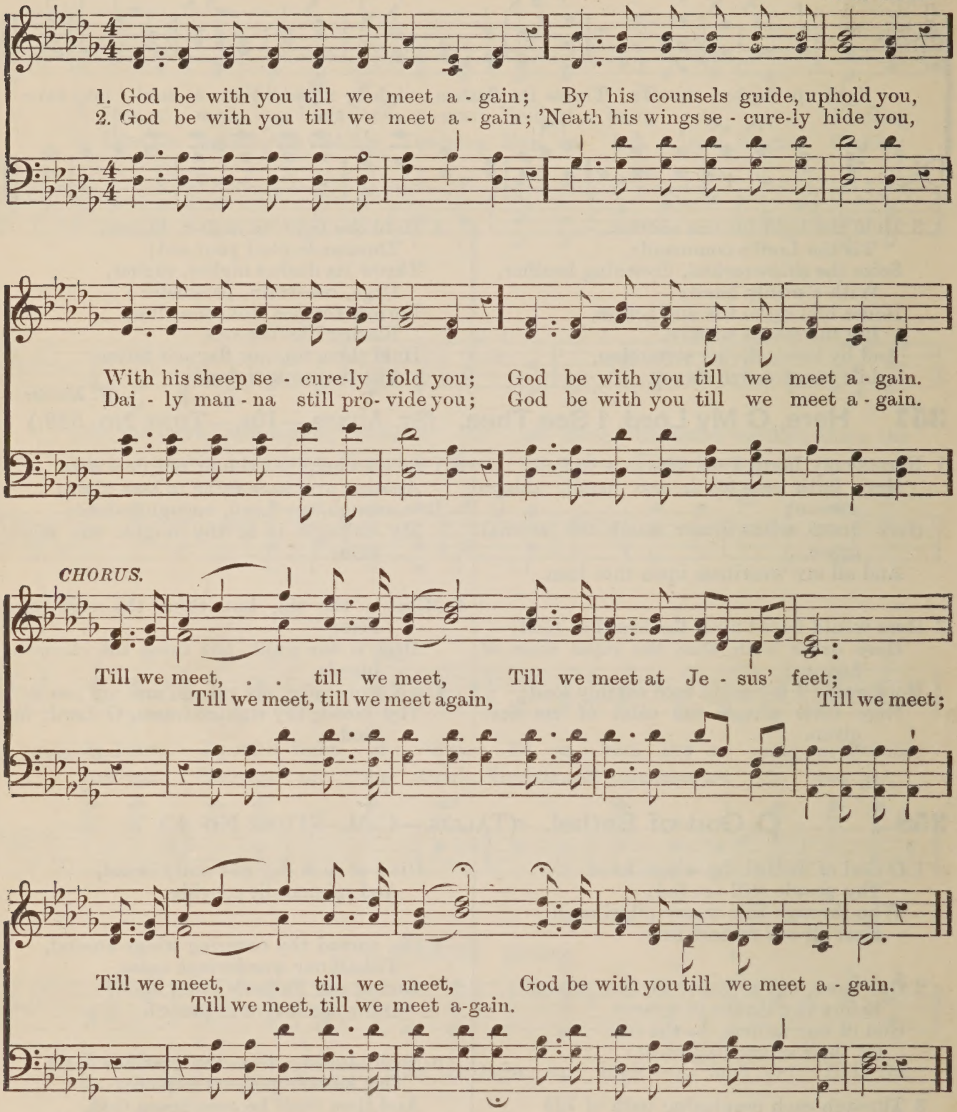
3 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

4 Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace!

5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble prayers implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

—*Dr. Doddridge.*

359 God Be With You Till We Meet Again.

W. G. Tomer.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain; By his counsels guide, uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet a - gain; 'Neath his wings se - cure-ly hide you,
With his sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Dai - ly man - na still pro- vide you; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
CHORUS.
Till we meet, . . till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, Till we meet;
Till we meet, . . till we meet, God be with you till we meet a - gain.
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you;
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threatening wave before you;
God be with you till we meet again.

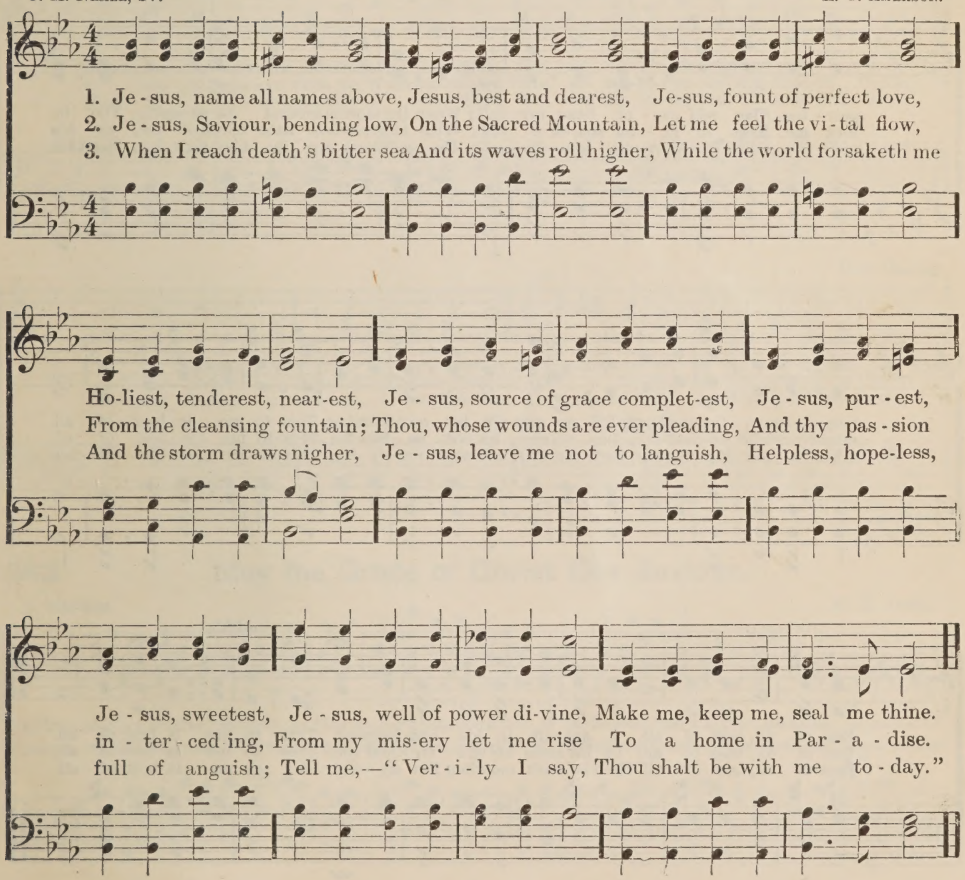
J. E. Rankin.

ADDITIONAL HYMNS

FOR

PRAYER CIRCLES, SOCIAL MEETINGS AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

360 **Jesus, Name all Names Above.**

J. M. NEALE, *Tr.* L. O. EMERSON.

1. Je - sus, name all names above, Jesus, best and dearest, Je-sus, fount of perfect love,
2. Je - sus, Saviour, bending low, On the Sacred Mountain, Let me feel the vi - tal flow,
3. When I reach death's bitter sea And its waves roll higher, While the world forsaketh me
Ho-liest, tenderest, near-est, Je - sus, source of grace complet-est, Je - sus, pur - est,
From the cleansing fountain; Thou, whose wounds are ever pleading, And thy pas - sion
And the storm draws nigher, Je - sus, leave me not to languish, Helpless, hope-less,
Je - sus, sweetest, Je - sus, well of power di-vine, Make me, keep me, seal me thine.
in - ter - ced ing, From my mis-ery let me rise To a home in Par - a - dise.
full of anguish; Tell me,—"Ver - i - ly I say, Thou shalt be with me to - day."

361 Jesus All My Grief is Sharing.

Words by Rev. C. W. Ray, D.D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Andante

1. Je - sus all my grief is sharing, He my mansion is pre - par-ing, When I'm trembling and dis-
2. Je - sus loves and watches o'er me, When astray he will re-store me; An-gel guards he sends be-
3. Je - sus loves and he will guide me, All I need he will provide me, In his bos - om he will

pair - ing, He will ev - er hear my call; When the storms around me sweeping, Tho' in
fore me, Lest in fa - tal snares I fall; With his friends he hath enrolled me, By his
hide me, When the woes of life ap - pal; He will hear my fee - blest sigh - ing, Need-ful

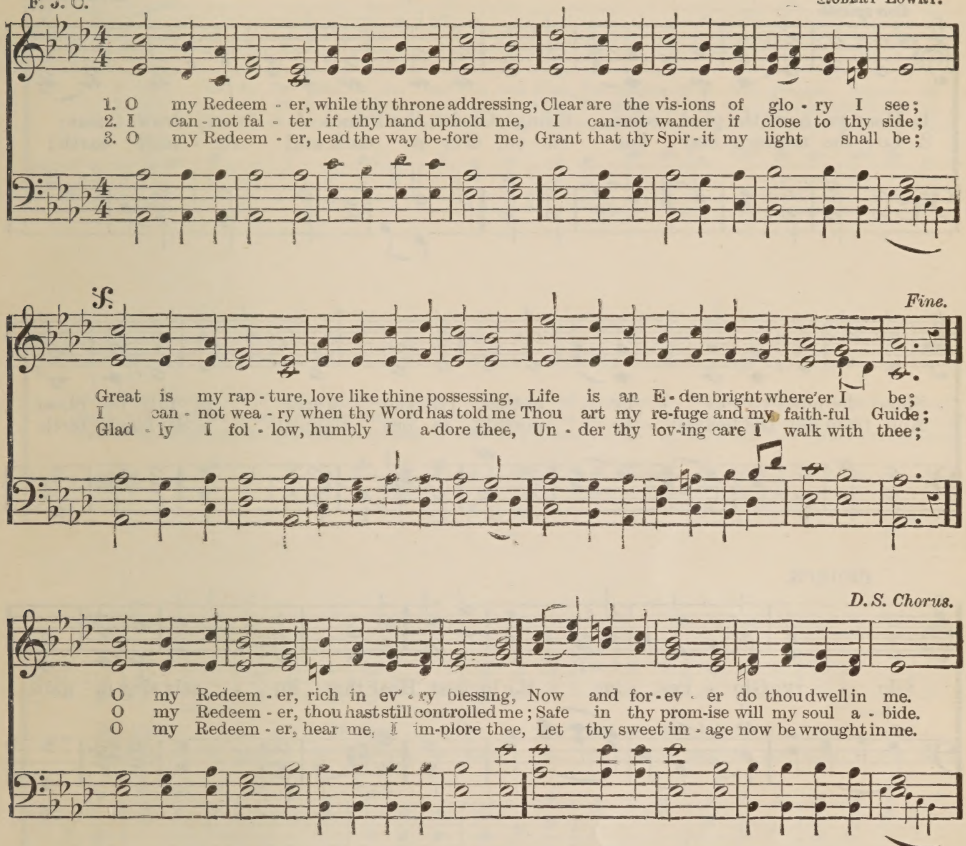
help - lessness I'm sleeping, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.
might he will up-hold me, In his arms he will en - fold me, This to me is best of all.
grace to me sup-ply - ing, He'll be with me when I'm dy - ing, This to me is best of all.

ad lib.

Best of all, best of all, I am safe in his own keeping, This to me is best of all.
Best of all, best of all, In his arms he will en - fold me, This to me is best of all.
Best of all, best of all, He'll be with me when I'm dy - ing, This to me is best of all.

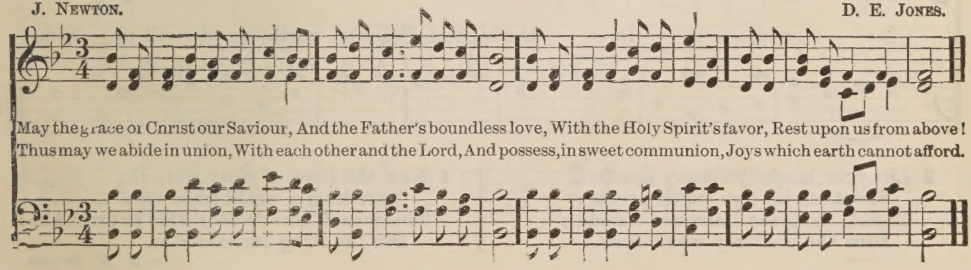
362 O My Redeemer!

F. J. C. ROBERT LOWRY.


1. O my Redeem - er, while thy throne addressing, Clear are the vis-ions of glo - ry I see;
2. I can - not fal - ter if thy hand uphold me, I can-not wander if close to thy side;
3. O my Redeem - er, lead the way be-fore me, Grant that thy Spir - it my light shall be;
f.
Fine.
Great is my rap - ture, love like thine possessing, Life is an E - den bright where'er I be;
I can - not wea - ry when thy Word has told me Thou art my re-fuge and my faith-ful Guide;
Glad - ly I fol - low, humbly I a-dore thee, Un - der thy lov-ing care I walk with thee;
D. S. Chorus.
O my Redeem - er, rich in ev' - ry blessing, Now and for - ev - er do thou dwell in me.
O my Redeem - er, thou hast still controlled me; Safe in thy prom-ise will my soul a - bide.
O my Redeem - er, hear me, I im-plore thee, Let thy sweet im - age now be wrought in me.

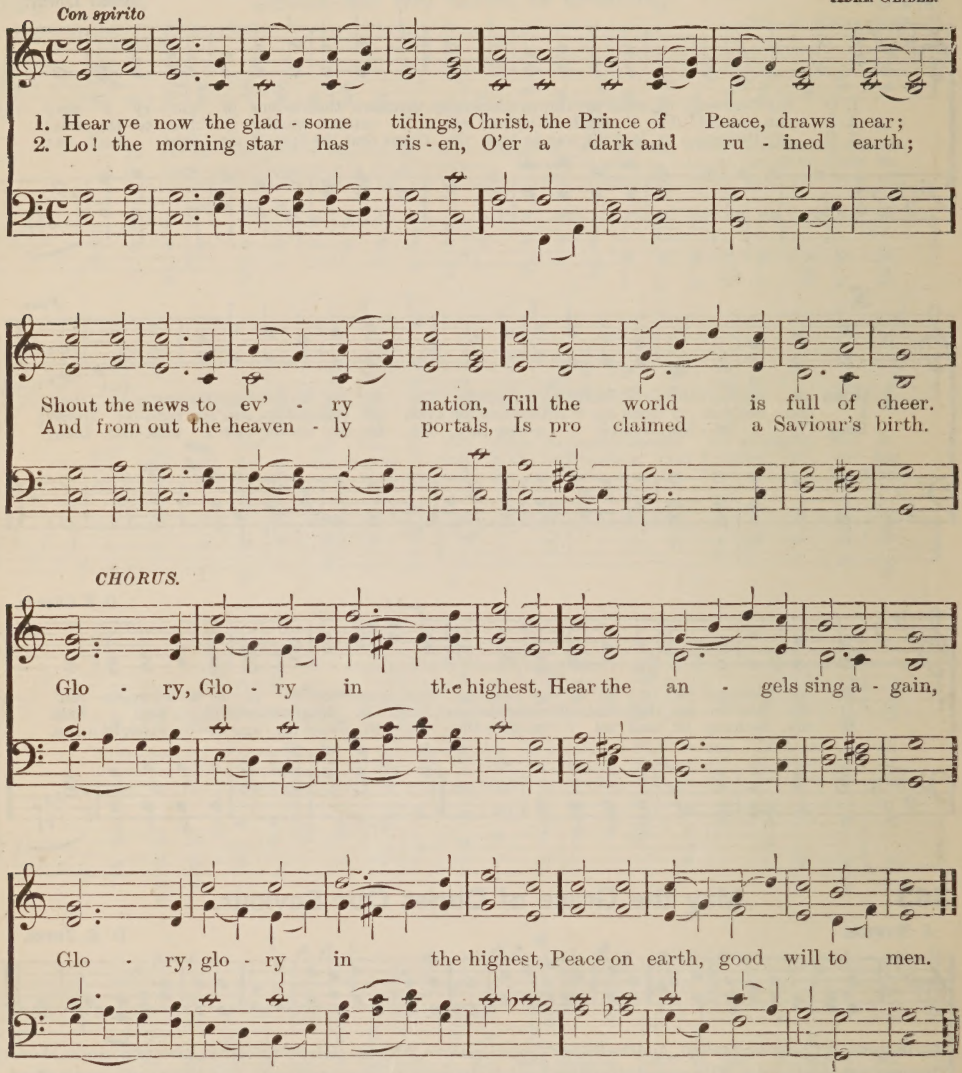
363 May the Grace of Christ Our Saviour.

J. NEWTON. D. E. JONES.


May the grace of Christ our Saviour, And the Father's boundless love, With the Holy Spirit's favor, Rest upon us from above!
Thus may we abide in union, With each other and the Lord, And possess, in sweet communion, Joys which earth cannot afford.

364 Hear Ye Now the Gladsome Tidings.

ADAM GEIBEL.

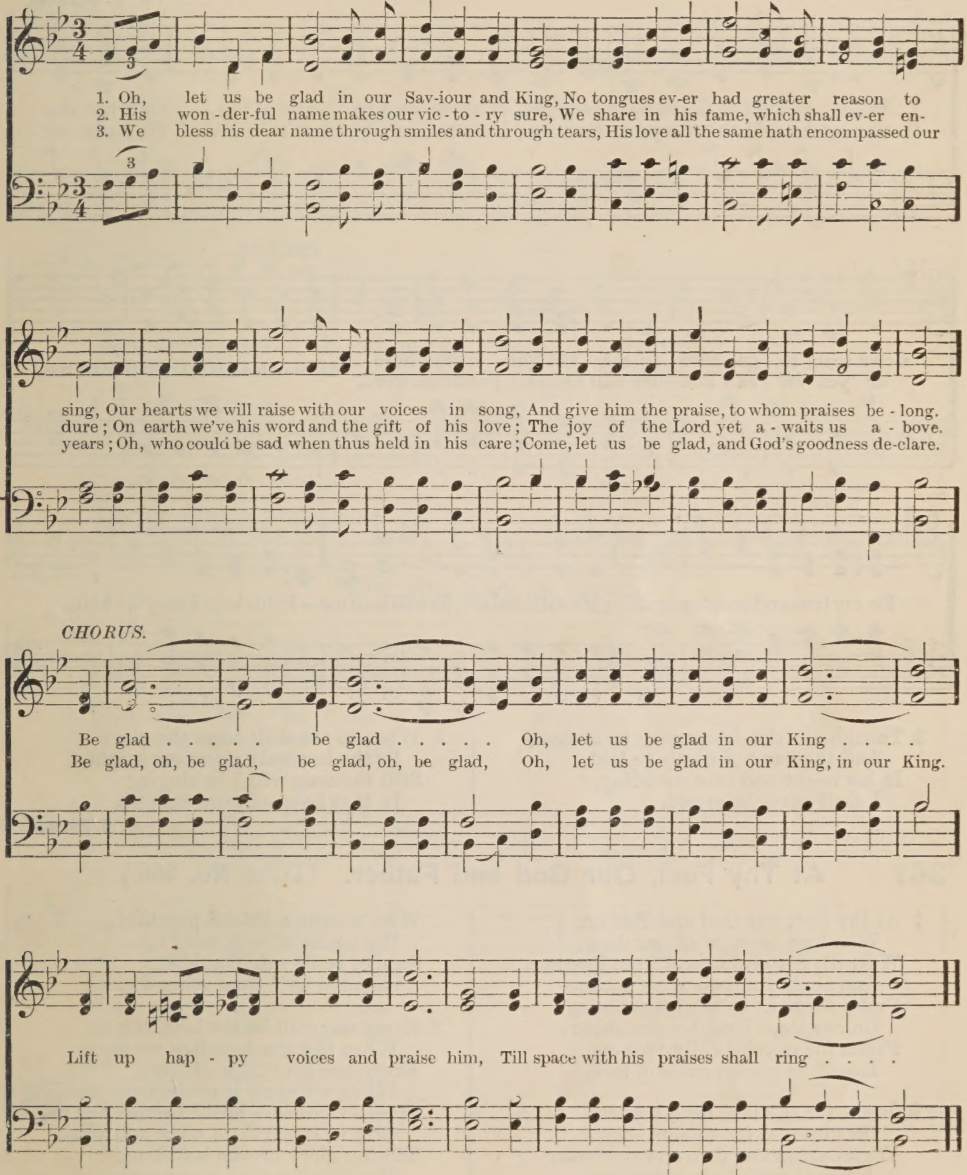

Con spirito
1. Hear ye now the glad - some tidings, Christ, the Prince of Peace, draws near;
2. Lo! the morning star has ris - en, O'er a dark and ru - ined earth;
Shout the news to ev' - ry nation, Till the world is full of cheer.
And from out the heaven - ly portals, Is pro claimed a Saviour's birth.
CHORUS.
Glo - ry, Glo - ry in the highest, Hear the an - gels sing a - gain,
Glo - ry, glo - ry in the highest, Peace on earth, good will to men.

3 Lift your heads, ye heavy hearted,
Shout for joy! ye captive souls;
Christ, the great Deliverer cometh;
How the heavenly music rolls.

4 Now the Lord of glory waiteth,
To redeem a world from sin;
Throw each heart's-door wide to greet him:
Bid the King Immanuel in.

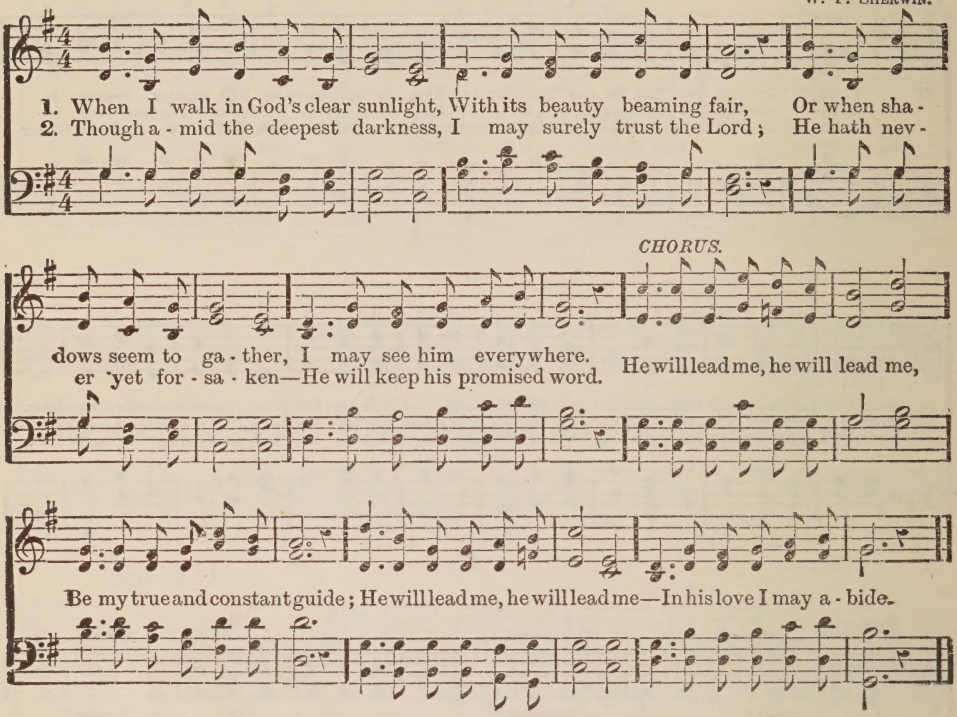
—*M. E. Servoss.*

365 Oh, Let Us Be Glad.

Words by VINNIE VERNON. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. Oh, let us be glad in our Sav-iour and King, No tongues ev-er had greater reason to
2. His won-der-ful name makes our vic-to-ry sure, We share in his fame, which shall ev-er en-
3. We bless his dear name through smiles and through tears, His love all the same hath encompassed our
sing, Our hearts we will raise with our voices in song, And give him the praise, to whom praises be-long.
dure; On earth we've his word and the gift of his love; The joy of the Lord yet a-waits us a-bove.
years; Oh, who could be sad when thus held in his care; Come, let us be glad, and God's goodness de-clare.
CHORUS.
Be glad . . . . . be glad . . . . . Oh, let us be glad in our King . . . .
Be glad, oh, be glad, be glad, oh, be glad, Oh, let us be glad in our King, in our King.
Lift up hap-py voices and praise him, Till space with his praises shall ring . . . .

366 When I Walk in God's Clear Sunlight.

W. F. SHERWIN.


1. When I walk in God's clear sunlight, With its beauty beaming fair, Or when sha-
2. Though a-mid the deepest darkness, I may surely trust the Lord; He hath nev-
CHORUS.
dows seem to ga-ther, I may see him everywhere.
er yet for-sa-ken—He will keep his promised word.
He will lead me, he will lead me,
Be my true and constant guide; He will lead me, he will lead me—In his love I may a-bide.

3 Though all friendships may be broken,
And the hand of death be laid,
In his might and love confiding,
I shall never be afraid.

4 When to me shall come the glory
Of the heavenly mansions bright,
Still the song will I be singing
In that home of pure delight.

—*C. R. Blackall.*

367 At Thy Feet, Our God and Father. (TUNE No. 366.)

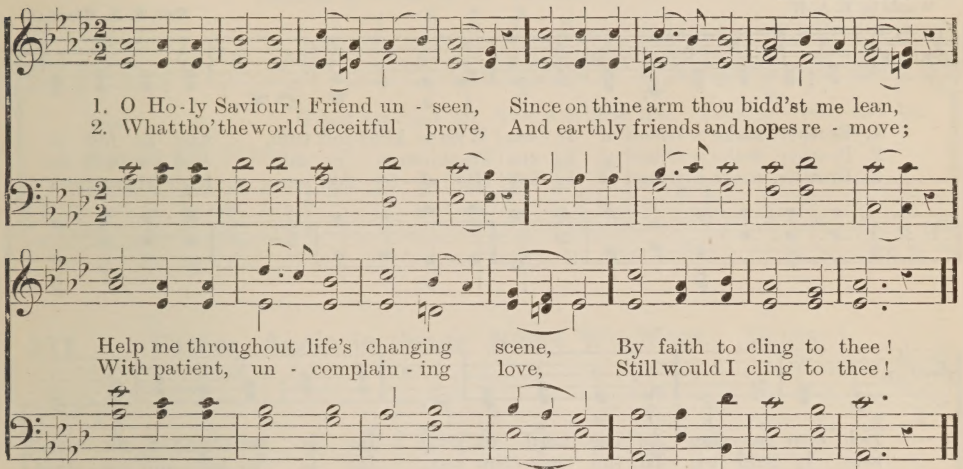
1 At thy feet, our God and Father,
Who hast blest us all our days,
We with grateful hearts would gather,
And begin the year with praise—
Praise for light so brightly shining
On our steps from heaven above;
Praise for mercies daily twining
Round us golden cords of love.

2 Jesus, for thy love most tender
On the cross for sinners shown,
We would praise thee and surrender
All our hearts to be thine own.
With so true a Friend provided,
We upon our way would go,
Sure of being safely guided,
Guarded well from every foe.

3 Every day will be the brighter,
When thy gracious face we see;
Every burden will be lighter,
When we know it comes from thee.
Spread thy love's broad banner o'er us,
Give us strength to serve and wait,
Till thy glory breaks before us,
Through the city's open gate.

—*J. D. Burns*

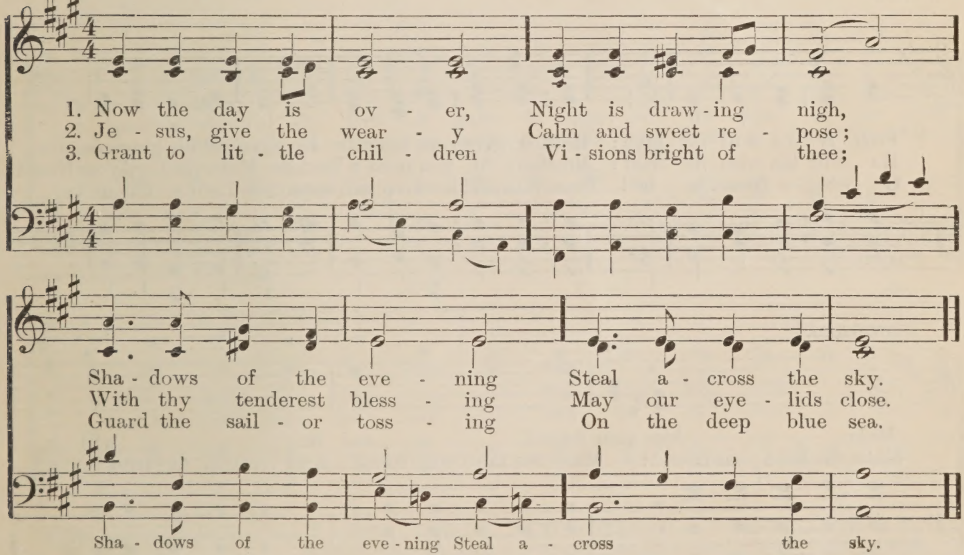
368 O Holy Saviour! Friend Unseen.

Arr. from FLEMMING.

1. O Ho - ly Saviour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bidd'st me lean,
2. What tho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re - move;
Help me throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to thee!
With patient, un - complain - ing love, Still would I cling to thee!

3 Though oft I seem to tread alone
Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'ergrown,
Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,
Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

4 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!—*Miss C. Elliott.*

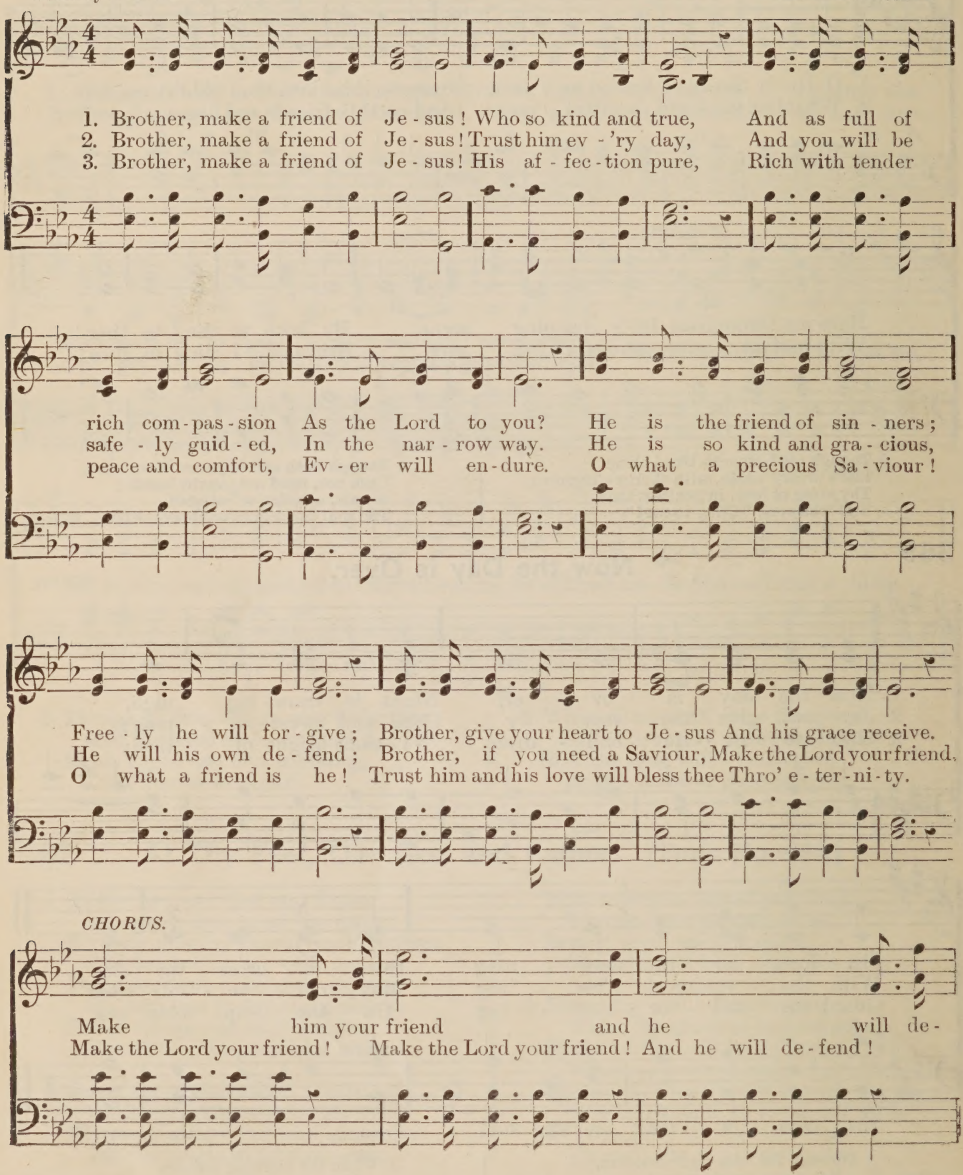
369 Now the Day is Over.

BARNBY.

1. Now the day is ov - er, Night is draw - ing nigh,
2. Je - sus, give the wear - y Calm and sweet re - pose;
3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Vi - sions bright of thee;
Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With thy tenderest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - or toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Sha - dows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

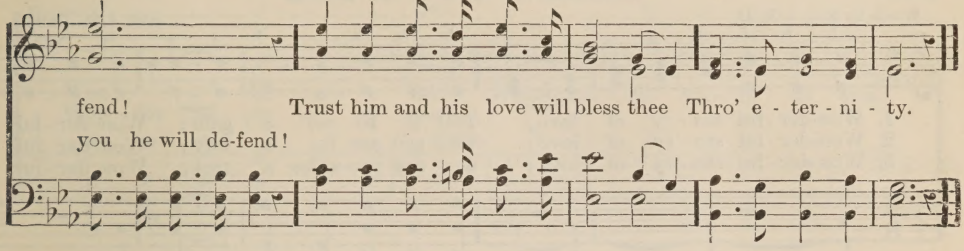
4 Through the long night-watches,
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed

5 When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise,
Pure and fresh and sinless
In thy holy eyes. —*S. B. Gould.*

370 Make a Friend of Jesus.

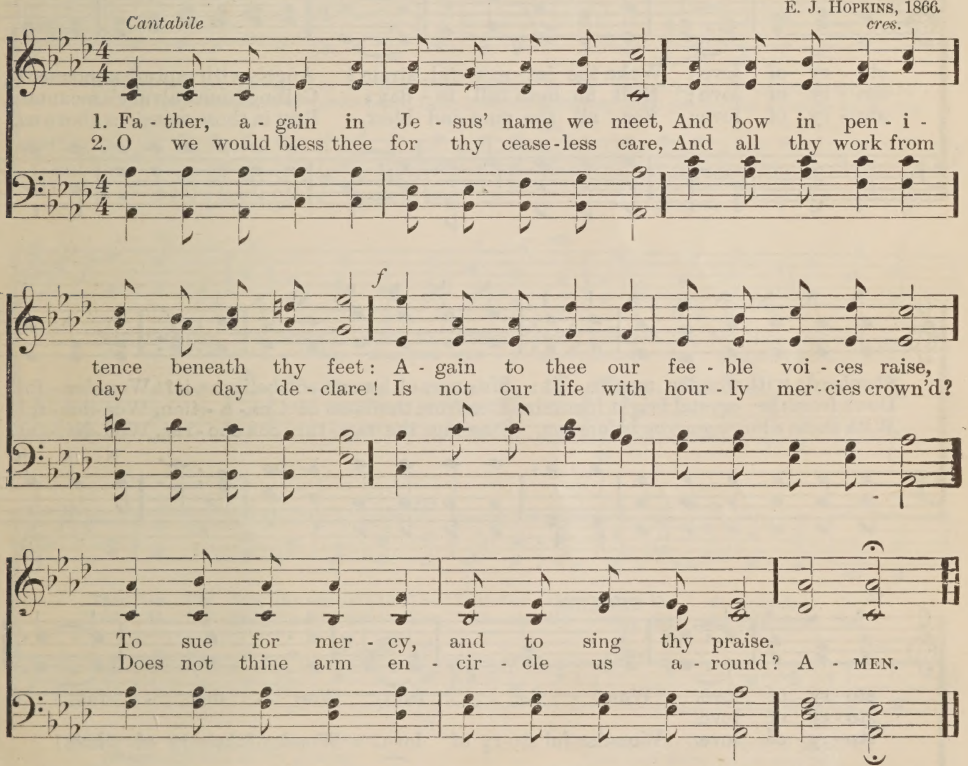
Words by E. A. H. REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus ! Who so kind and true, And as full of
2. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus ! Trust him ev - 'ry day, And you will be
3. Brother, make a friend of Je - sus ! His af - fec - tion pure, Rich with tender
rich com - pas - sion As the Lord to you? He is the friend of sin - ners ;
safe - ly guid - ed, In the nar - row way. He is so kind and gra - cious,
peace and comfort, Ev - er will en - dure. O what a precious Sa - viour !
Free - ly he will for - give ; Brother, give your heart to Je - sus And his grace receive.
He will his own de - fend ; Brother, if you need a Saviour, Make the Lord your friend.
O what a friend is he ! Trust him and his love will bless thee Thro' e - ter - ni - ty.
CHORUS.
Make him your friend and he will de -
Make the Lord your friend ! Make the Lord your friend ! And he will de - fend !

Make a Friend of Jesus—*Concluded.*



371 Father, Again in Jesus' Name We Meet. (ELLERS.)

E. J. HOPKINS, 1866.

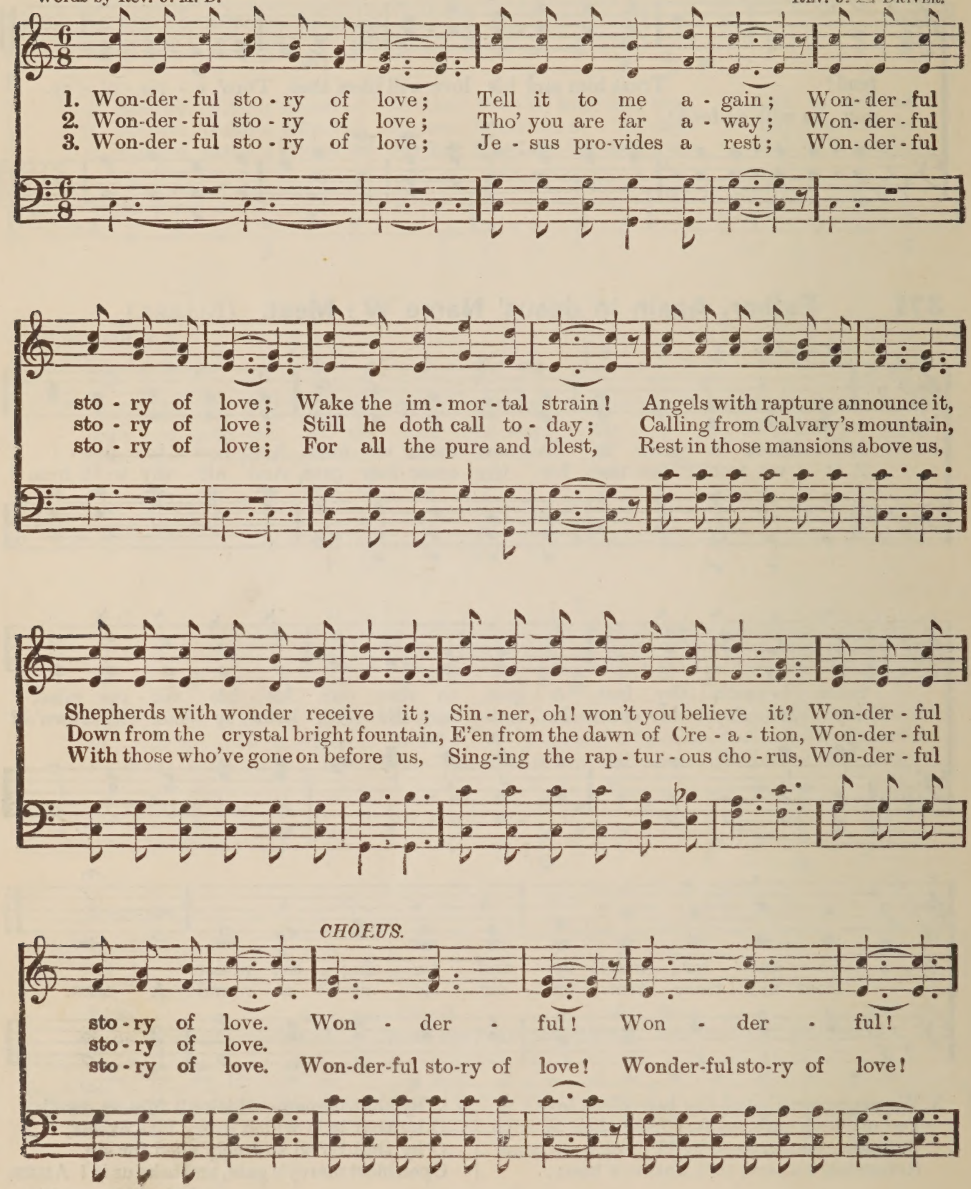

Cantabile
cres.
1. Fa - ther, a - gain in Je - sus' name we meet, And bow in pen - i -
2. O we would bless thee for thy cease-less care, And all thy work from
f
tence beneath thy feet: A - gain to thee our fee - ble voi - ces raise,
day to day de - clare! Is not our life with hour - ly mer - cies crown'd?
To sue for mer - cy, and to sing thy praise.
Does not thine arm en - cir - cle us a - round? A - MEN.

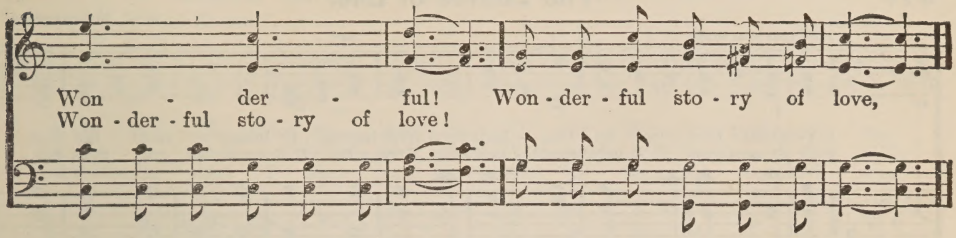
3 We are unworthy of thy boundless love,
Too oft with careless feet from thee we rove,
But now, encouraged by thy voice we come;
Returning sinners, to a Father's home.

4 O by that name in which all fulness dwells,
O by that love which every love excels,
O by that blood so freely shed for sin,
Open blest mercy's gate, and take us in! AMEN.

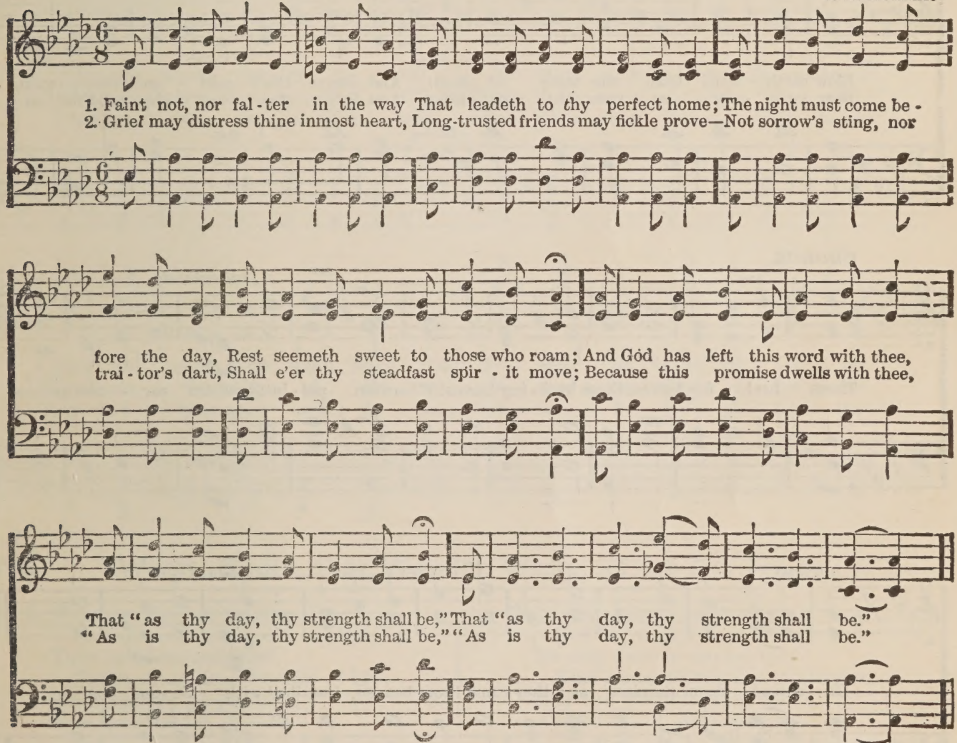
—*Lady Whitmore, 1824.*

372 Wonderful Story of Love.

Words by Rev. J. M. D. REV. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tell it to me a-gain; Won-der-ful
2. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Tho' you are far a-way; Won-der-ful
3. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love; Je-sus pro-vides a rest; Won-der-ful
sto-ry of love; Wake the im-mor-tal strain! Angels with rapture announce it,
sto-ry of love; Still he doth call to-day; Calling from Calvary's mountain,
sto-ry of love; For all the pure and blest, Rest in those mansions above us,
Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sin-ner, oh! won't you believe it? Won-der-ful
Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of Cre-a-tion, Won-der-ful
With those who've gone on before us, Sing-ing the rap-tur-ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful
CHORUS.
sto-ry of love. Won-der-ful! Won-der-ful!
sto-ry of love.
sto-ry of love. Won-der-ful sto-ry of love! Wonder-ful sto-ry of love!

Wonderful Story of Love—*Concluded.*

373 Faint Not, Nor Falter in the Way.

J. R. MURRAY.


1. Faint not, nor fal - ter in the way That leadeth to thy perfect home; The night must come be -
2. Grief may distress thine inmost heart, Long-trusted friends may fickle prove—Not sorrow's sting, nor
fore the day, Rest seemeth sweet to those who roam; And God has left this word with thee,
trai - tor's dart, Shall e'er thy steadfast spir - it move; Because this promise dwells with thee,
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be," That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be," "As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

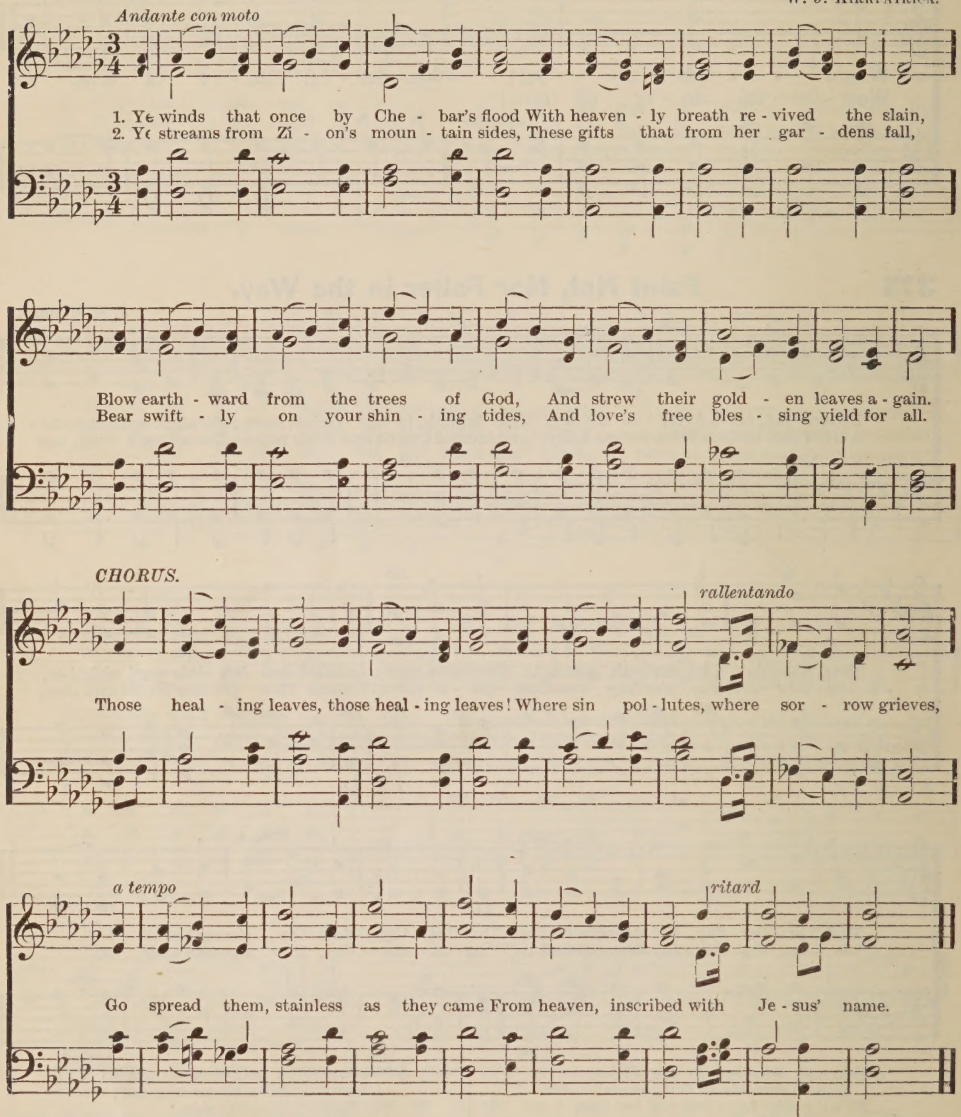
3 Pain may thine earthly ease displace,
Disease enfeeble all thy powers;
Ev'n cheerful hope may veil her face,
And lingering moments seem as hours;
Yet still this promise is to thee,
"As is thy day, thy strength shall be."

4 Then trust thy God whate'er betide!
None ever knew his promise fail;
His angel, ever at thy side,
Shall help thy patience to prevail;
Forbode no ill, for thou shalt see
That "as thy day, thy strength shall be."

—*J. R. Murray.*

374 The Leaves of Life.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

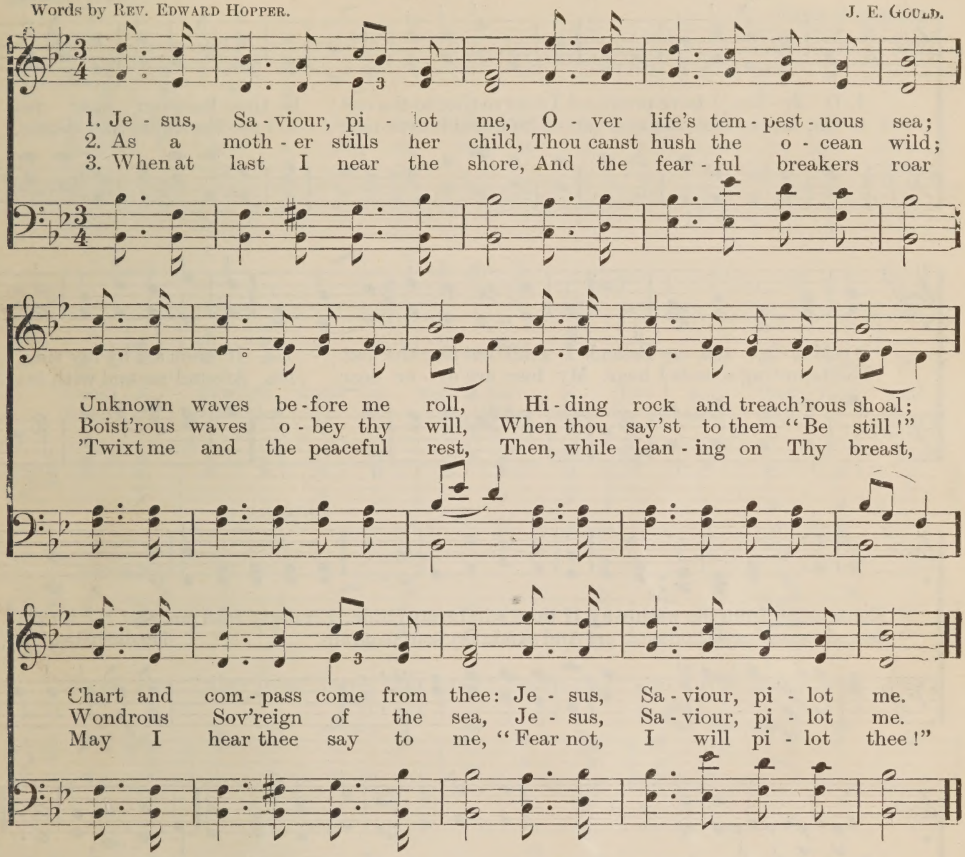

Andante con moto
1. Ye winds that once by Che - bar's flood With heaven - ly breath re - vived the slain,
2. Ye streams from Zi - on's moun - tain sides, These gifts that from her gar - dens fall,
Blow earth - ward from the trees of God, And strew their gold - en leaves a - gain.
Bear swift - ly on your shin - ing tides, And love's free bles - sing yield for all.
CHORUS.
rallentando
Those heal - ing leaves, those heal - ing leaves! Where sin pol - lutes, where sor - row grieves,
a tempo
ritard
Go spread them, stainless as they came From heaven, inscribed with Je - sus' name.

3 Ye birds of peace, to men, who meet
In strife, or toss in tempest, bring
The olive sprays, evangels sweet,
And tell the kindness of the King.

4 Stay not, ye heralds of his grace,
His tidings glad to send abroad,
Till dying souls in every place
Arise the ransomed sons of God.

—*Rev. Theron Brown.*

375 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me. (PILOT.—6-7s.)

Words by REV. EDWARD HOPPER. J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pest - uous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar
Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hi - ding rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"
'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,
Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

376 Weary Souls, that Wander Wide. (TUNE NO. 375.)

1 Weary souls that wander wide
From the central point of bliss,
Turn to Jesus crucified,
Fly to those dear wounds of his:
Sink into the purple flood;
Rise into the life of God.

2 Find in Christ the way of peace,
Peace unspeakable, unknown;
By his pain he gives you ease,
Life by his expiring groan:
Rise, exalted by his fall;
Find in Christ your all in all.

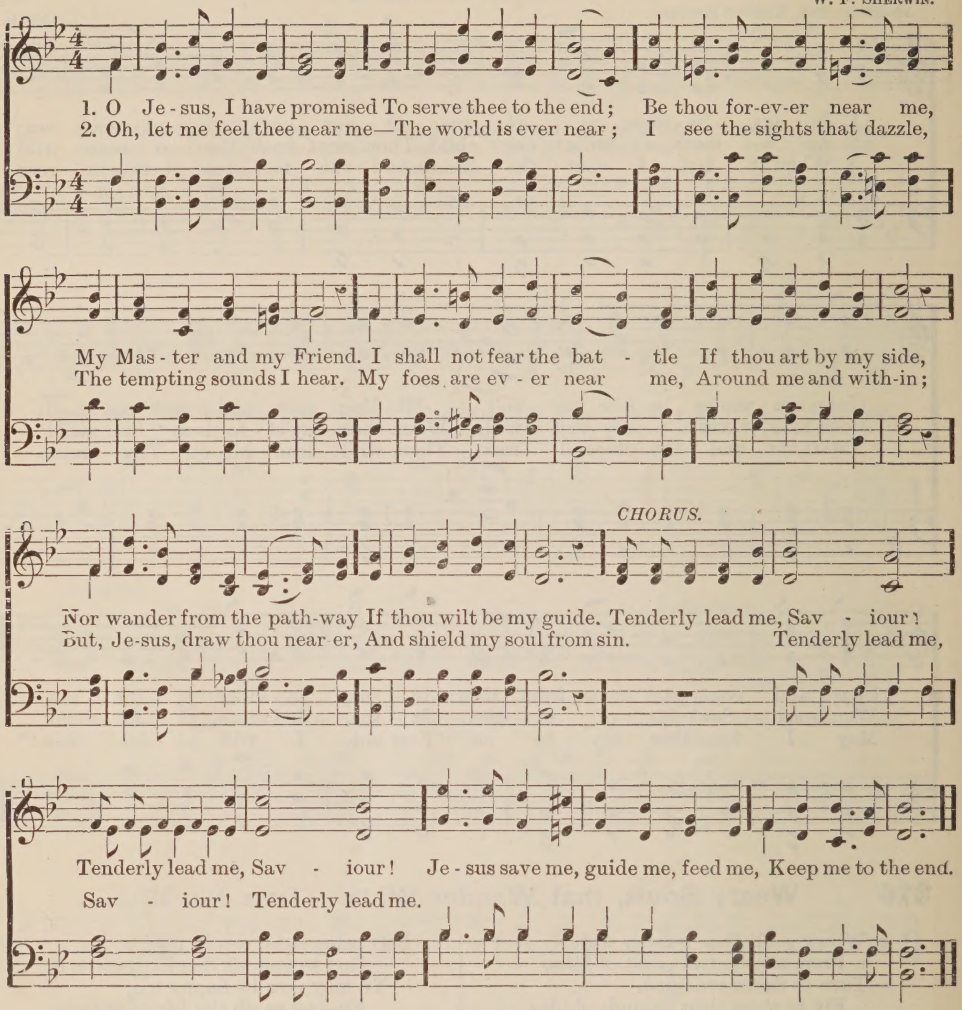
3 O believe the record true,
God to you his Son hath given!
Ye may now be happy too,
Find on earth the life of heaven:
Live the life of heaven above,
All the life of glorious love.

4 This the universal bliss,
Bliss for every soul designed;
God's original promise this,
God's great gift to all mankind:
Blest in Christ this moment be!
Blest to all eternity!

—*C. Wesley.*

377 O Jesus, I Have Promised.

W. F. Sherwin.

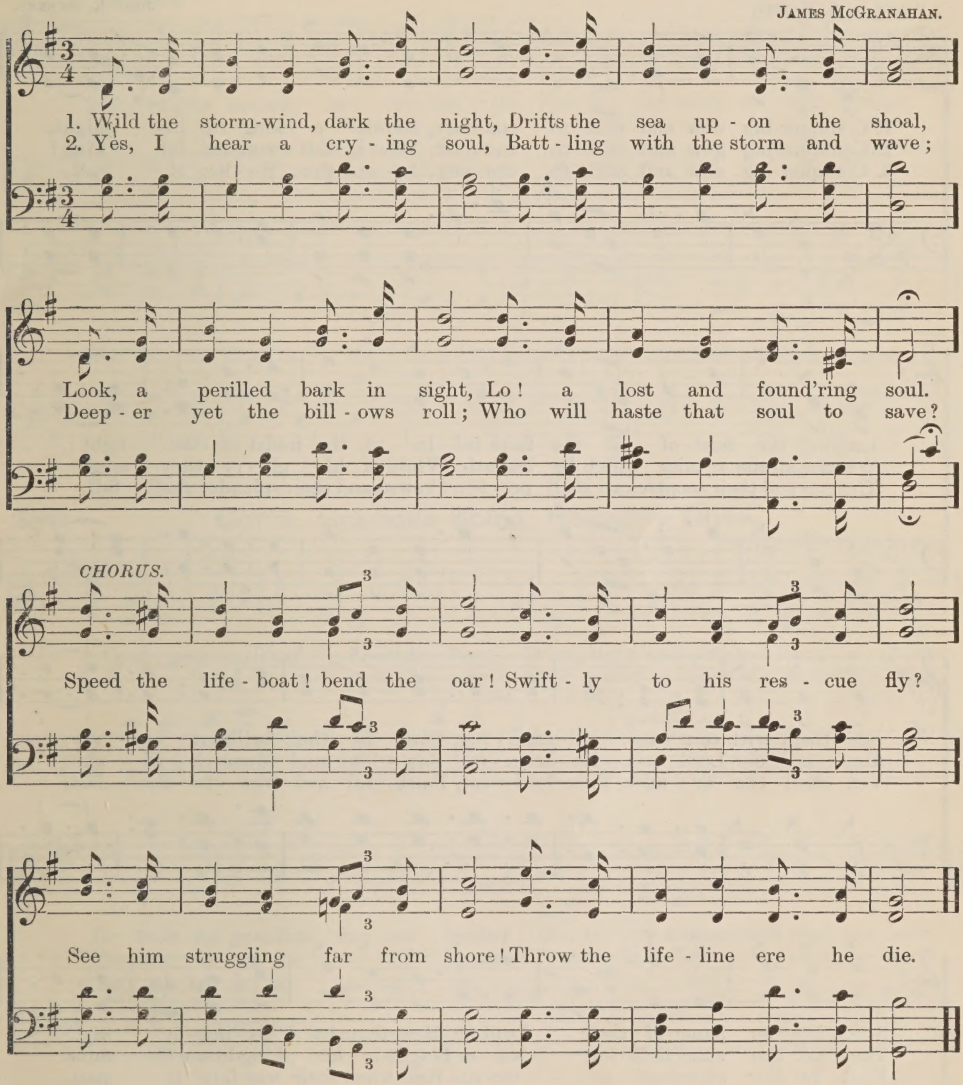

1. O Je - sus, I have promised To serve thee to the end; Be thou for-ev-er near me,
2. Oh, let me feel thee near me—The world is ever near; I see the sights that dazzle,
My Mas - ter and my Friend. I shall not fear the bat - tle If thou art by my side,
The tempting sounds I hear. My foes are ev - er near me, Around me and with-in;
CHORUS.
Nor wander from the path-way If thou wilt be my guide. Tenderly lead me, Sav - iour!
But, Je-sus, draw thou near er, And shield my soul from sin. Tenderly lead me,
Tenderly lead me, Sav - iour! Je - sus save me, guide me, feed me, Keep me to the end.
Sav - iour! Tenderly lead me.

3 Oh, let me hear thee speaking
In accents clear and still,
Above the storms of passion,
The murmurs of self-will.
Oh, speak to reassure me,
To hasten or control:
Oh, speak, and make me listen,
Thou Guardian of my soul.

4 Oh, Jesus thou hast promised
To all who follow thee,
That where thou art in glory
There shall thy servant be;
And Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end:
Oh, give me grace to follow
My Master and my Friend.

—*J. E. Bode.*

378 Wild the Storm-Wind, Dark the Night.

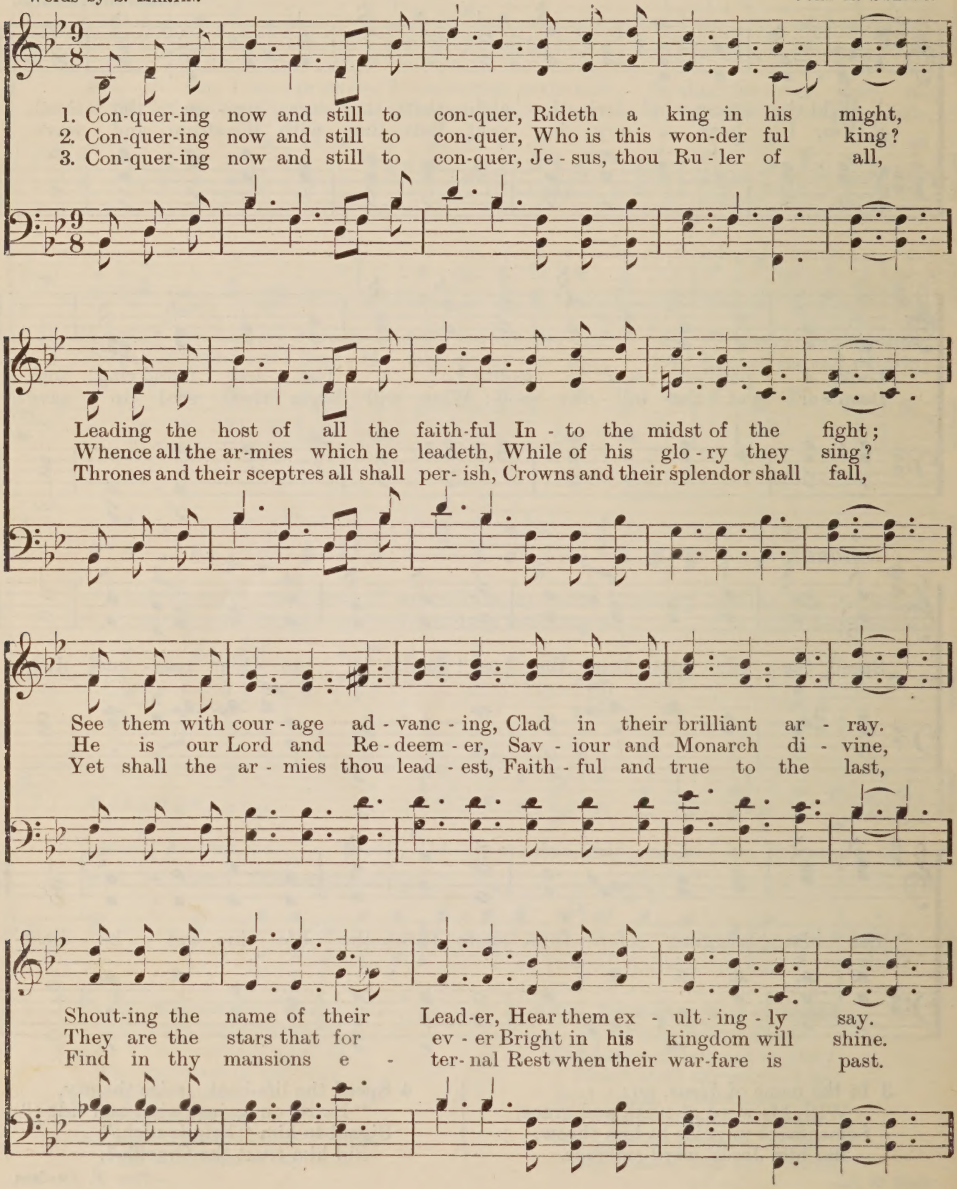
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. Wild the storm-wind, dark the night, Drifts the sea up - on the shoal,
2. Yes, I hear a cry - ing soul, Batt - ling with the storm and wave;
Look, a perilled bark in sight, Lo! a lost and found'ring soul.
Deep - er yet the bill - ows roll; Who will haste that soul to save?
CHORUS.
Speed the life - boat! bend the oar! Swift - ly to his res - cue fly?
See him struggling far from shore! Throw the life - line ere he die.

3 In the name of Jesus, go;
With his word of truth and grace,
Some sweet promise to him throw,
Bid him Jesus' word embrace.

4 Speed the life-boat! raise the cry,
"Battle on 'gainst wind and tide;"
Signal to him "help is nigh,"
Bid him trust the Crucified.

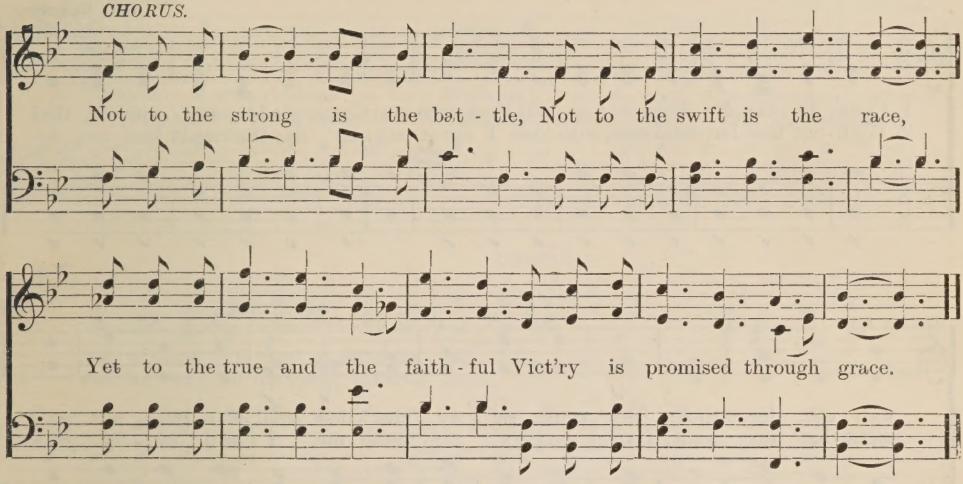
—*Rev. F. Denison.*

379 Conquering Now and Still to Conquer.

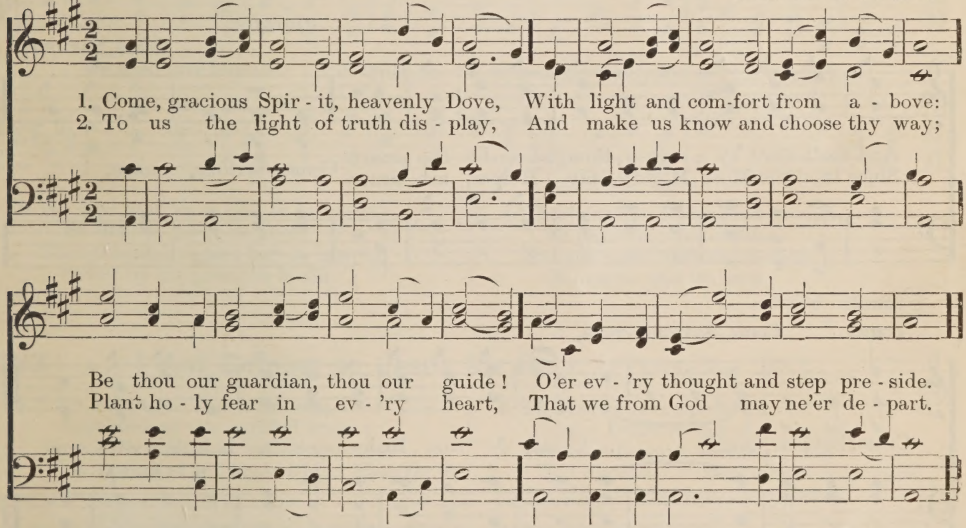
Words by S. MARTIN. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Rideth a king in his might,
2. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Who is this won-der ful king?
3. Con-quer-ing now and still to con-quer, Je - sus, thou Ru - ler of all,
Leading the host of all the faith-ful In - to the midst of the fight;
Whence all the ar-mies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?
Thrones and their sceptres all shall per- ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,
See them with cour - age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray.
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav - iour and Monarch di - vine,
Yet shall the ar - mies thou lead - est, Faith - ful and true to the last,
Shout-ing the name of their Lead-er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say.
They are the stars that for ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.
Find in thy mansions e - ter- nal Rest when their war-fare is past.

Conquering Now and Still to Conquer—*Concluded.*

CHORUS.


Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,
Yet to the true and the faith - ful Vict'ry is promised through grace.

380 Come, Gracious Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

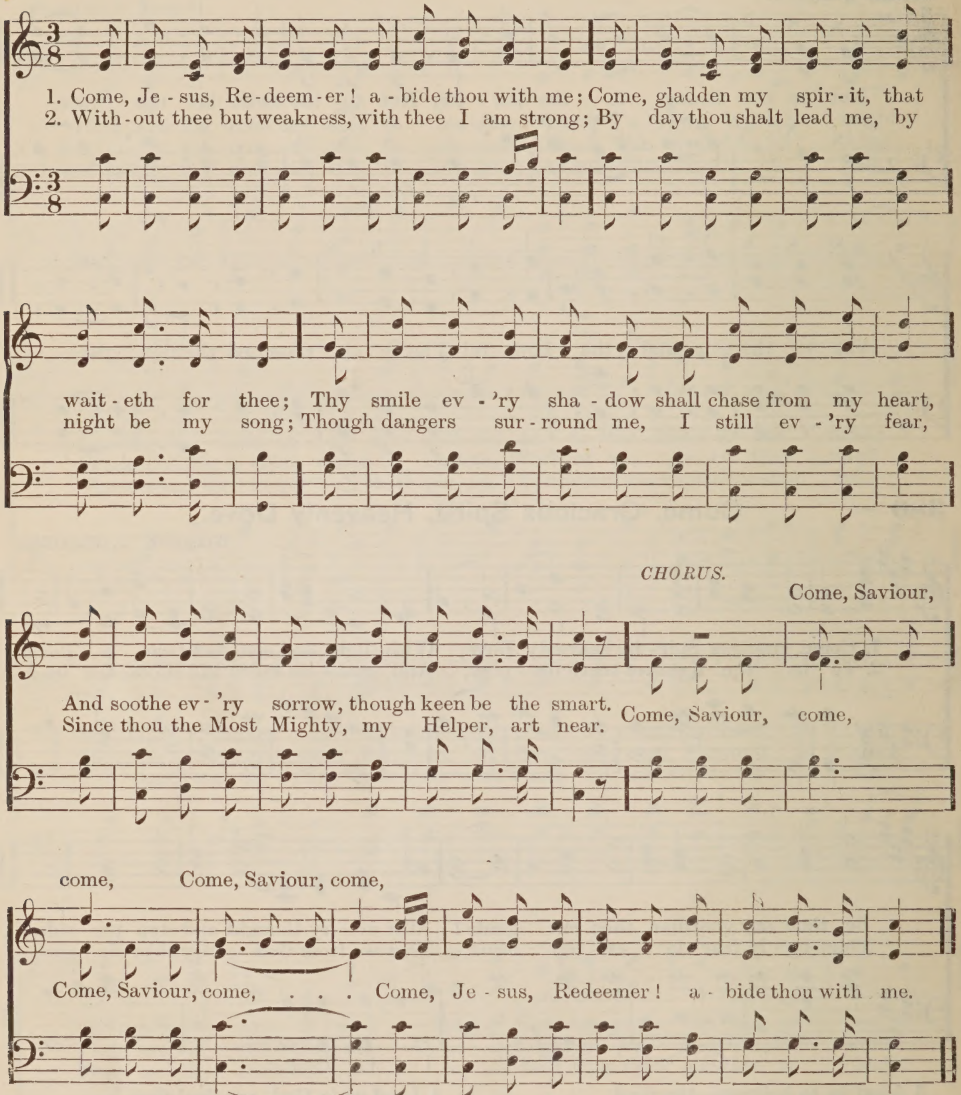
WIMBORNE.—J. WHITAKER.

1. Come, gracious Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With light and com-fort from a - bove:
2. To us the light of truth dis - play, And make us know and choose thy way;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide! O'er ev - 'ry thought and step pre - side.
Plant ho - ly fear in ev - 'ry heart, That we from God may ne'er de - part.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his precepts stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with him for ever blest;
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
Fulness of joy for ever there!

—*Rev. Simon Browne.*

381 Come, Jesus, Redeemer!

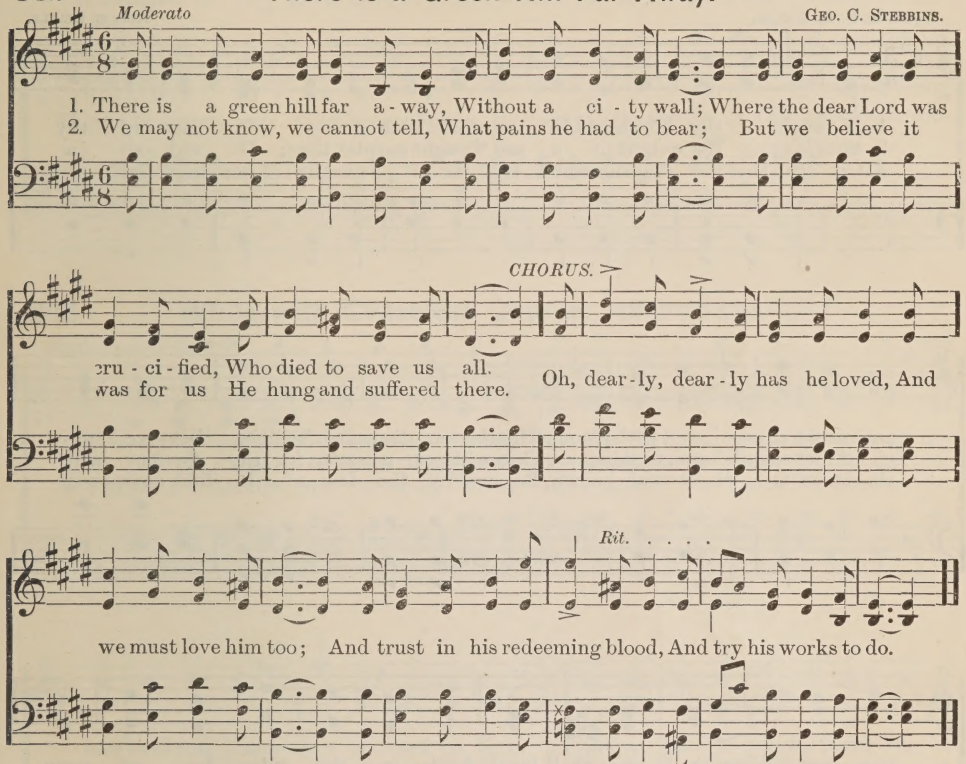
L. O. EMERSON.

1. Come, Je - sus, Re - deem - er! a - bide thou with me; Come, gladden my spir - it, that
2. With - out thee but weakness, with thee I am strong; By day thou shalt lead me, by
wait - eth for thee; Thy smile ev - 'ry sha - dow shall chase from my heart,
night be my song; Though dangers sur - round me, I still ev - 'ry fear,
CHORUS.
Come, Saviour,
And soothe ev - 'ry sorrow, though keen be the smart.
Since thou the Most Mighty, my Helper, art near.
Come, Saviour, come,
come, Come, Saviour, come,
Come, Saviour, come, . . . Come, Je - sus, Redeemer! a - bide thou with me.

3 Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure,
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure;
That love like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4 Breathe, breathe on my spirit, oft ruffled, thy peace;
From restless vain wishes bid thou my heart cease;
In thee all its longings henceforward shall end,
Till glad to thy presence my soul shall ascend.

—*R. Palmer.*

382 There is a Green Hill Far Away.


Moderato
GEO. C. STEBBINS.
1. There is a green hill far a - way, Without a ci - ty wall; Where the dear Lord was
2. We may not know, we cannot tell, What pains he had to bear; But we believe it
CHORUS.
cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
was for us He hung and suffered there.
Oh, dear - ly, dear - ly has he loved, And
Rit. . . . .
we must love him too; And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

3 He died that we might be forgiven,
He died to make us good,
That we might go at last to heaven,
Saved by his precious blood.

4 There was no other good enough,
To pay the price of sin;
He only could unlock the gate
Of heaven and let us in.

—Cecil F. Alexander.

383 I Am Coming to Jesus for Rest. (TUNE NO. 255.)

1 I am coming to Jesus for rest,
Rest such as the purified know;
My soul is athirst to be blest,
To be washed and made whiter than snow,

CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves;
And his blood washes whiter than snow.

2 In coming, my sin I deplore,
My weakness and poverty show;
I long to be saved evermore,
To be washed and made whiter than snow.
CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves.

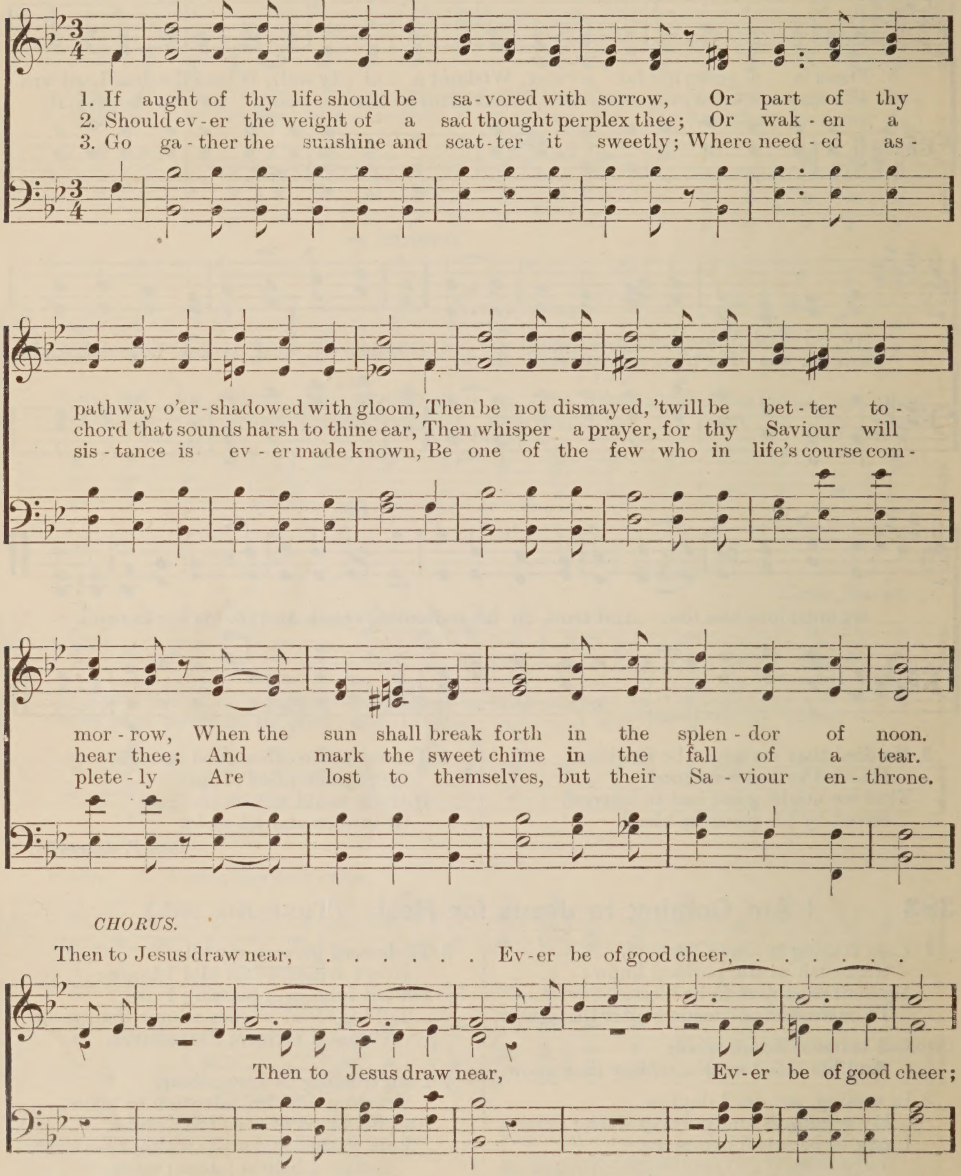
3 To Jesus I give up my all,
Every treasure and idol I know;
For his fulness of blessing I call,
Till his blood washes whiter than snow.
CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves.

4 I am trusting in Jesus alone,
Trusting now his salvation to know,
And his blood does so fully atone,
I am washed and made whiter than snow.
CHO.—I believe; Jesus saves.

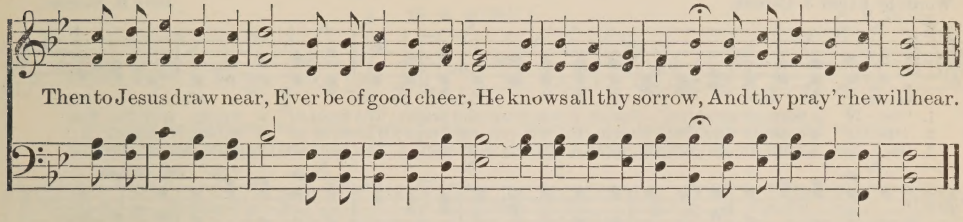
—S. F. Bennett.

384 If Aught of Thy Life Should Be Savored with Sorrow.

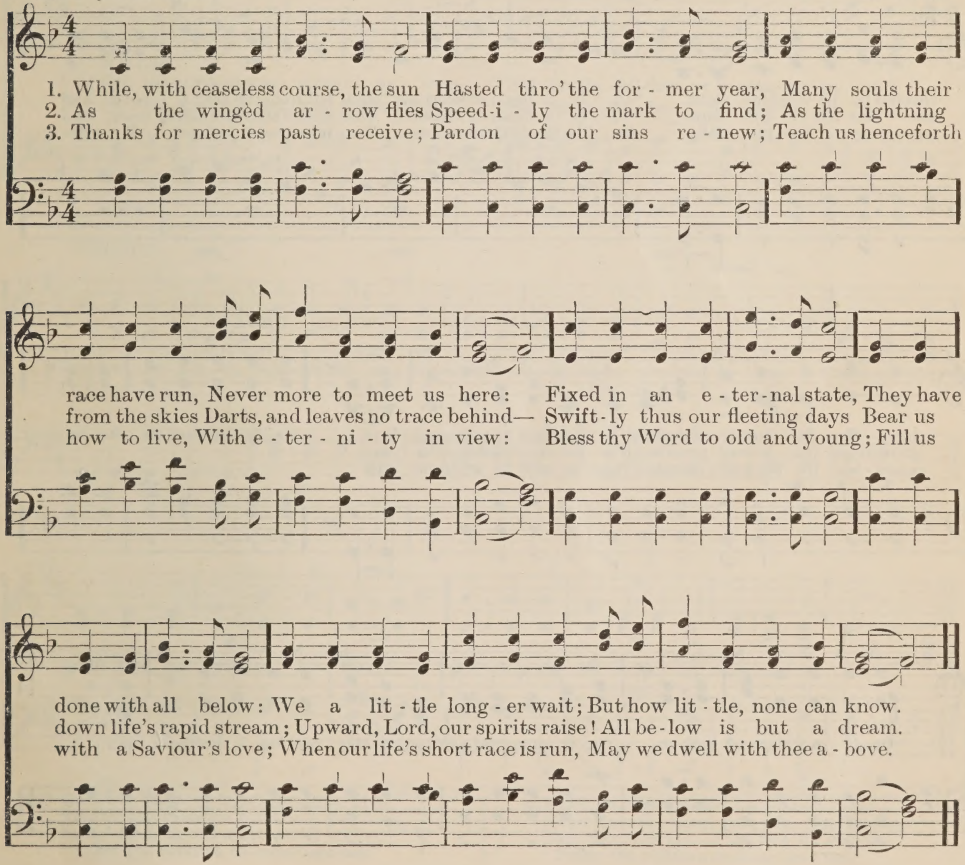
Words by F. H. JACOBS. ALFRED BEIRLY.


1. If aught of thy life should be sa-vored with sorrow, Or part of thy
2. Should ev-er the weight of a sad thought perplex thee; Or wak-en a
3. Go ga-ther the sunshine and scat-ter it sweetly; Where need-ed as-
pathway o'er-shadowed with gloom, Then be not dismayed, 'twill be bet-ter to-
chord that sounds harsh to thine ear, Then whisper a prayer, for thy Saviour will
sis-tance is ev-er made known, Be one of the few who in life's course com-
mor-row, When the sun shall break forth in the splen-dor of noon.
hear thee; And mark the sweet chime in the fall of a tear.
plete-ly Are lost to themselves, but their Sa-viour en-throne.
CHORUS.
Then to Jesus draw near, ... Ev-er be of good cheer, ...
Then to Jesus draw near, Ev-er be of good cheer;

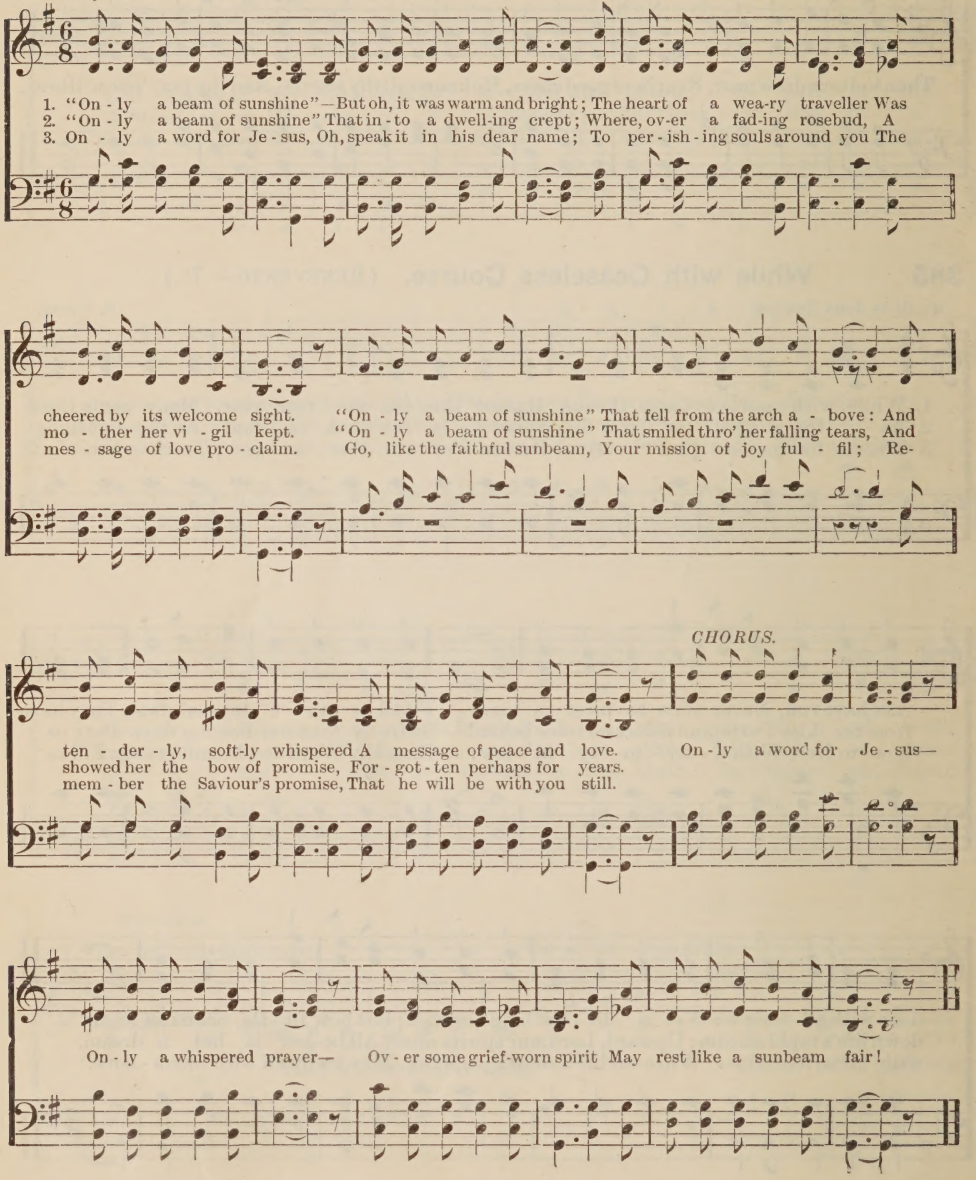
If Aught of Thy Life Should Be Savored with Sorrow—*Concluded.*



385 While with Ceaseless Course. (BENEVENTO.—7s.)

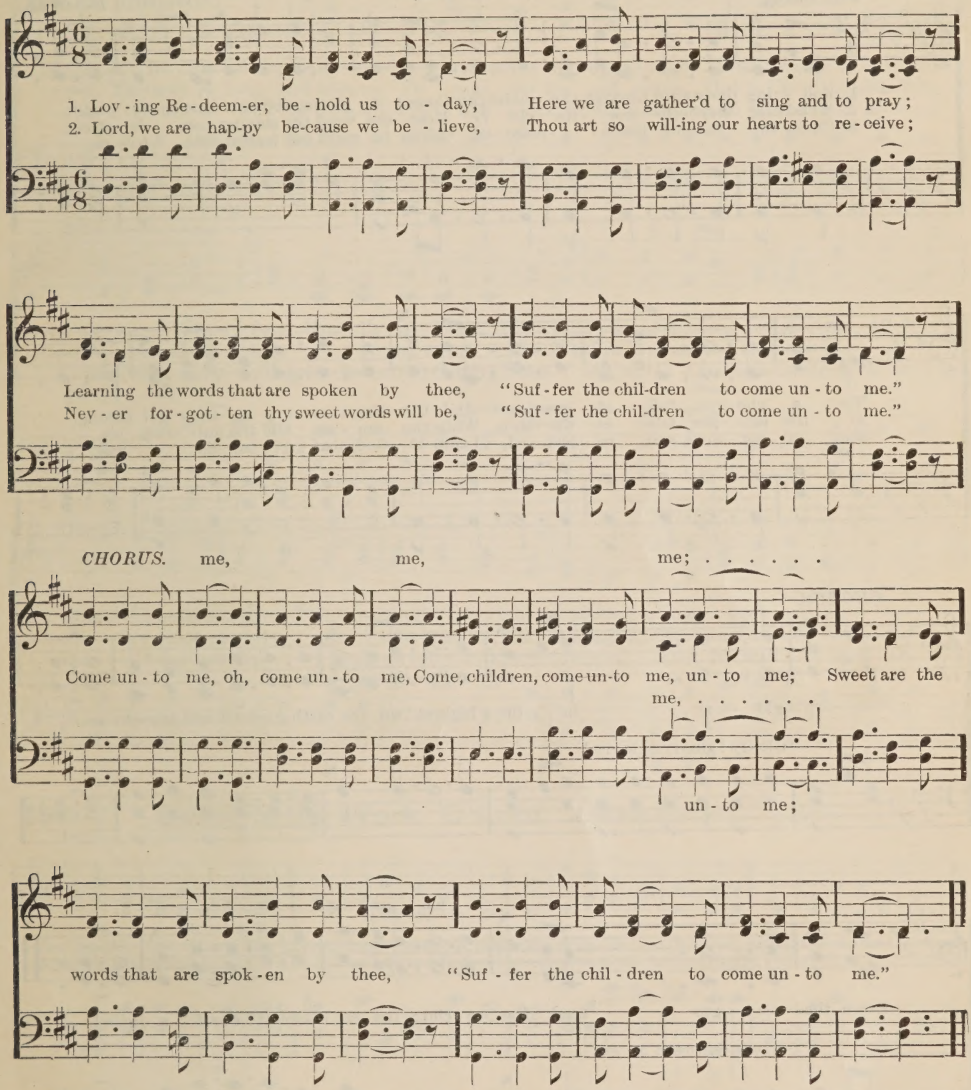
Words by JOHN NEWTON. S. WEBBE.

1. While, with ceaseless course, the sun Hasted thro' the for - mer year, Many souls their
2. As the wingèd ar - row flies Speed-i - ly the mark to find; As the lightning
3. Thanks for mercies past receive; Pardon of our sins re - new; Teach us henceforth
race have run, Never more to meet us here: Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have
from the skies Darts, and leaves no trace behind— Swift - ly thus our fleeting days Bear us
how to live, With e - ter - ni - ty in view: Bless thy Word to old and young; Fill us
done with all below: We a lit - tle long - er wait; But how lit - tle, none can know.
down life's rapid stream; Upward, Lord, our spirits raise! All be - low is but a dream.
with a Saviour's love; When our life's short race is run, May we dwell with thee a - bove.

386 Only a Beam of Sunshine.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. "On - ly a beam of sunshine"—But oh, it was warm and bright; The heart of a wea-ry traveller Was
2. "On - ly a beam of sunshine" That in - to a dwell-ing crept; Where, ov-er a fad-ing rosebud, A
3. On - ly a word for Je - sus, Oh, speak it in his dear name; To per - ish - ing souls around you The
cheered by its welcome sight. "On - ly a beam of sunshine" That fell from the arch a - bove: And
mo - ther her vi - gil kept. "On - ly a beam of sunshine" That smiled thro' her falling tears, And
mes - sage of love pro - claim. Go, like the faithful sunbeam, Your mission of joy ful - fil; Re-
CHORUS.
ten - der - ly, soft-ly whispered A message of peace and love. On - ly a word for Je - sus—
showed her the bow of promise, For - got - ten perhaps for years.
mem - ber the Saviour's promise, That he will be with you still.
On - ly a whispered prayer— Ov - er some grief-worn spirit May rest like a sunbeam fair!

387 Loving Redeemer, Behold Us.

(S. S. HYMN.) H. P. DANKS.


1. Lov - ing Re - deem-er, be - hold us to - day, Here we are gather'd to sing and to pray;
2. Lord, we are hap-py be-cause we be - lieve, Thou art so will-ing our hearts to re - ceive;
Learning the words that are spoken by thee, "Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me."
Nev - er for - got - ten thy sweet words will be, "Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me."
CHORUS. me, me, me;
Come un - to me, oh, come un - to me, Come, children, come un-to me, un - to me; Sweet are the
me,
un - to me;
words that are spok - en by thee, "Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me."

3 We are so thankful for all thou dost give,
Now for thy glory we children would live;
Ever remembered and treasured will be,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

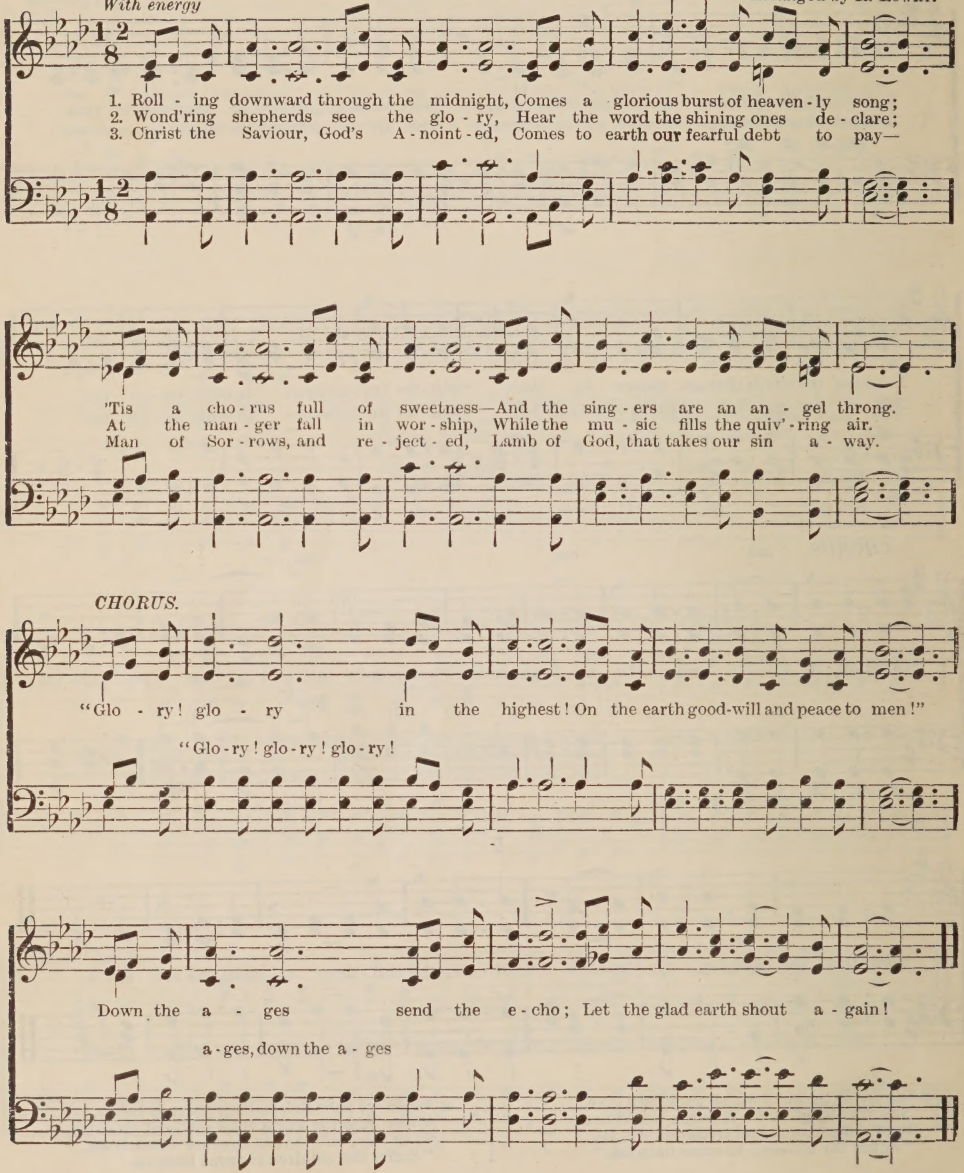
4 When we have finished our journey below,
When from the world thou shalt call us to go,
Then thou wilt say, as thy face we shall see,
"Suffer the children to come unto me."

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

388 Rolling Downward Through the Midnight.

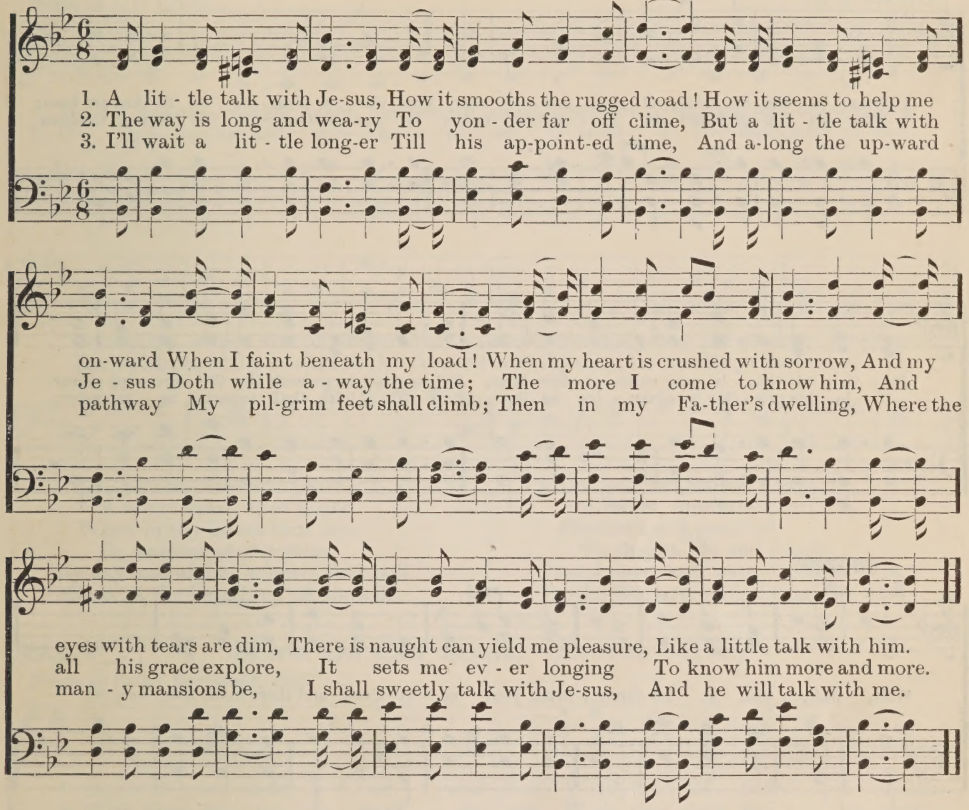
Words by R. L.

Arranged by R. LOWRY.

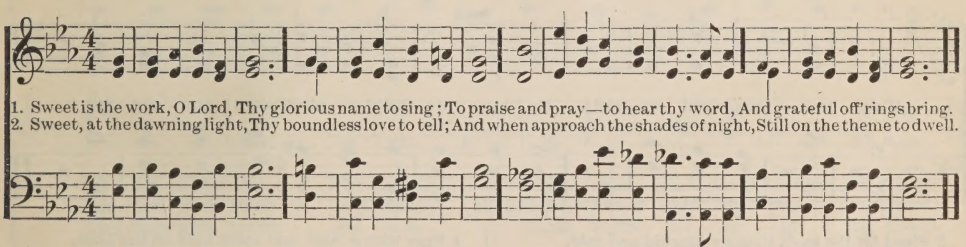
With energy

1. Roll - ing downward through the midnight, Comes a glorious burst of heaven - ly song;
2. Wond'ring shepherds see the glo - ry, Hear the word the shining ones de - clare;
3. Christ the Saviour, God's A - noint - ed, Comes to earth our fearful debt to pay—
'Tis a cho - rus full of sweetness—And the sing - ers are an an - gel throng.
At the man - ger fall in wor - ship, While the mu - sic fills the quiv' - ring air.
Man of Sor - rows, and re - ject - ed, Lamb of God, that takes our sin a - way.
CHORUS.
"Glo - ry! glo - ry in the highest! On the earth good-will and peace to men!"
"Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!
Down the a - ges send the e - cho; Let the glad earth shout a - gain!
a-ges, down the a - ges

389 A Little Talk With Jesus.

Words from "THE MORNING." C. C. WILLIAMS.


1. A lit - tle talk with Je-sus, How it smooths the rugged road! How it seems to help me
2. The way is long and wea-ry To yon - der far off clime, But a lit - tle talk with
3. I'll wait a lit - tle long-er Till his ap-point-ed time, And a-long the up-ward
on-ward When I faint beneath my load! When my heart is crushed with sorrow, And my
Je - sus Doth while a - way the time; The more I come to know him, And
pathway My pil-grim feet shall climb; Then in my Fa-ther's dwelling, Where the
eyes with tears are dim, There is naught can yield me pleasure, Like a little talk with him.
all his grace explore, It sets me ev - er longing To know him more and more.
man - y mansions be, I shall sweetly talk with Je-sus, And he will talk with me.

390 Sweet is the Work, O Lord. (SUPPLICATION.—S.M.)

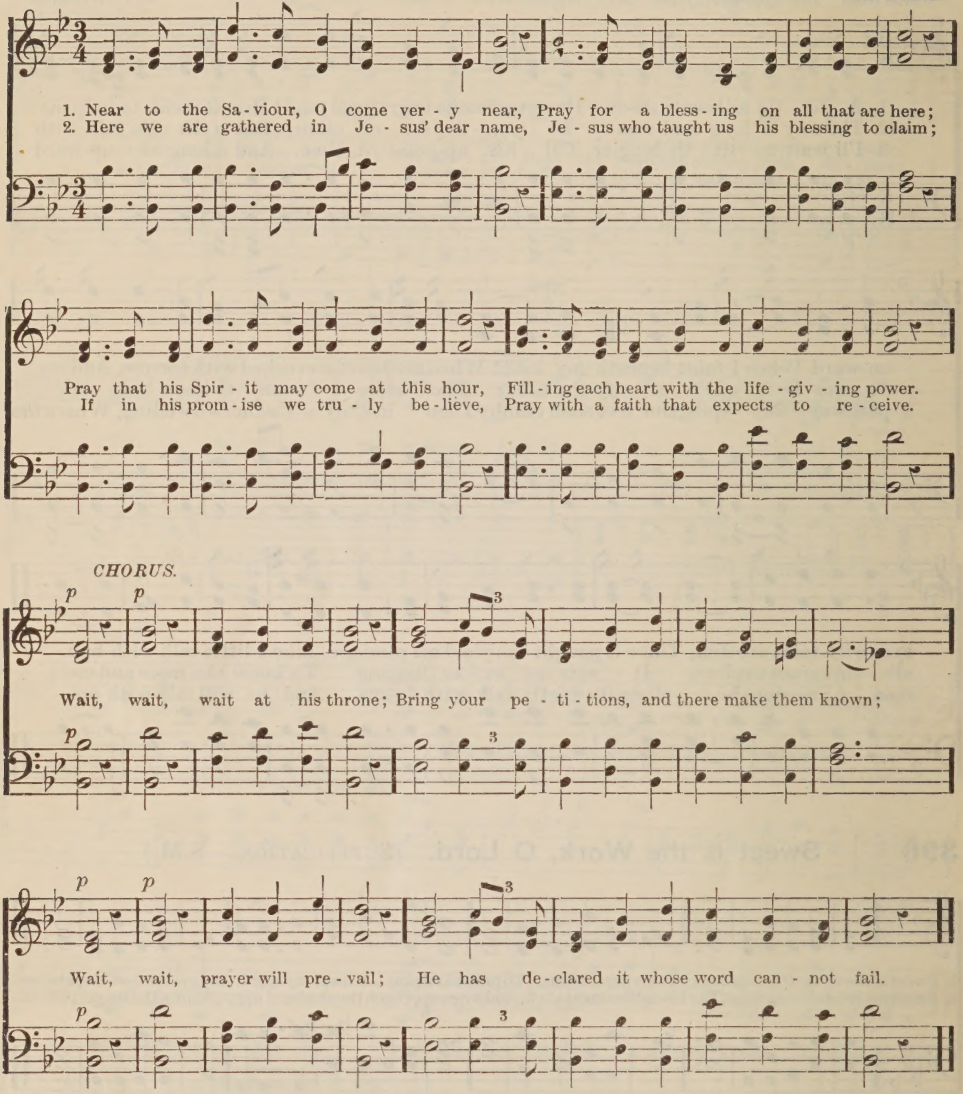

1. Sweet is the work, O Lord, Thy glorious name to sing; To praise and pray—to hear thy word, And grateful off'rings bring.
2. Sweet, at the dawning light, Thy boundless love to tell; And when approach the shades of night, Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet—on this day of rest;
To join in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

391 Near to the Saviour.

W. H. DOANE.


1. Near to the Sa-viour, O come ver-y near, Pray for a bless-ing on all that are here;
2. Here we are gathered in Je-sus' dear name, Je-sus who taught us his blessing to claim;
Pray that his Spir-it may come at this hour, Fill-ing each heart with the life-giv-ing power.
If in his prom-ise we tru-ly be-lieve, Pray with a faith that expects to re-ceive.
CHORUS.
Wait, wait, wait at his throne; Bring your pe-ti-tions, and there make them known;
Wait, wait, prayer will pre-vail; He has de-clared it whose word can-not fail.

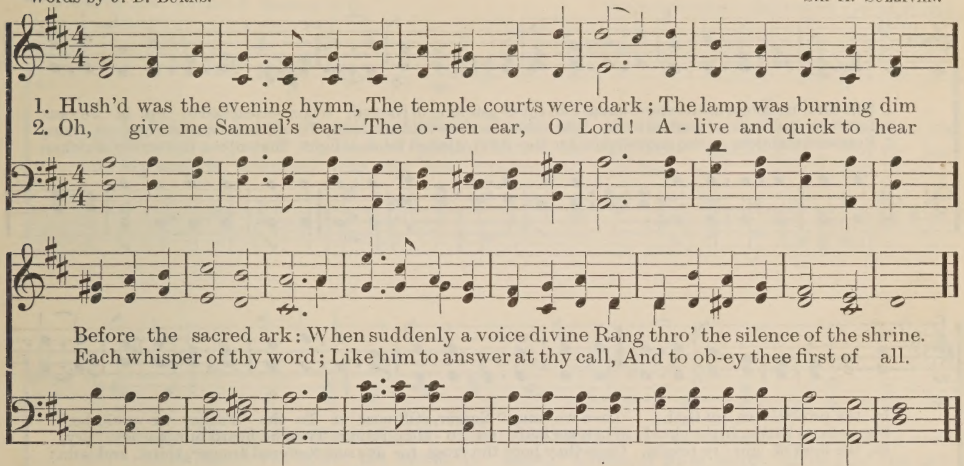
3 Plead for the souls that are languid and cold,
Plead for the wanderers away from the fold;
Pray that the Saviour may lead them to-night
Out of the darkness and into the light.

4 Pray with a faith that takes hold on the Lord,
Strong in the strength it has drawn from his word;
Come we with boldness, O come not with fear:
Jesus will bless us, and Jesus is here.

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

392 Hushed Was the Evening Hymn. (SAMUEL.—66, 66, 88.

Words by J. D. BURNS. SIR A. SULLIVAN.

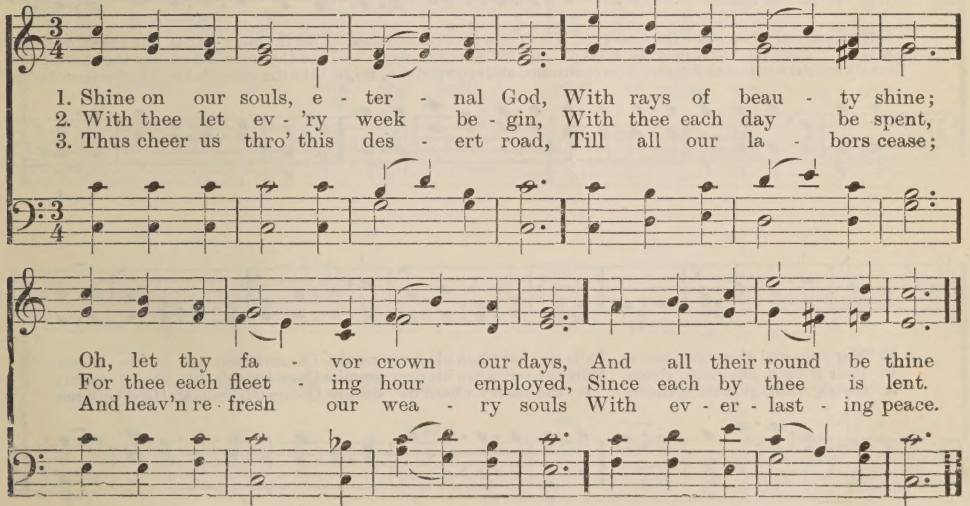

1. Hush'd was the evening hymn, The temple courts were dark; The lamp was burning dim
2. Oh, give me Samuel's ear—The o-pen ear, O Lord! A-live and quick to hear
Before the sacred ark: When suddenly a voice divine Rang thro' the silence of the shrine.
Each whisper of thy word; Like him to answer at thy call, And to ob-ey thee first of all.

3 Oh, give me Samuel's heart!
A lowly heart, that waits
When in thy house thou art;
Or watches at thy gates
By day and night—a heart that still
Moves at the breathing of thy will.

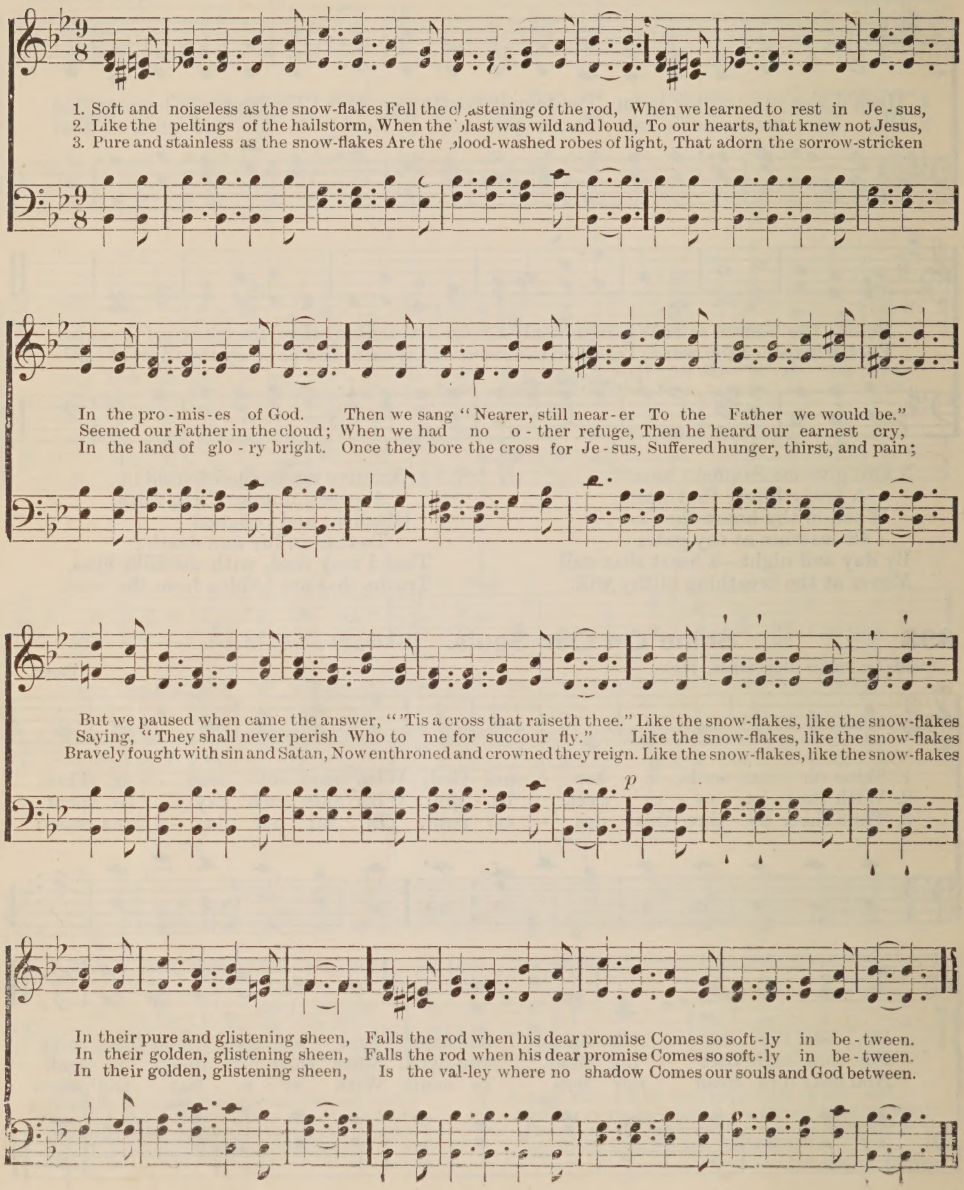
4 Oh, give me Samuel's mind!
A sweet, unmurm'ring faith,
Obedient and resigned
To thee in life and death:
That I may read, with childlike eyes,
Truths that are hidden from the wise.

393 Shine On Our Souls. (SAWLEY.—C.M.)

Words by PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740. PIGOU.

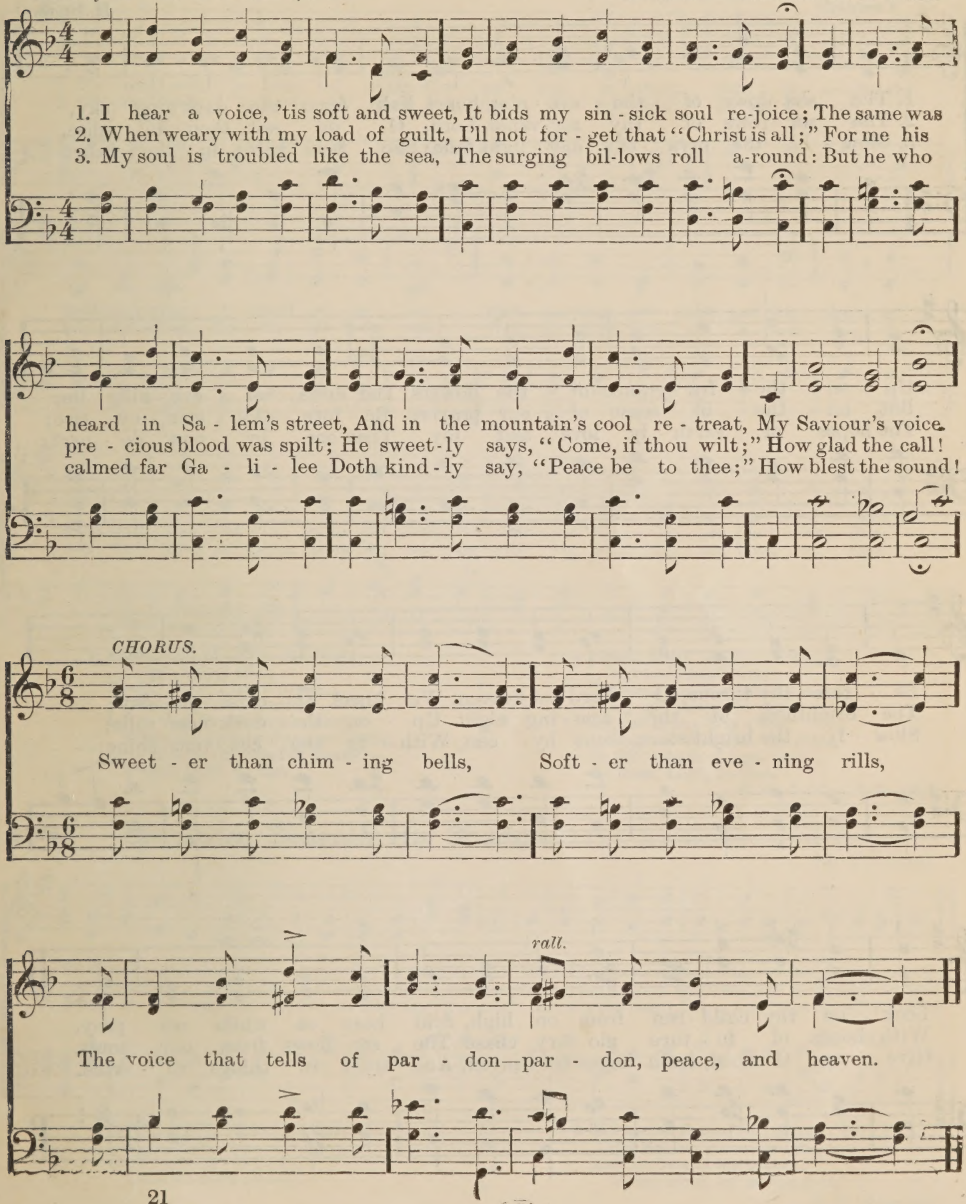

1. Shine on our souls, e-ter-nal God, With rays of beau-ty shine;
2. With thee let ev-'ry week be-gin, With thee each day be spent,
3. Thus cheer us thro' this des-ert road, Till all our la-bors cease;
Oh, let thy fa-vor crown our days, And all their round be thine
For thee each fleet-ing hour employed, Since each by thee is lent.
And heav'n re-fresh our wea-ry souls With ev-er-last-ing peace.

394 Soft and Noiseless.

H. SANDERS

1. Soft and noiseless as the snow-flakes Fell the c[illegible]astening of the rod, When we learned to rest in Je-sus,
2. Like the peltings of the hailstorm, When the blast was wild and loud, To our hearts, that knew not Jesus,
3. Pure and stainless as the snow-flakes Are the blood-washed robes of light, That adorn the sorrow-stricken
In the pro-mis-es of God. Then we sang "Nearer, still near-er To the Father we would be."
Seemed our Father in the cloud; When we had no o-ther refuge, Then he heard our earnest cry,
In the land of glo-ry bright. Once they bore the cross for Je-sus, Suffered hunger, thirst, and pain;
But we paused when came the answer, "'Tis a cross that raiseth thee." Like the snow-flakes, like the snow-flakes
Saying, "They shall never perish Who to me for succour fly." Like the snow-flakes, like the snow-flakes
Bravely fought with sin and Satan, Now enthroned and crowned they reign. Like the snow-flakes, like the snow-flakes
p
In their pure and glistening sheen, Falls the rod when his dear promise Comes so soft-ly in be-tween.
In their golden, glistening sheen, Falls the rod when his dear promise Comes so soft-ly in be-tween.
In their golden, glistening sheen, Is the val-ley where no shadow Comes our souls and God between.

395 I Hear a Voice, 'Tis Soft and Sweet.

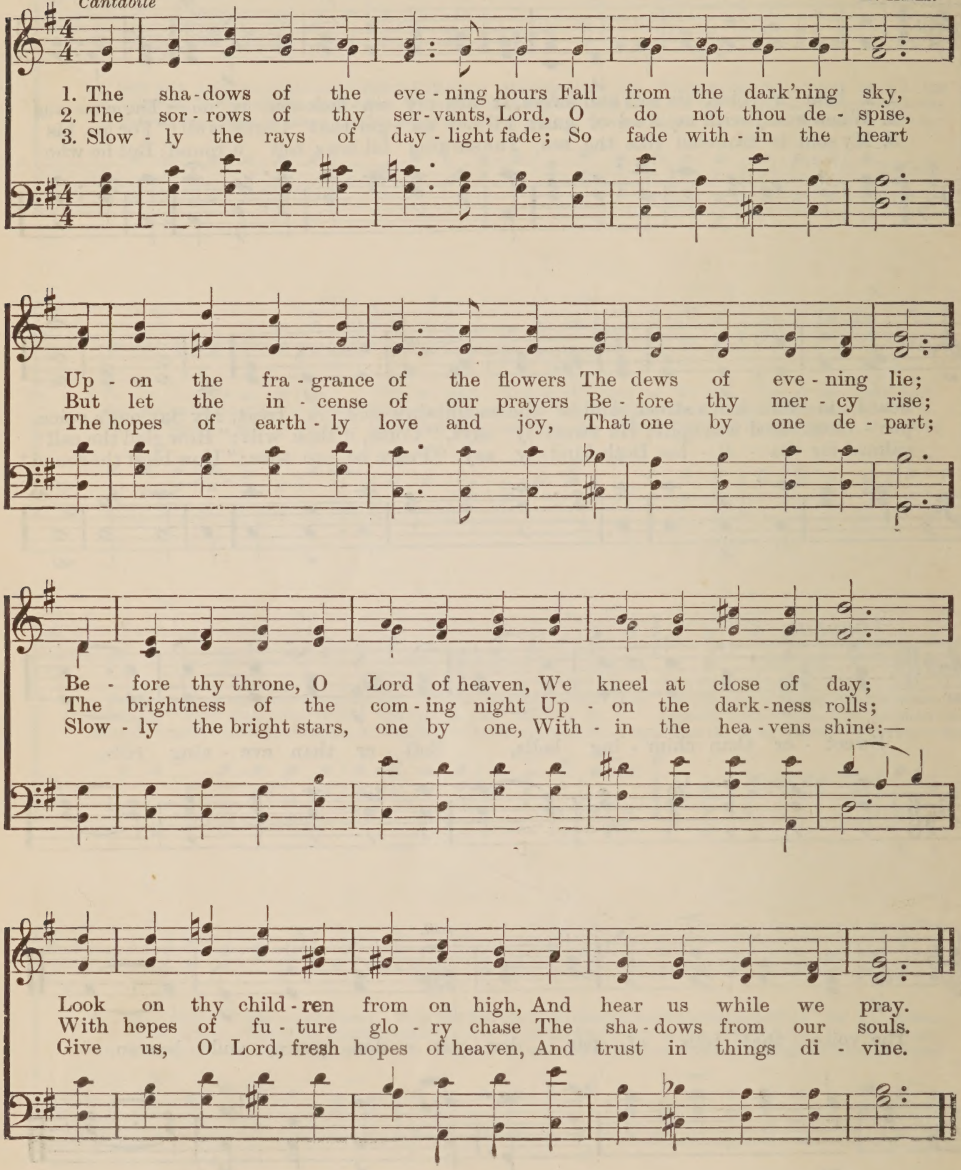
Words by Rev. Robert F. Semple, D.D. Vox Salvatoris.—Beardsley van de Water.


1. I hear a voice, 'tis soft and sweet, It bids my sin - sick soul re-joice; The same was
2. When weary with my load of guilt, I'll not for - get that "Christ is all;" For me his
3. My soul is troubled like the sea, The surging bil-lows roll a-round: But he who
heard in Sa - lem's street, And in the mountain's cool re - treat, My Saviour's voice
pre - cious blood was spilt; He sweet-ly says, "Come, if thou wilt;" How glad the call!
calmed far Ga - li - lee Doth kind-ly say, "Peace be to thee;" How blest the sound!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er than chim - ing bells, Soft - er than eve - ning rills,
rall.
The voice that tells of par - don—par - don, peace, and heaven.

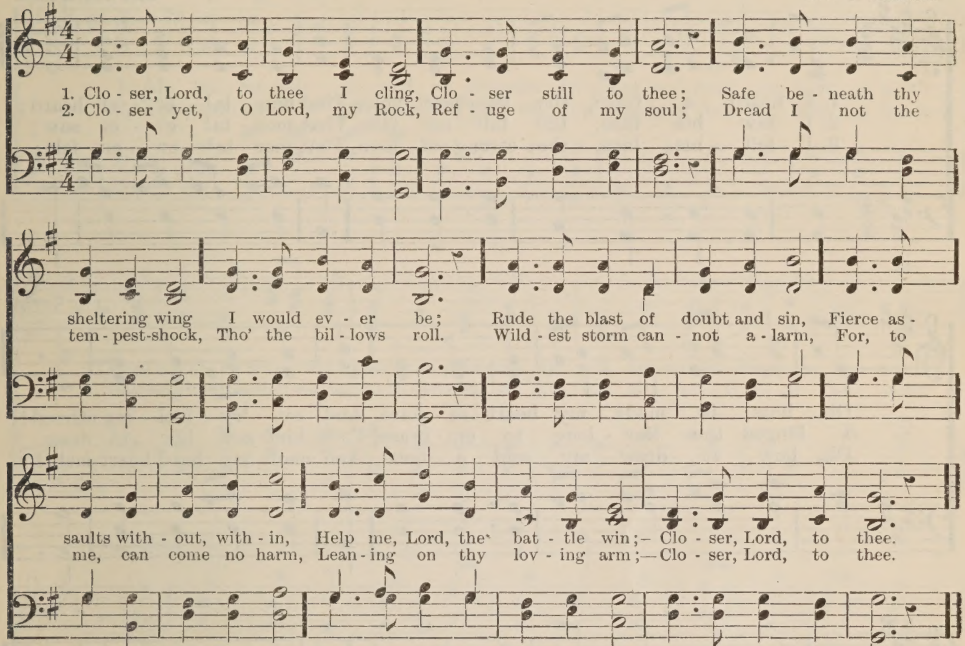
396 The Shadows of the Evening Hours. (St. Leonard.)

Words by Miss A. A. Proctor, 1858.

H. Hiles.

Cantabile

1. The sha-dows of the eve-ning hours Fall from the dark'ning sky,
2. The sor-rows of thy ser-vants, Lord, O do not thou de-spise,
3. Slow-ly the rays of day-light fade; So fade with-in the heart
Up-on the fra-grance of the flowers The dews of eve-ning lie;
But let the in-cense of our prayers Be-fore thy mer-cy rise;
The hopes of earth-ly love and joy, That one by one de-part;
Be-fore thy throne, O Lord of heaven, We kneel at close of day;
The brightness of the com-ing night Up-on the dark-ness rolls;
Slow-ly the bright stars, one by one, With-in the hea-vens shine:—
Look on thy child-ren from on high, And hear us while we pray.
With hopes of fu-ture glo-ry chase The sha-dows from our souls.
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes of heaven, And trust in things di-vine.

397 Closer, Lord, to Thee.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Clo - ser, Lord, to thee I cling, Clo - ser still to thee; Safe be - neath thy
2. Clo - ser yet, O Lord, my Rock, Ref - uge of my soul; Dread I not the
sheltering wing I would ev - er be; Rude the blast of doubt and sin, Fierce as -
tem - pest-shock, Tho' the bil - lows roll. Wild - est storm can - not a - larm, For, to
saults with - out, with - in, Help me, Lord, the bat - tle win;— Clo - ser, Lord, to thee.
me, can come no harm, Lean - ing on thy lov - ing arm;—Clo - ser, Lord, to thee.

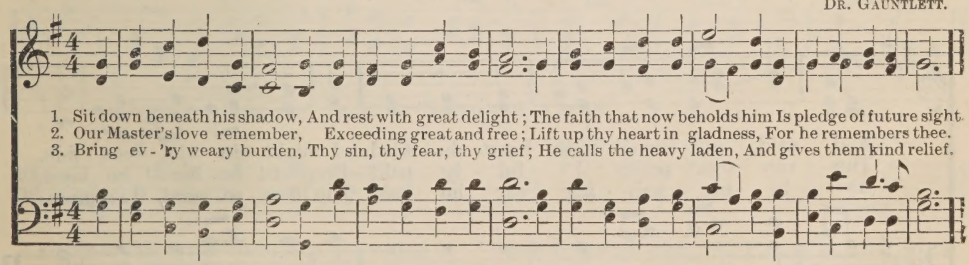
3 Closer still, my Help, my Stay,
Closer, closer still;
Meekly there I learn to say,
"Father, not my will;"
Learn that in affliction's hour,
When the clouds of sorrow lower,
Love directs thy hand of power;—
Closer, Lord, to thee.

4 Closer, Lord, to thee I come,
Light of life Divine;
Through the ever Blessed Son,
Joy and peace are mine;
Let me in thy love abide,
Keep me ever near thy side,
In the "Rock of Ages" hide,—
Closer, Lord, to thee.

—*E. G. Taylor, D.D.* *Alt.*

398 Sit Down Beneath His Shadow. (ST. ALPHEGE.—7S & 6S.)

DR. GAUNTLETT.

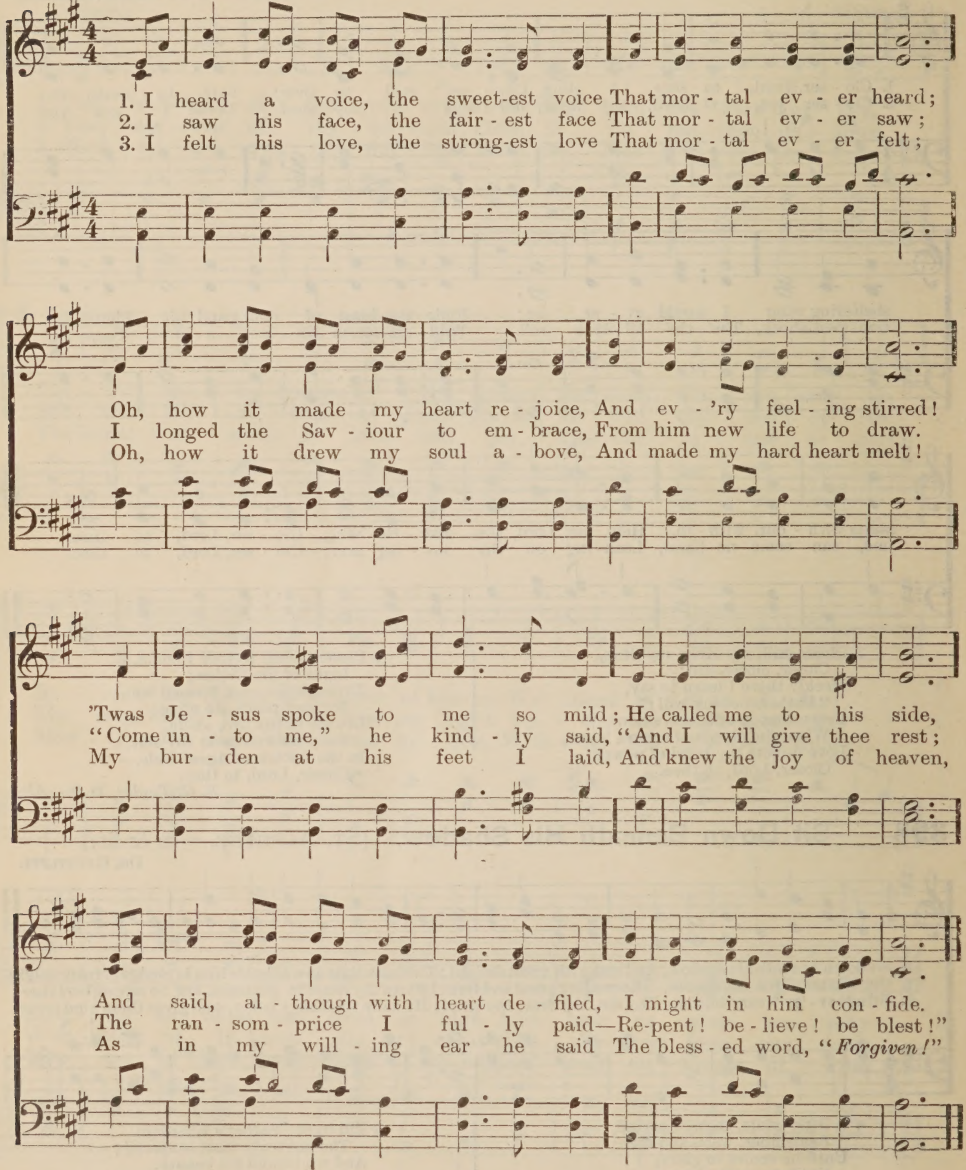

1. Sit down beneath his shadow, And rest with great delight; The faith that now beholds him Is pledge of future sight.
2. Our Master's love remember, Exceeding great and free; Lift up thy heart in gladness, For he remembers thee.
3. Bring ev - 'ry weary burden, Thy sin, thy fear, thy grief; He calls the heavy laden, And gives them kind relief.

4 A little while, though parted,
Remember, wait, and love;
Until he comes in glory,
Until we meet above;

5 Till in the Father's Kingdom
The heavenly feast is spread;
And we behold his beauty,
Whose blood for us was shed!

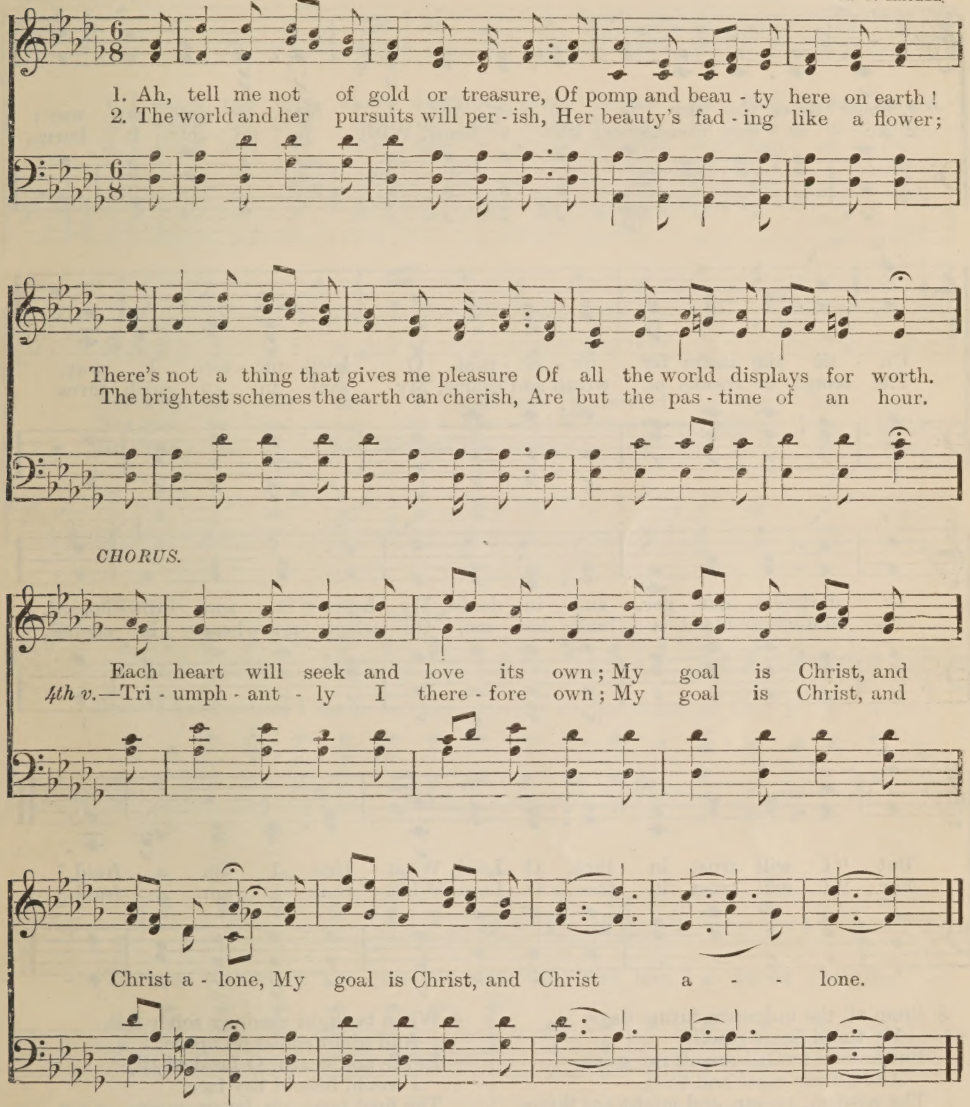
—*F. R. Havergal.*

399 I Heard a Voice.

Words by P. Stryker. Arr. from Mehul.

1. I heard a voice, the sweet-est voice That mor - tal ev - er heard;
2. I saw his face, the fair - est face That mor - tal ev - er saw;
3. I felt his love, the strong-est love That mor - tal ev - er felt;
Oh, how it made my heart re - joice, And ev - 'ry feel - ing stirred!
I longed the Sav - iour to em - brace, From him new life to draw.
Oh, how it drew my soul a - bove, And made my hard heart melt!
'Twas Je - sus spoke to me so mild; He called me to his side,
"Come un - to me," he kind - ly said, "And I will give thee rest;
My bur - den at his feet I laid, And knew the joy of heaven,
And said, al - though with heart de - filed, I might in him con - fide.
The ran - som - price I ful - ly paid—Re-pent! be - lieve! be blest!"
As in my will - ing ear he said The bless - ed word, "*Forgiven!*"

400 Ah, Tell Me Not of Gold or Treasure.

E. O. Excell.

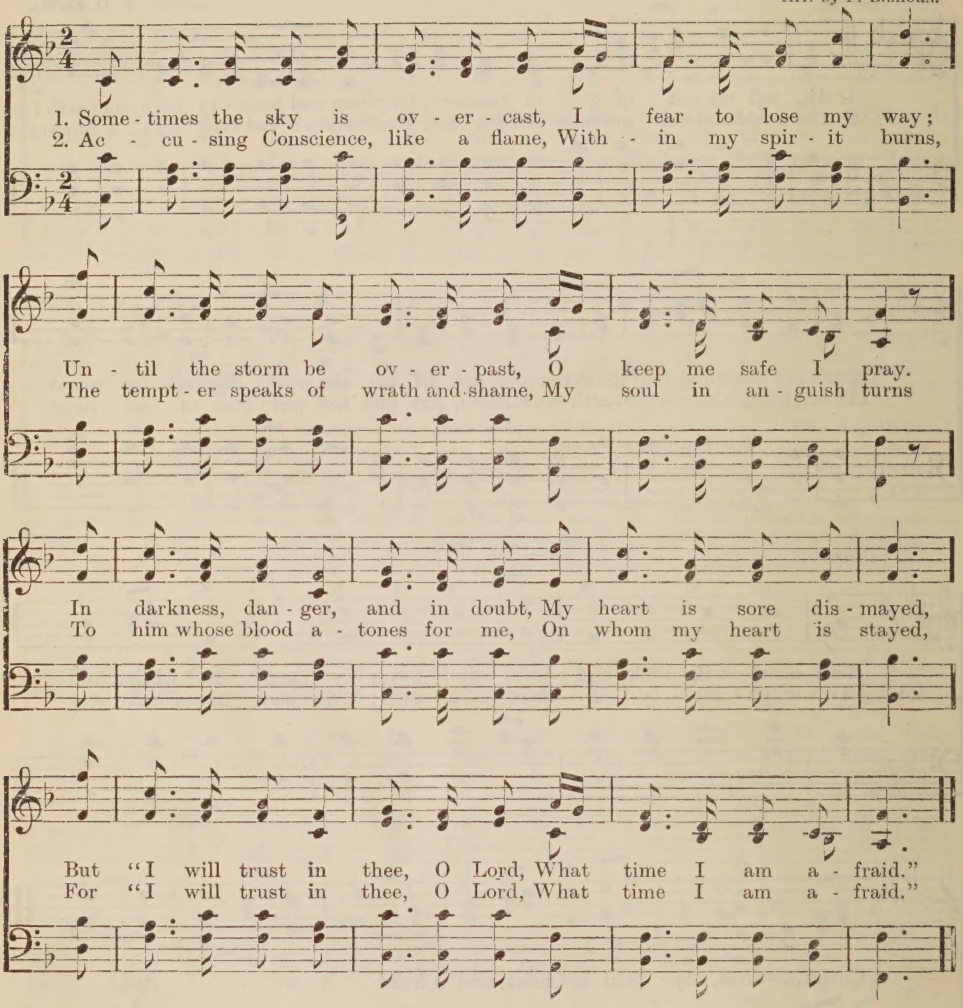

1. Ah, tell me not of gold or treasure, Of pomp and beau - ty here on earth!
2. The world and her pursuits will per - ish, Her beauty's fad - ing like a flower;
There's not a thing that gives me pleasure Of all the world displays for worth.
The brightest schemes the earth can cherish, Are but the pas - time of an hour.
CHORUS.
Each heart will seek and love its own; My goal is Christ, and
4th v.—Tri - umph - ant - ly I there - fore own; My goal is Christ, and
Christ a - lone, My goal is Christ, and Christ a - - - lone.

3 Against this tower there's no prevailing;
His kingdom passes not away;
His throne abides despite assailing,
From henceforth unto endless day.

4 And though a pilgrim I must wander,
Still absent from the one I love;
He soon will have me with him yonder,
In his own glory-world above.

—*Unknown.*

401 Sometimes the Sky is Overcast. (Auld Lang Syne.)

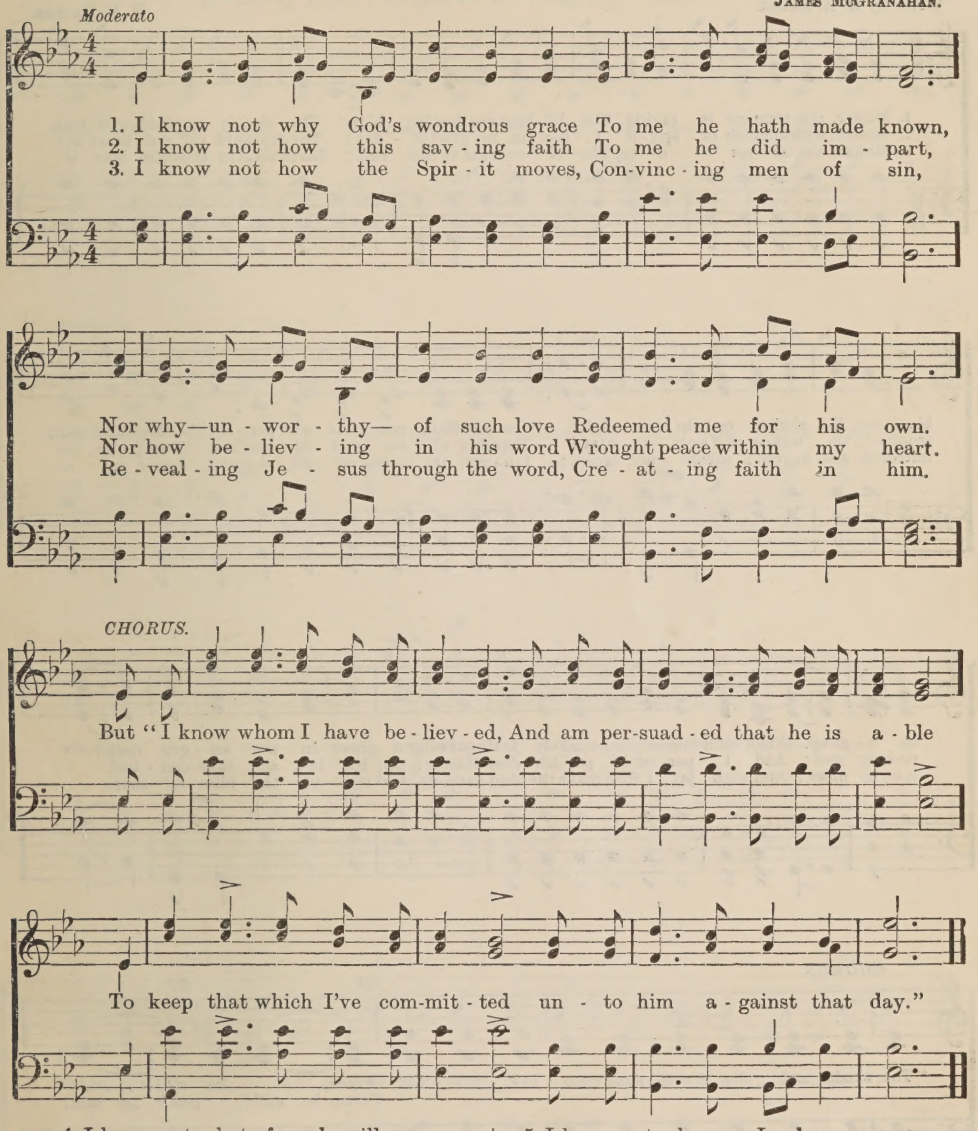
Arr. by P. Bilhorn.

1. Some - times the sky is ov - er - cast, I fear to lose my way;
2. Ac - cu - sing Conscience, like a flame, With - in my spir - it burns,
Un - til the storm be ov - er - past, O keep me safe I pray.
The tempt - er speaks of wrath and shame, My soul in an - guish turns
In darkness, dan - ger, and in doubt, My heart is sore dis - mayed,
To him whose blood a - tones for me, On whom my heart is stayed,
But "I will trust in thee, O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."
For "I will trust in thee, O Lord, What time I am a - fraid."

3 From all the unknown future days,
My timid heart recoils,
But known to God are all my ways,
And all my cares and toils.
The wisdom, power, and might are thine,
But mine the promised aid,
And "I will trust in thee, O Lord,
What time I am afraid."

4 When twilight shadows softly fall,
And night comes on apace,
In life and death, O Lord of all,
I would behold thy face.
The final hour, oh, let me meet
In peace, and undismayed,
For "I will trust in thee, O Lord,
What time I am afraid."

—*Miss J. H. Johnston.*

402 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

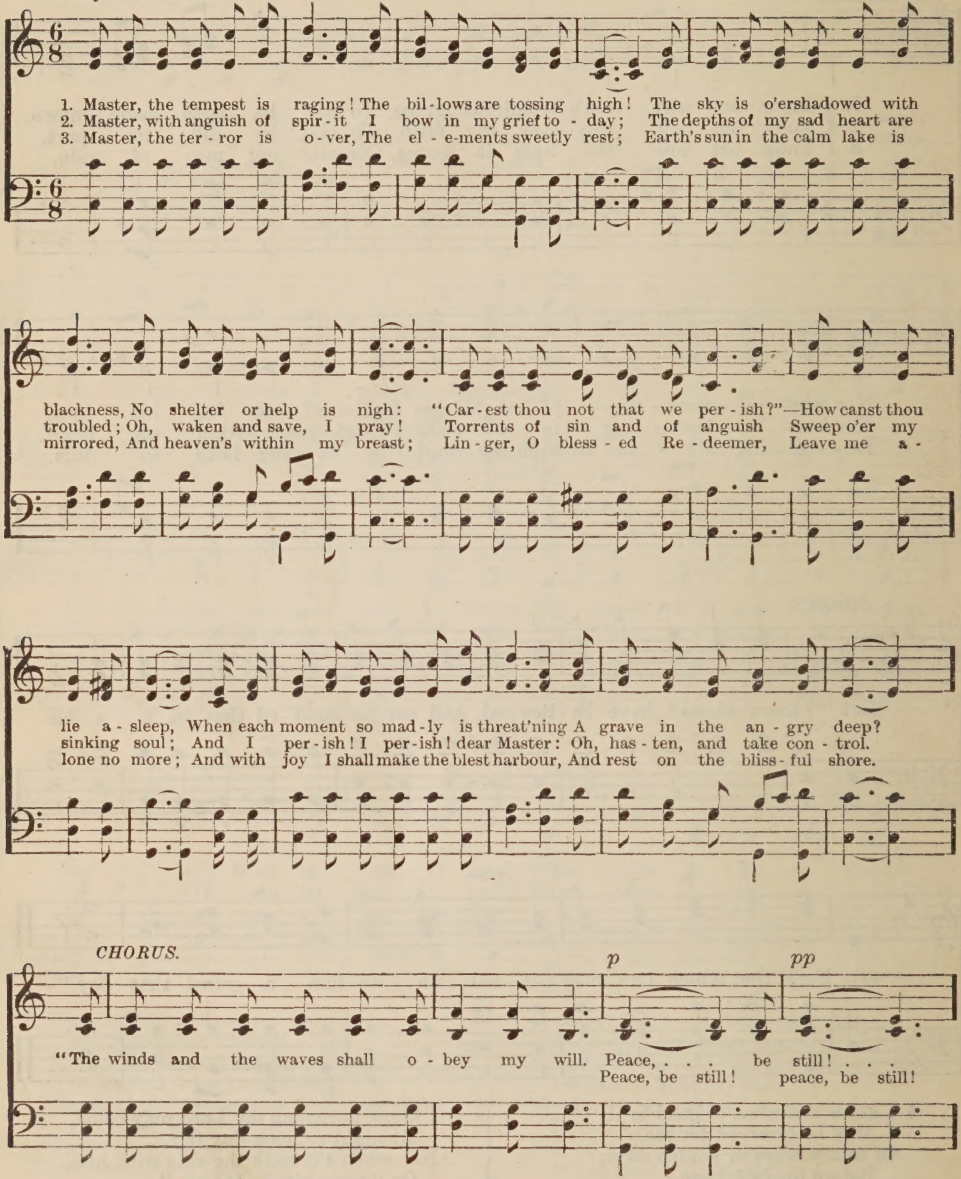
JAMES McGRANAHAN.

Moderato
1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me he hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me he did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con-vinc - ing men of sin,
Nor why—un - wor - thy— of such love Redeemed me for his own.
Nor how be - liev - ing in his word Wrought peace within my heart.
Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the word, Cre - at - ing faith in him.
CHORUS.
But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per-suad - ed that he is a - ble
To keep that which I've com-mit - ted un - to him a - gainst that day."

4 I know not what of good or ill
May be reserved for me,
Of weary ways or golden days,
Before his face I see.

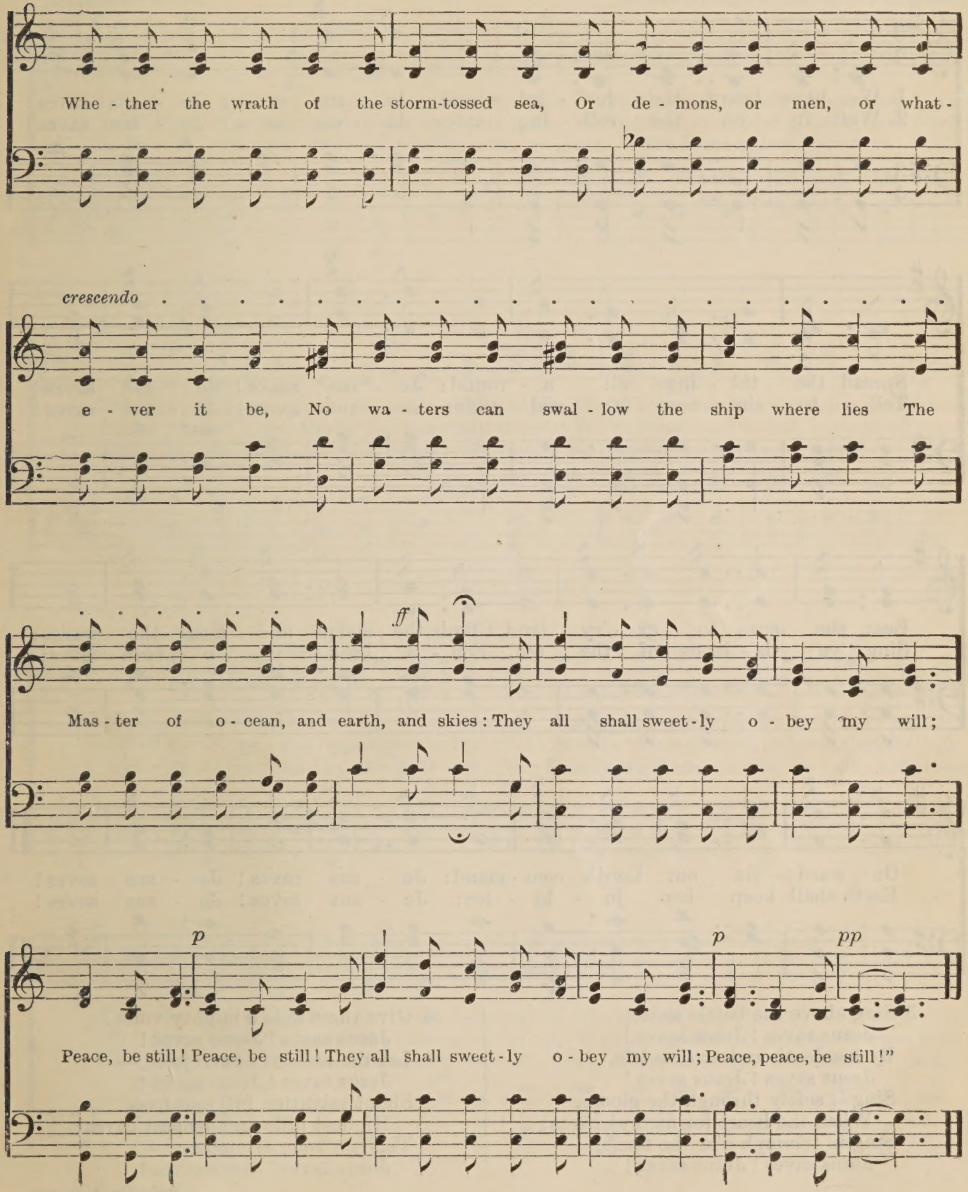
5 I know not when my Lord may come,
At night or noon-day fair,
Nor when I'll walk the vale with him,
Or "meet him in the air."

—*El. Nathan.*

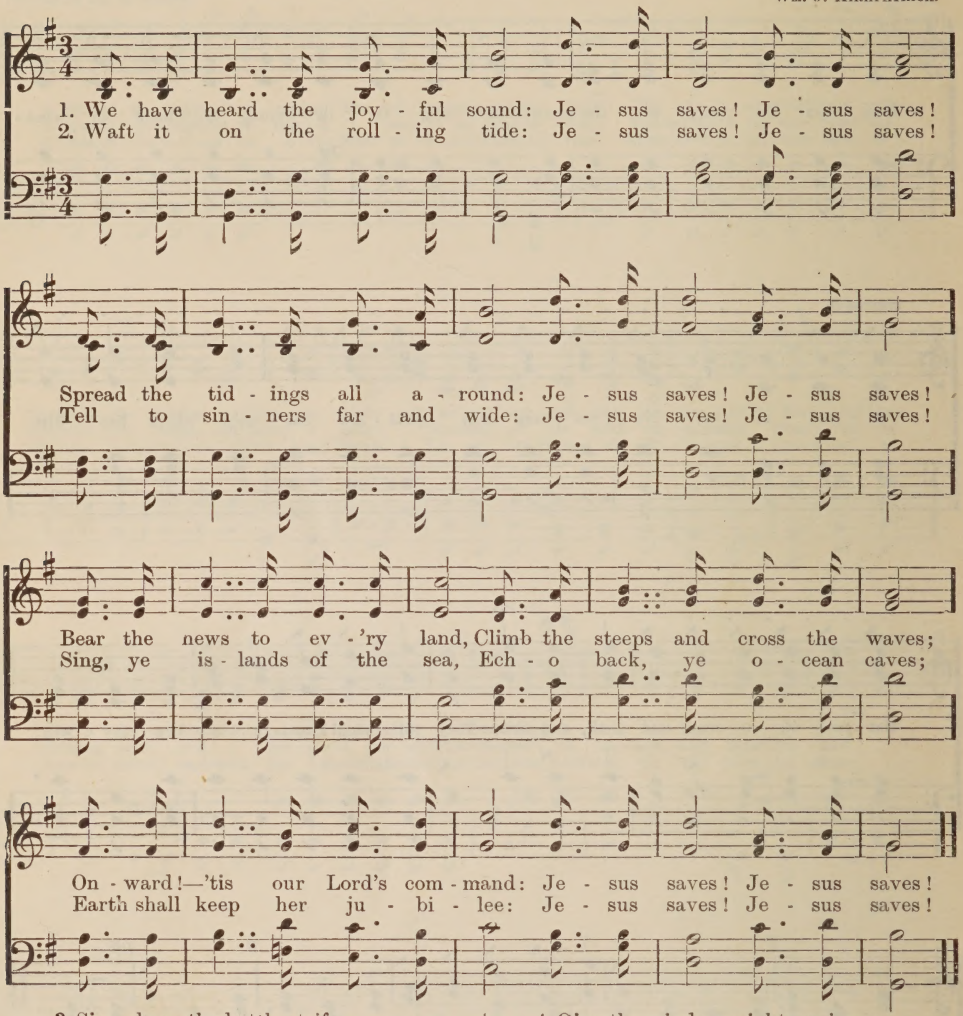
403 Master, the Tempest is Raging.

Words by M. A. Baker. H. R. Palmer.

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The bil-lows are tossing high! The sky is o'ershadowed with
2. Master, with anguish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day; The depths of my sad heart are
3. Master, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is
blackness, No shelter or help is nigh: "Car-est thou not that we per-ish?"—How canst thou
troubled; Oh, waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep o'er my
mirrored, And heaven's within my breast; Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deemer, Leave me a-
lie a-sleep, When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep?
sinking soul; And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Master: Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.
lone no more; And with joy I shall make the blest harbour, And rest on the bliss-ful shore.
CHORUS.
p
pp
"The winds and the waves shall o-bey my will. Peace, . . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! peace, be still!

Master, the Tempest is Raging—*Concluded.*


Whe - ther the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de - mons, or men, or what -
crescendo
e - ver it be, No wa - ters can swal - low the ship where lies The
ff
Mas - ter of o - cean, and earth, and skies: They all shall sweet - ly o - bey my will;
p
p
pp
Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all shall sweet - ly o - bey my will; Peace, peace, be still!"

404 We Have Heard the Joyful Sound.

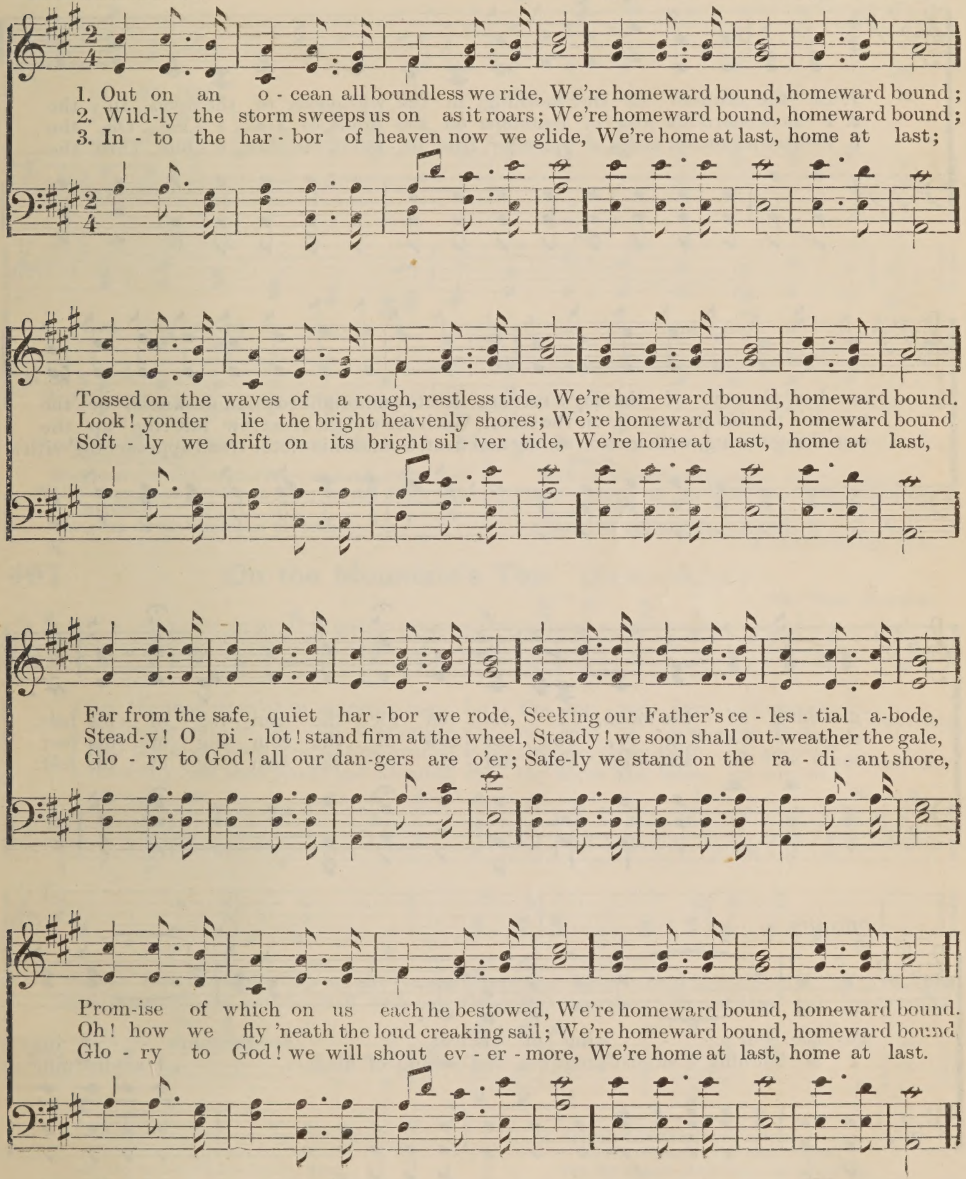
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the tid - ings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com - mand: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

3 Sing above the battle strife,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
By his death and endless life,
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Sing it softly through the gloom,
When the heart for mercy craves;
Sing in triumph o'er the tomb,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

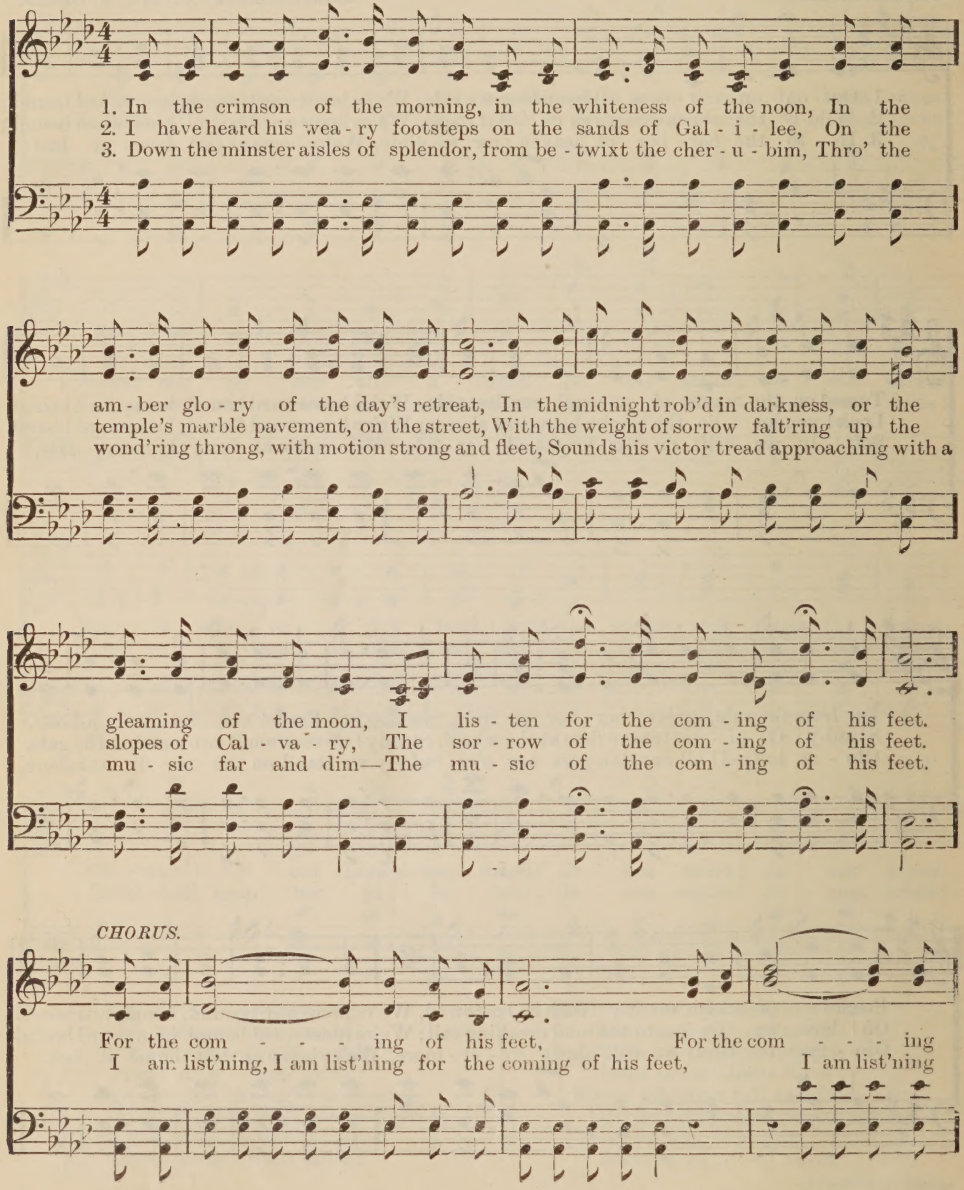
4 Give the winds a mighty voice:
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Let the nations now rejoice,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!
Shout salvation full and free,
Highest hills and deepest caves;
This our song of victory,—
Jesus saves! Jesus saves!

—*Priscilla J. Owens.*

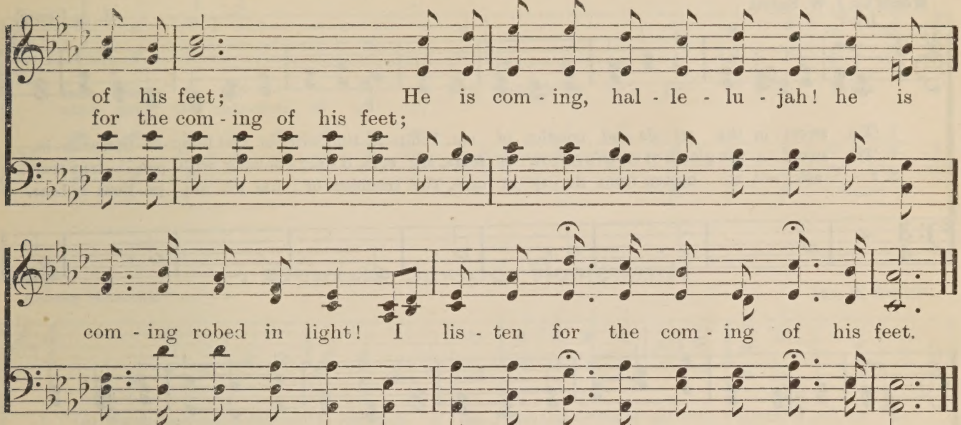
405 Out on an Ocean all Boundless We Ride.

AUTHOR NOT KNOWN. HOMEWARD BOUND—Arr. by J. W. DADMAN.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
2. Wild-ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars; We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
3. In - to the har - bor of heaven now we glide, We're home at last, home at last;
Tossed on the waves of a rough, restless tide, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Look! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores; We're homeward bound, homeward bound
Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide, We're home at last, home at last,
Far from the safe, quiet har - bor we rode, Seeking our Father's ce - les - tial a-bode,
Stead-y! O pi - lot! stand firm at the wheel, Steady! we soon shall out-weather the gale,
Glo - ry to God! all our dan-gers are o'er; Safe-ly we stand on the ra - di - ant shore,
Prom-ise of which on us each he bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Oh! how we fly 'neath the loud creaking sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound
Glo - ry to God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

406 In the Crimson of the Morning.

JOHN R. SWENEY.

1. In the crimson of the morning, in the whiteness of the noon, In the
2. I have heard his wea - ry footsteps on the sands of Gal - i - lee, On the
3. Down the minster aisles of splendor, from be - twixt the cher - u - bim, Thro' the
am - ber glo - ry of the day's retreat, In the midnight rob'd in darkness, or the
temple's marble pavement, on the street, With the weight of sorrow falt'ring up the
wond'ring throng, with motion strong and fleet, Sounds his victor tread approaching with a
gleaming of the moon, I lis - ten for the com - ing of his feet.
slopes of Cal - va - ry, The sor - row of the com - ing of his feet.
mu - sic far and dim—The mu - sic of the com - ing of his feet.
CHORUS.
For the com - - - - ing of his feet, For the com - - - ing
I am list'ning, I am list'ning for the coming of his feet, I am list'ning

In the Crimson of the Morning—*Concluded.*


of his feet; He is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! he is
for the com - ing of his feet;
com - ing robed in light! I lis - ten for the com - ing of his feet.

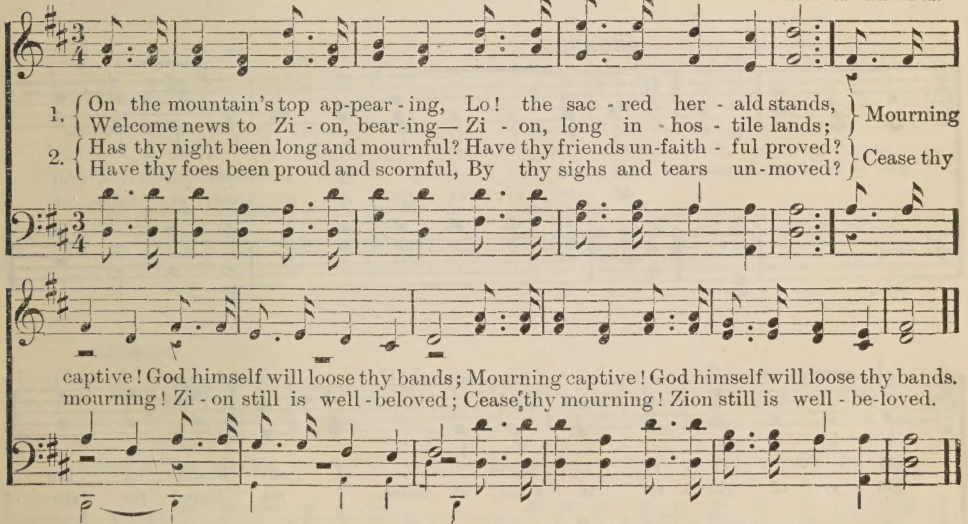
4 Sandalled not with shoon of silver, girdled not with woven gold,
Weighted not with shimm'ring gems and odors sweet,
White-winged and shod with glory in the Tabor-light of old—
The glory of the coming of his feet.

5 He is coming, oh, my spirit! with his everlasting peace,
With his blessedness immortal and complete;
He is coming, oh, my spirit! and his coming brings release;
I listen for the coming of his feet.

—*Lyman Whitney Allen.*

407 On the Mountain's Top. (Zion.—8,7,4.)

Dr. Thos. Hastings.


1. On the mountain's top ap-pear - ing, Lo! the sac - red her - ald stands,
Welcome news to Zi - on, bear-ing— Zi - on, long in - hos - tile lands;
Mourning
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy friends un-faith - ful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful, By thy sighs and tears un-moved?
Cease thy
captive! God himself will loose thy bands; Mourning captive! God himself will loose thy bands.
mourning! Zi - on still is well - beloved; Cease thy mourning! Zion still is well - be-loved.

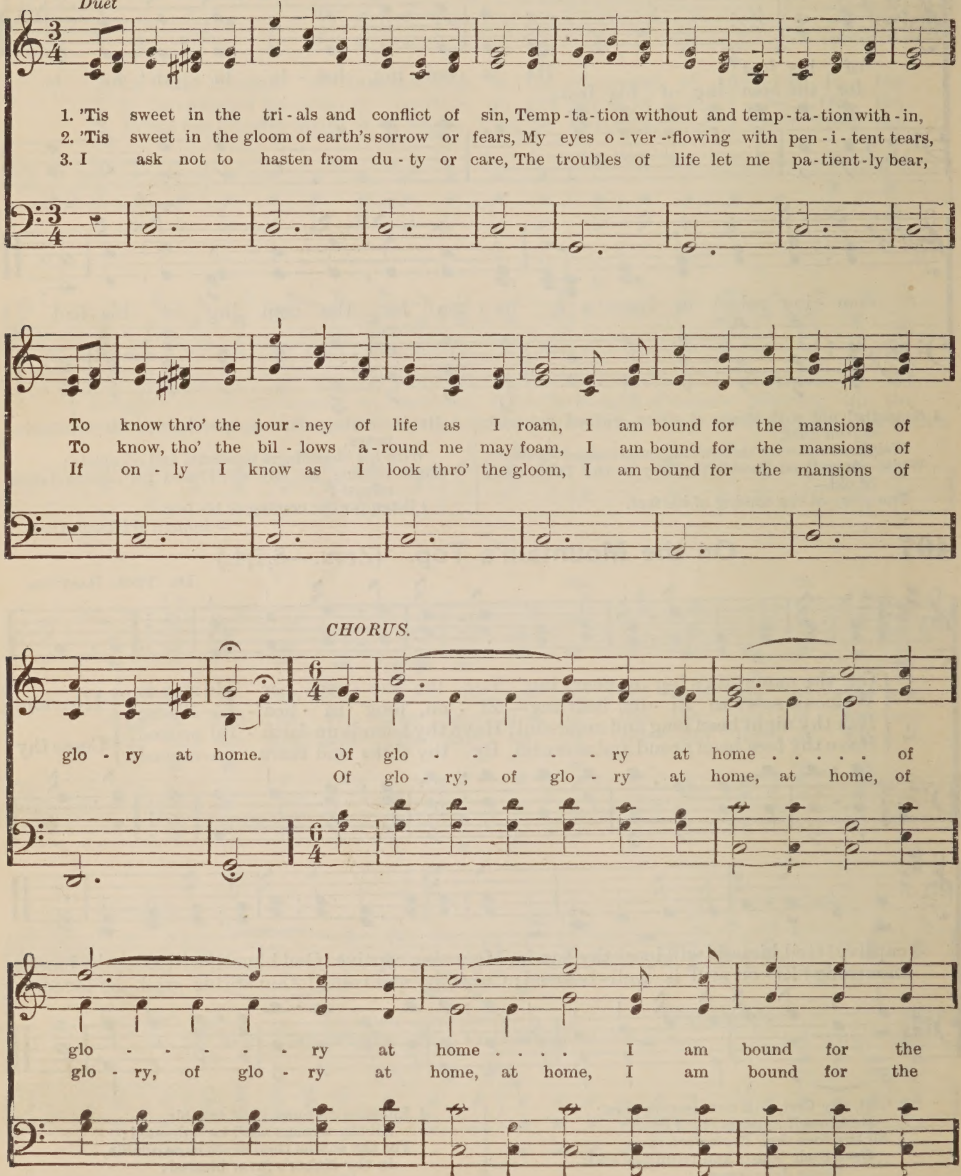
3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend:
All thy foes shall flee before thee,
Here their boasts and triumphs end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King shall surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redressed;
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor blessed;
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest. —*Thomas Kelly.*

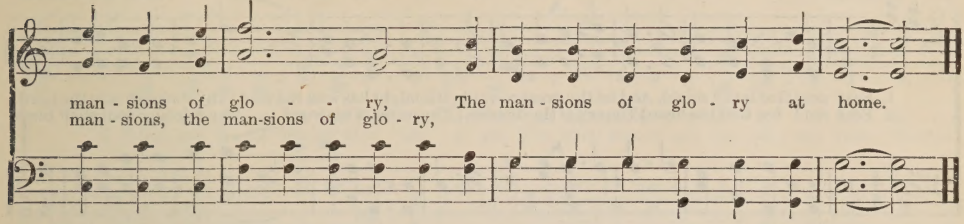
408 'Tis Sweet in the Trials.

Words by J. W. SMITH. H. A. LEWIS.

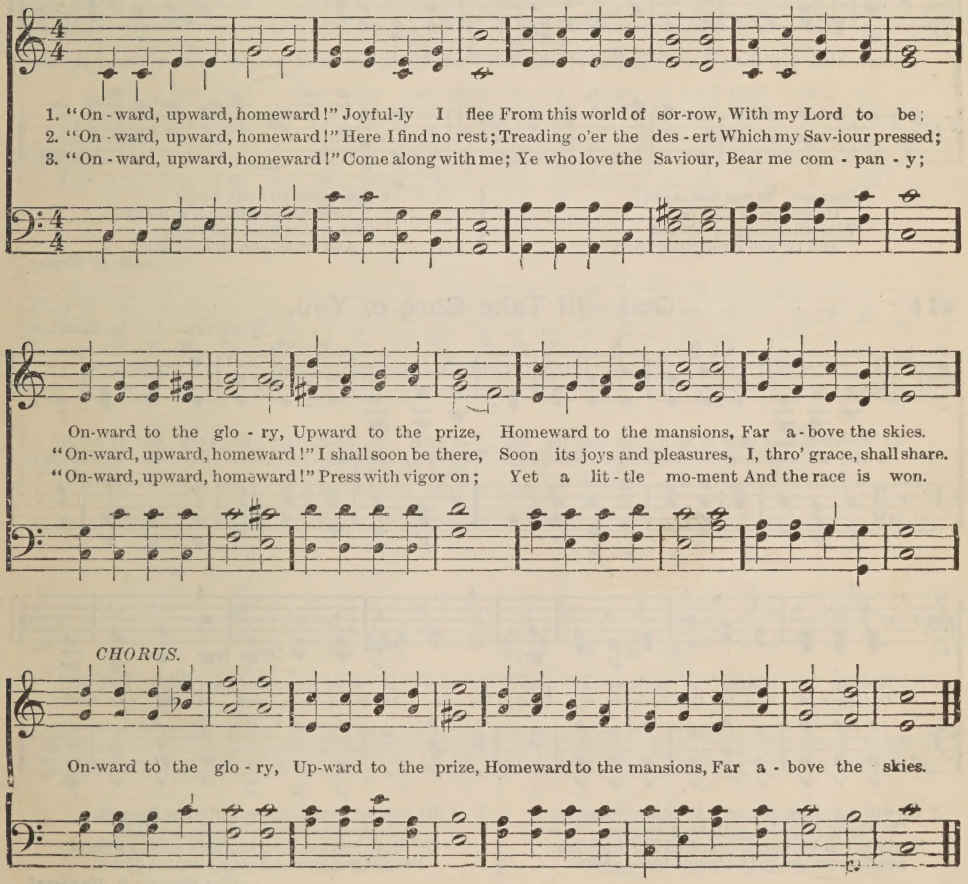
Duet


1. 'Tis sweet in the tri - als and conflict of sin, Temp - ta - tion without and temp - ta - tion with - in,
2. 'Tis sweet in the gloom of earth's sorrow or fears, My eyes o - ver - flowing with pen - i - tent tears,
3. I ask not to hasten from du - ty or care, The troubles of life let me pa - tient - ly bear,
To know thro' the jour - ney of life as I roam, I am bound for the mansions of
To know, tho' the bil - lows a - round me may foam, I am bound for the mansions of
If on - ly I know as I look thro' the gloom, I am bound for the mansions of
CHORUS.
glo - ry at home. Of glo - - - - - ry at home . . . . . of
Of glo - ry, of glo - ry at home, at home, of
glo - - - - - ry at home . . . I am bound for the
glo - ry, of glo - ry at home, at home, I am bound for the

'Tis Sweet in the Trials—*Concluded.*

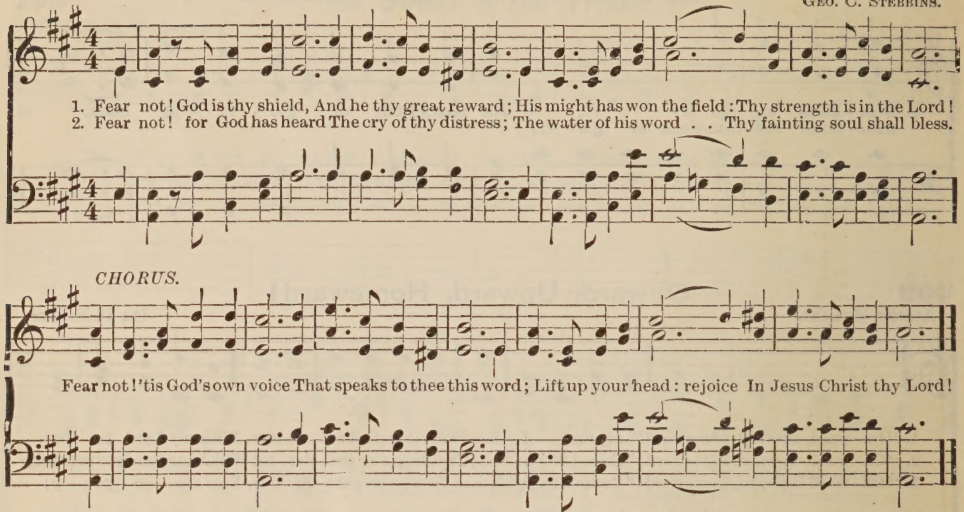


409 Onward, Upward, Homeward!

ALBERT MIDLANE. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "On - ward, upward, homeward!" Joyful-ly I flee From this world of sor-row, With my Lord to be;
2. "On - ward, upward, homeward!" Here I find no rest; Treading o'er the des - ert Which my Sav-iour pressed;
3. "On - ward, upward, homeward!" Come along with me; Ye who love the Saviour, Bear me com - pan - y;
On-ward to the glo - ry, Upward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a - bove the skies.
"On-ward, upward, homeward!" I shall soon be there, Soon its joys and pleasures, I, thro' grace, shall share.
"On-ward, upward, homeward!" Press with vigor on; Yet a lit - tle mo-ment And the race is won.
CHORUS.
On-ward to the glo - ry, Up-ward to the prize, Homeward to the mansions, Far a - bove the skies.

410 Fear Not! God is Thy Shield.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

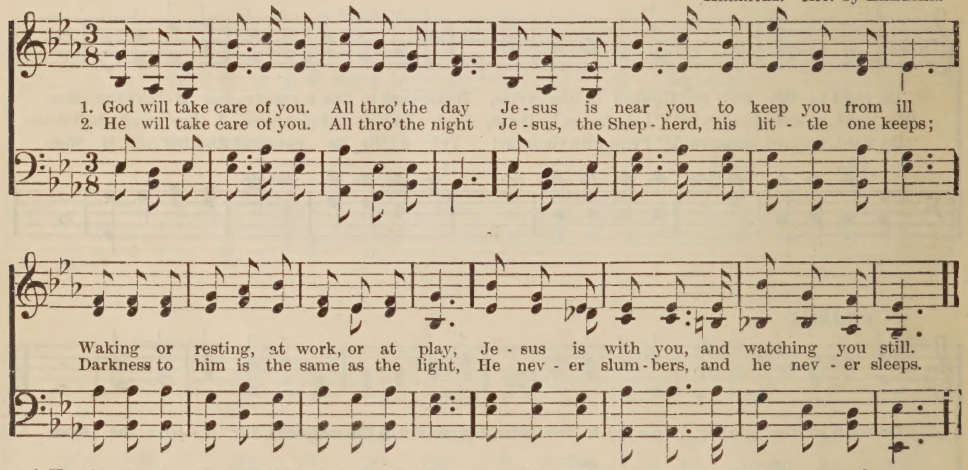

1. Fear not! God is thy shield, And he thy great reward; His might has won the field: Thy strength is in the Lord!
2. Fear not! for God has heard The cry of thy distress; The water of his word . . Thy fainting soul shall bless.
CHORUS.
Fear not! 'tis God's own voice That speaks to thee this word; Lift up your head: rejoice In Jesus Christ thy Lord!

3 Fear not! be not dismayed!
He evermore will be
With thee, to give his aid,
And he will strengthen thee.

4 Fear not! ye little flock;
Your Shepherd soon will come,
Give water from the rock,
And bring you to his home!

—*R. G. Taylor.*

411 God will Take Care of You.

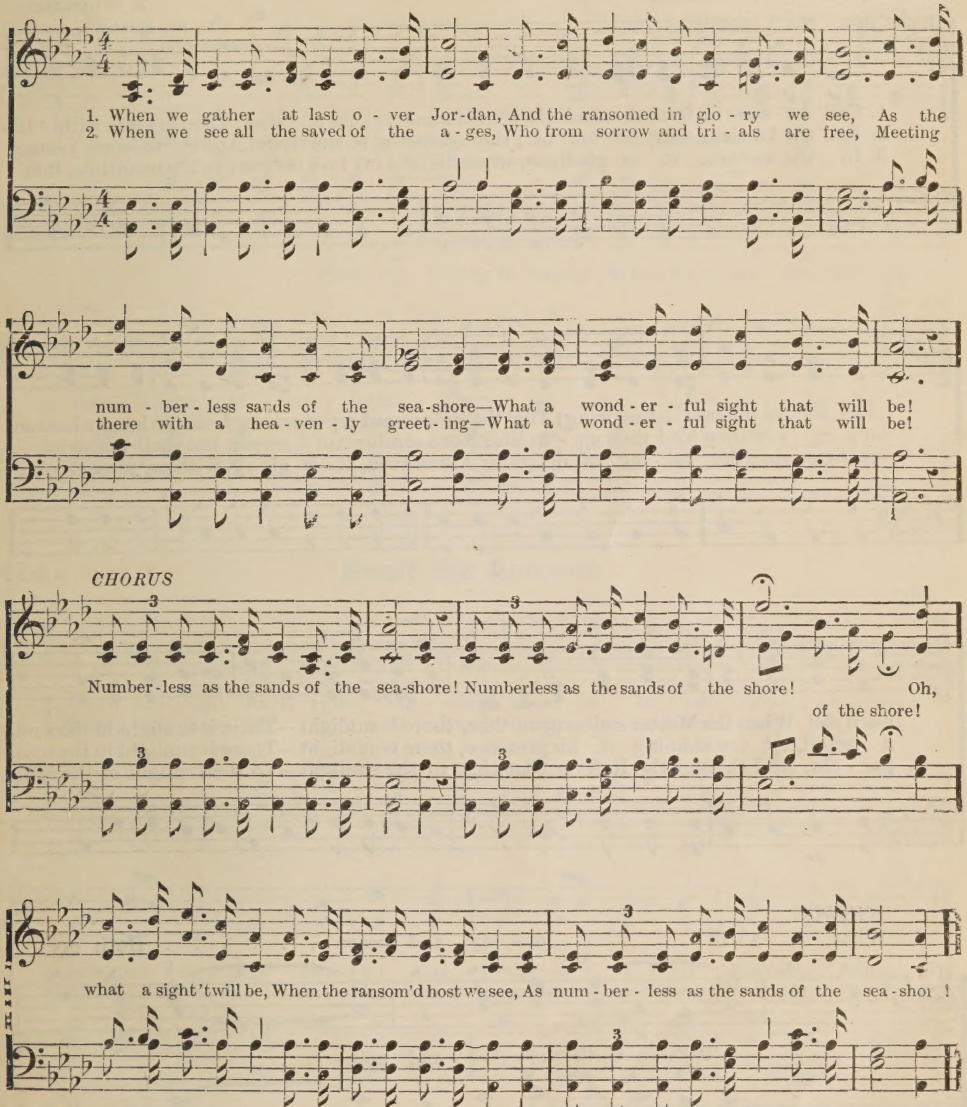
HARRITEL. Arr. by EMMELAR.

1. God will take care of you. All thro' the day Je-sus is near you to keep you from ill
2. He will take care of you. All thro' the night Je-sus, the Shep-herd, his lit-tle one keeps;
Waking or resting, at work, or at play, Je-sus is with you, and watching you still.
Darkness to him is the same as the light, He nev-er slum-bers, and he nev-er sleeps.

3 He will take care of you. All through the year,
Crowning each day with his kindness and love,
Sending you blessings, and shielding from fear,
Leading you on to the bright home above.

4 He will take care of you. Yes; to the end,
Nothing can alter his love for his own;
Children, be glad that you have such a Friend;
He will not leave you one moment alone.

—*Miss Frances R. Havergal*

412 When We Gather at Last Over Jordan.

F. A. BLACKMER. Arr.

1. When we gather at last o - ver Jor-dan, And the ransomed in glo - ry we see, As the
2. When we see all the saved of the a - ges, Who from sorrow and tri - als are free, Meeting
num - ber - less sands of the sea-shore—What a wond - er - ful sight that will be!
there with a hea - ven - ly greet - ing—What a wond - er - ful sight that will be!
CHORUS
Number-less as the sands of the sea-shore! Numberless as the sands of the shore! Oh,
of the shore!
what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd host we see, As num - ber - less as the sands of the sea-shor !

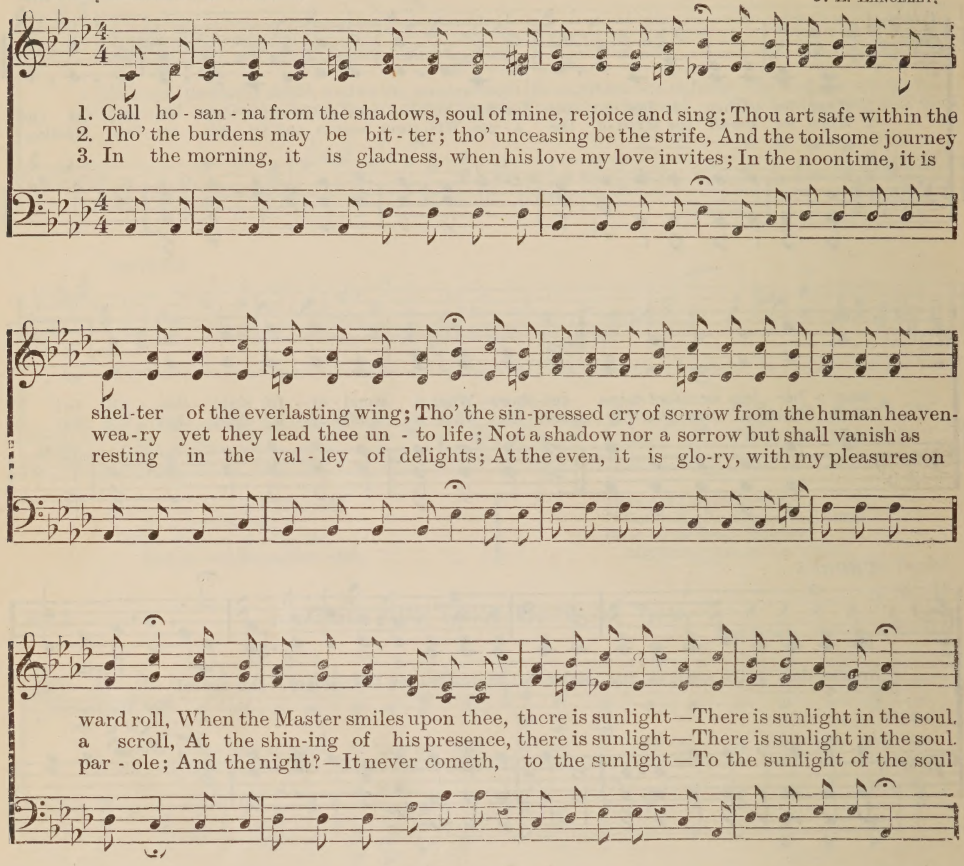
3 When we stand by the beautiful river,
'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
Gazing over the fair land of promise—
What a wonderful sight that will be!

4 When at last we behold our Redeemer,
And his glory transcendent we see,
While as King of all kingdoms he reigneth:
What a wonderful sight that will be!

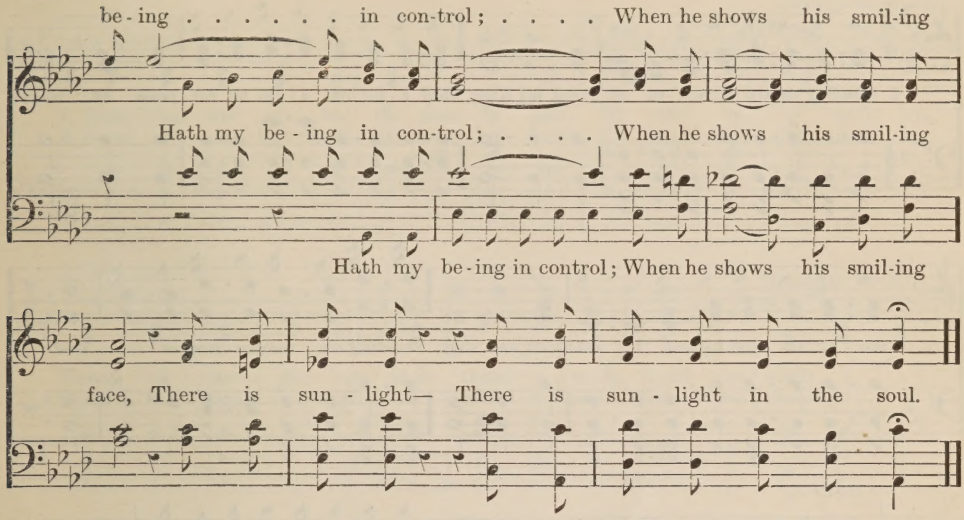
—*F. A. B. Arr*

413 Sunlight in the Soul.

Words by LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. J. E. LANCELEY.

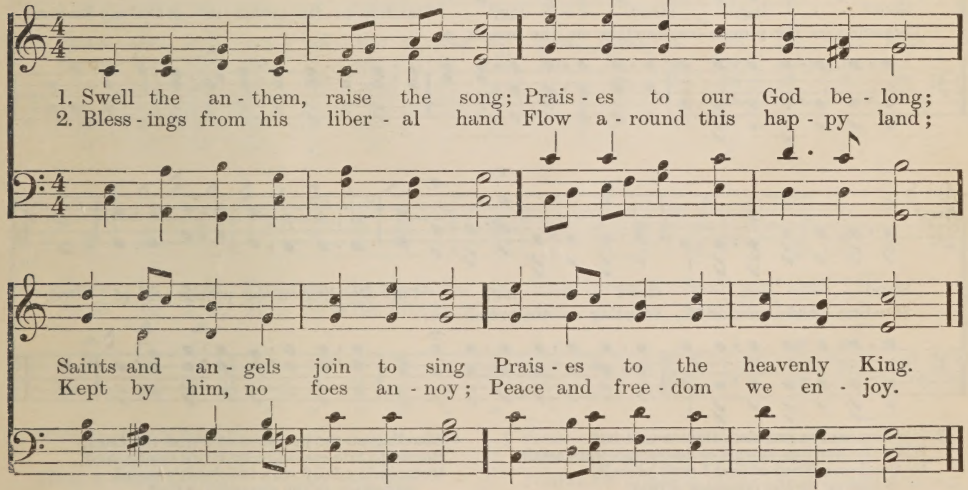

1. Call ho - san - na from the shadows, soul of mine, rejoice and sing; Thou art safe within the
2. Tho' the burdens may be bit - ter; tho' unceasing be the strife, And the toilsome journey
3. In the morning, it is gladness, when his love my love invites; In the noontime, it is
shel-ter of the everlasting wing; Tho' the sin-pressed cry of sorrow from the human heaven-
wea-ry yet they lead thee un - to life; Not a shadow nor a sorrow but shall vanish as
resting in the val - ley of delights; At the even, it is glo-ry, with my pleasures on
ward roll, When the Master smiles upon thee, there is sunlight—There is sunlight in the soul.
a scroll, At the shin-ing of his presence, there is sunlight—There is sunlight in the soul.
par - ole; And the night?—It never cometh, to the sunlight—To the sunlight of the soul
CHORUS.
What a thrill . . . . . of joy and peace . . . . . Hath my
What a thrill of joy and peace . . . . . .
What a thrill of joy and peace.

Sunlight in the Soul—*Concluded.*


be - ing . . . . . in con-trol; . . . . When he shows his smil-ing
Hath my be - ing in con-trol; . . . . When he shows his smil-ing
Hath my be-ing in control; When he shows his smil-ing
face, There is sun - light— There is sun - light in the soul.

414 ## Swell the Anthem.

JOHN B. WILKES.

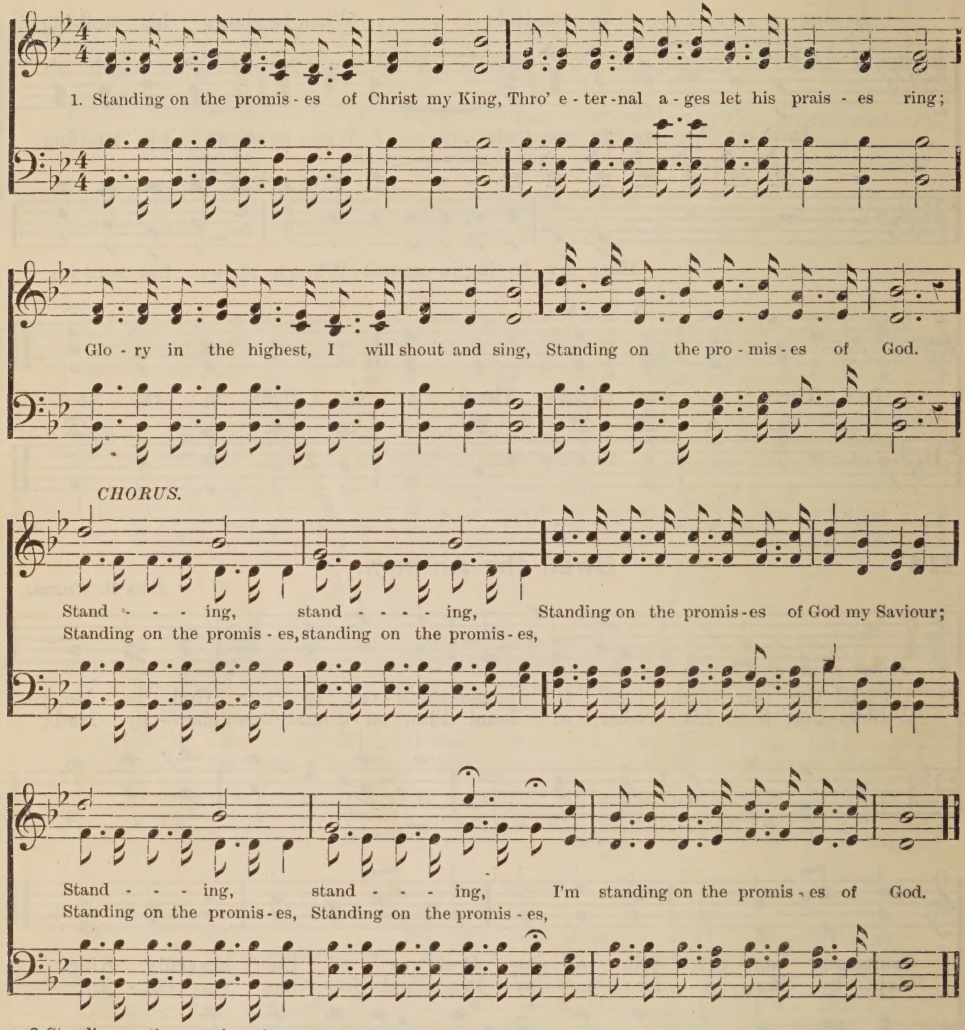

1. Swell the an - them, raise the song; Prais - es to our God be - long;
2. Bless - ings from his liber - al hand Flow a - round this hap - py land;
Saints and an - gels join to sing Prais - es to the heavenly King.
Kept by him, no foes an - noy; Peace and free - dom we en - joy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of Kings;
Let us join the choral song
And the grateful notes prolong.

—*Nathan Strong*

415 Standing on the Promises.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. Standing on the promis - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal a - ges let his prais - es ring;
Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing, Standing on the pro - mis - es of God.
CHORUS.
Stand - - - ing, stand - - - - ing, Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour;
Standing on the promis - es, standing on the promis - es,
Stand - - - ing, stand - - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
Standing on the promis - es, Standing on the promis - es,

2 Standing on the promises that cannot fail,
When the howling storms of doubt and fears assail,
By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
Standing on the promises of God.

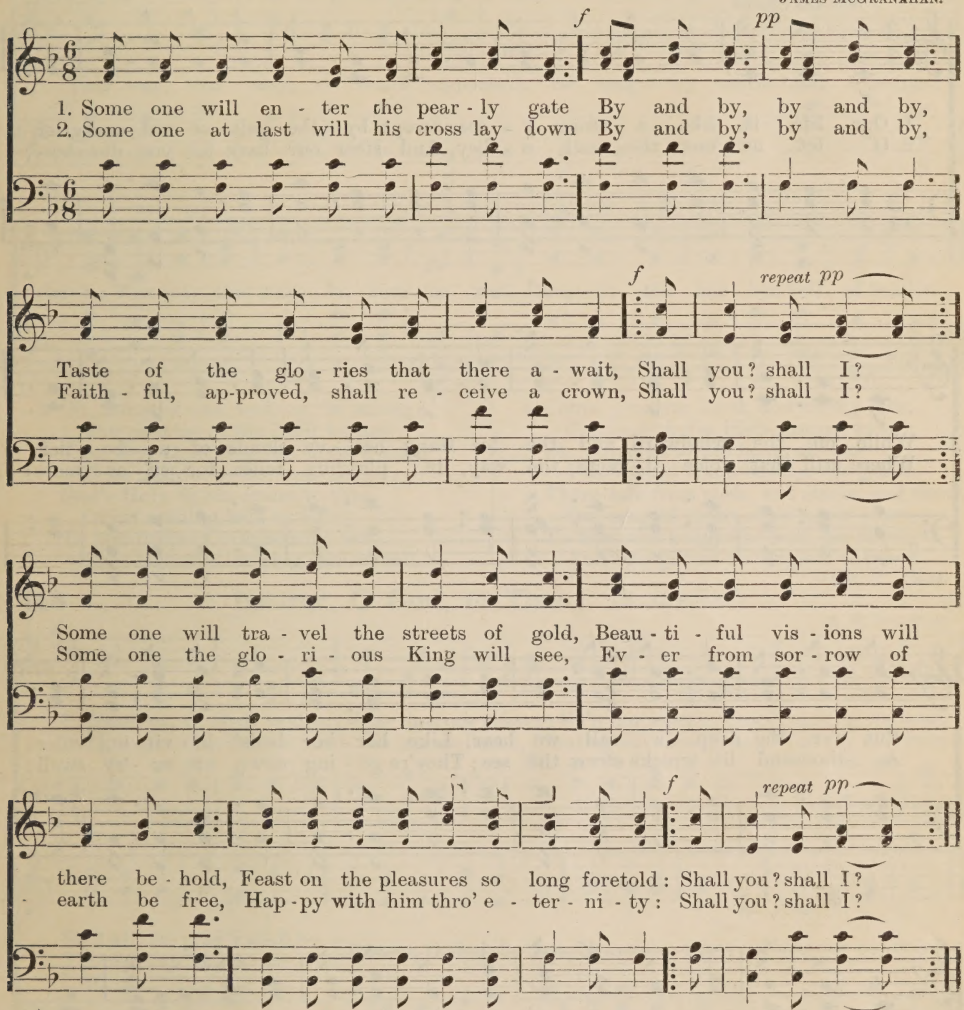
3 Standing on the promises I now can see
Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me;
Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
Standing on the promises of God.

4 Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord,
Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,
Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
Standing on the promises of God.

5 Standing on the promises I cannot fall,
Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,
Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,
Standing on the promises of God.

—R. Kelso Carter

416 Some One will Enter the Pearly Gate.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

f
pp
1. Some one will en - ter the pear - ly gate By and by, by and by,
2. Some one at last will his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
f
repeat pp
Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
Faith - ful, ap-proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
Some one will tra - vel the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vis - ions will
Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
f
repeat pp
there be - hold, Feast on the pleasures so long foretold: Shall you? shall I?
earth be free, Hap - py with him thro' e - ter - ni - ty: Shall you? shall I?

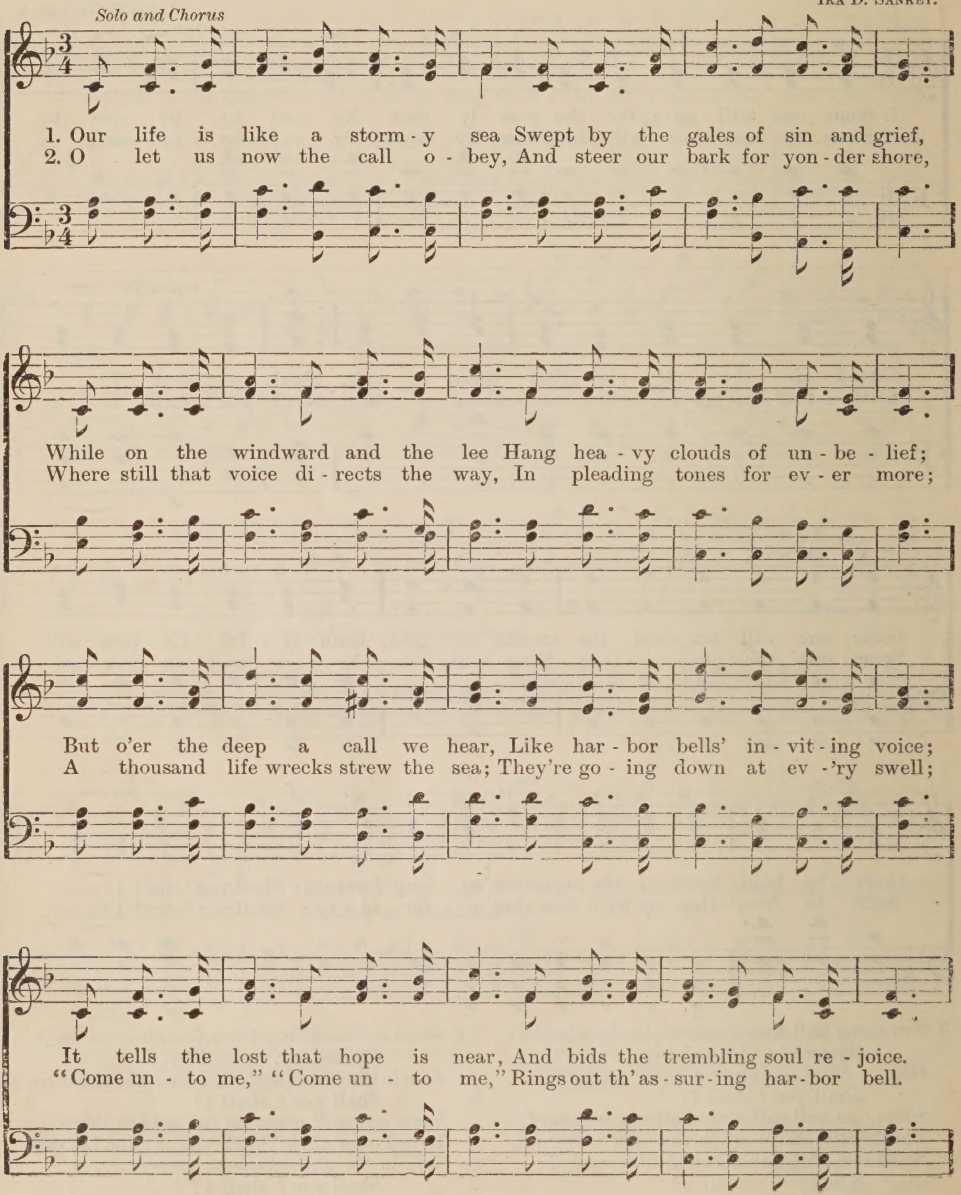
3 Some one will knock when the door is shut
By and by, by and by,
Hear a voice saying, "I know you not,"
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will call and shall not be heard,
Vainly will strive when the door is barred,
Some one will fail of the saint's reward:
Shall you? shall I?

4 Some one will sing the triumphant song
By and by, by and by,
Join in the praise with the blood-bought throng,
Shall you? shall I?
Some one will greet on the golden shore
Loved ones of earth who have gone before,
Safe in the glory for evermore:
Shall you? shall I?

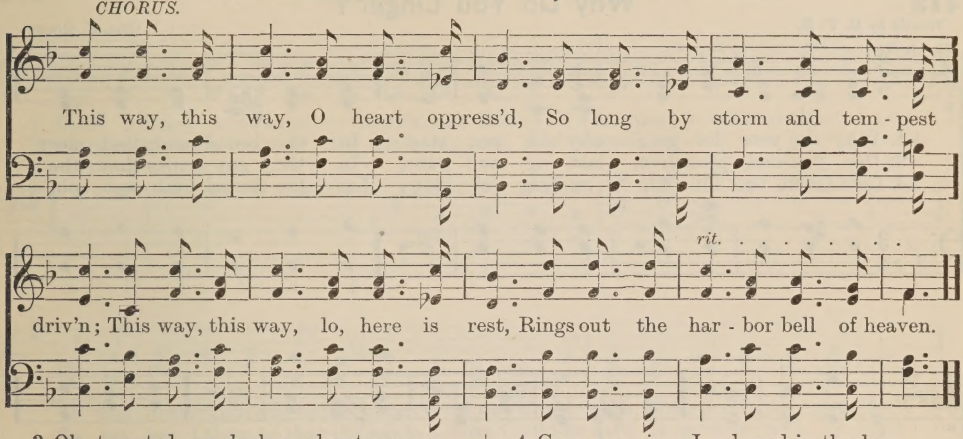
—*G. M. J.*

417 Our Life is Like a Stormy Sea.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Solo and Chorus

1. Our life is like a storm-y sea Swept by the gales of sin and grief,
2. O let us now the call o-bey, And steer our bark for yon-der shore,
While on the windward and the lee Hang hea-vy clouds of un-be-lief;
Where still that voice di-rects the way, In pleading tones for ev-er more;
But o'er the deep a call we hear, Like har-bor bells' in-vit-ing voice;
A thousand life wrecks strew the sea; They're go-ing down at ev-'ry swell;
It tells the lost that hope is near, And bids the trembling soul re-joice.
"Come un-to me," "Come un-to me," Rings out th'as-sur-ing har-bor bell.

Our Life is Like a Stormy Sea—*Concluded.*


CHORUS.
This way, this way, O heart oppress'd, So long by storm and tem - pest
rit.
driv'n; This way, this way, lo, here is rest, Rings out the har - bor bell of heaven.

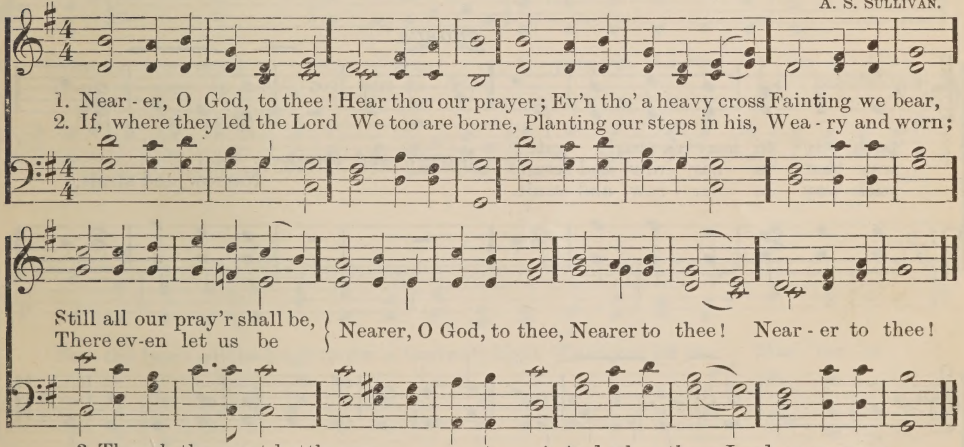
3 Oh, tempted one, look up, be strong;
The promise of the Lord is sure,
That they shall sing the victor's song,
Who faithful to the end endure;
God's Holy Spirit comes to thee,
Of his abiding love to tell;
To blissful port, o'er stormy sea,
Calls heaven's inviting harbor bell.

4 Come, gracious Lord, and in thy love,
Conduct us o'er life's stormy wave;
Oh, guide us to the home above,
The blissful home beyond the grave;
There safe from rock, and storm, and flood,
Our song of praise shall never cease,
To him who bought us with his blood,
And brought us to the port of peace.

—*John H. Yates.*

418 Nearer, O God, to Thee! (SULLIVAN.)

A. S. SULLIVAN.

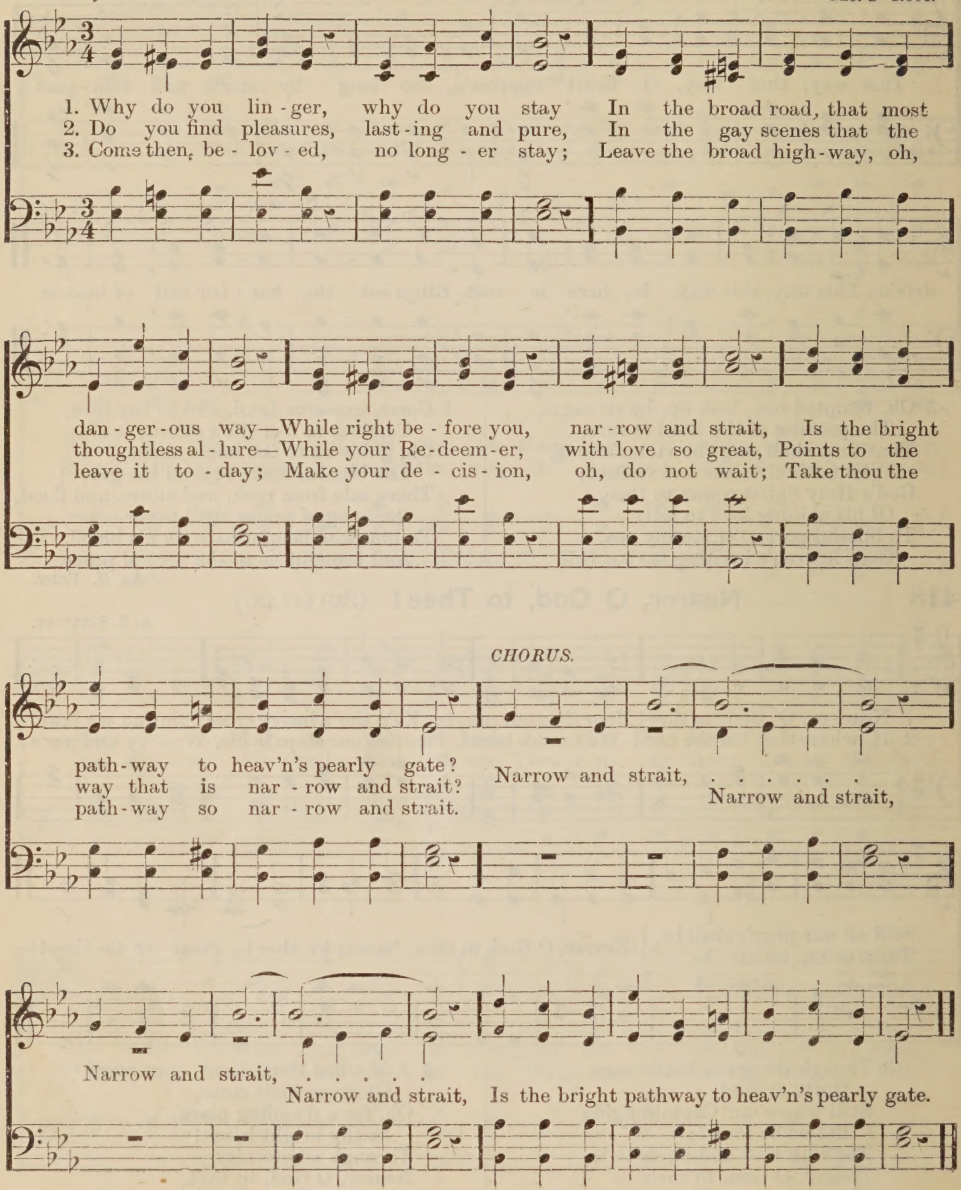

1. Near - er, O God, to thee! Hear thou our prayer; Ev'n tho' a heavy cross Fainting we bear,
2. If, where they led the Lord We too are borne, Planting our steps in his, Wea - ry and worn;
Still all our pray'r shall be,
There ev-en let us be
Nearer, O God, to thee, Nearer to thee! Near - er to thee!

3 Though the great battle rage
Hotly around,
Still where our Captain fights
Let us be found;
Through toils and strife to be
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! Nearer to thee!

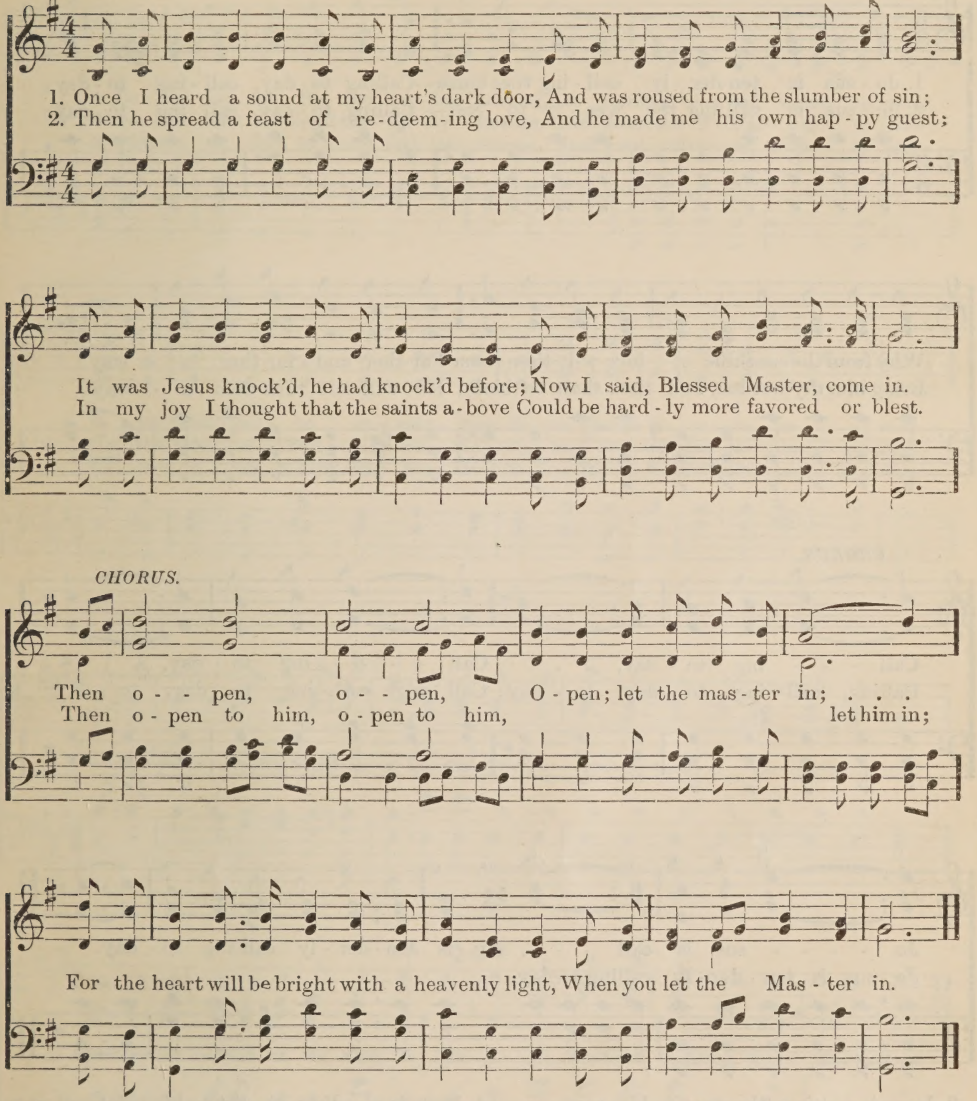
4 And when thou, Lord, once more
Glorious shalt come,
Oh, for a dwelling place
In thy bright home!
Through all eternity
Nearer, O God, to thee,
Nearer to thee! Nearer to thee!

—*Rev. William W. How, D.D.*

419 Why Do You Linger?

Words by G. F. R. GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you lin - ger, why do you stay In the broad road, that most
2. Do you find pleasures, last - ing and pure, In the gay scenes that the
3. Come then, be - lov - ed, no long - er stay; Leave the broad high - way, oh,
dan - ger - ous way—While right be - fore you, nar - row and strait, Is the bright
thoughtless al - lure—While your Re - deem - er, with love so great, Points to the
leave it to - day; Make your de - cis - ion, oh, do not wait; Take thou the
CHORUS.
path - way to heav'n's pearly gate?
way that is nar - row and strait?
path - way so nar - row and strait.
Narrow and strait, ...
Narrow and strait,
Narrow and strait, ...
Narrow and strait, Is the bright pathway to heav'n's pearly gate.

420 Once I Heard a Sound.

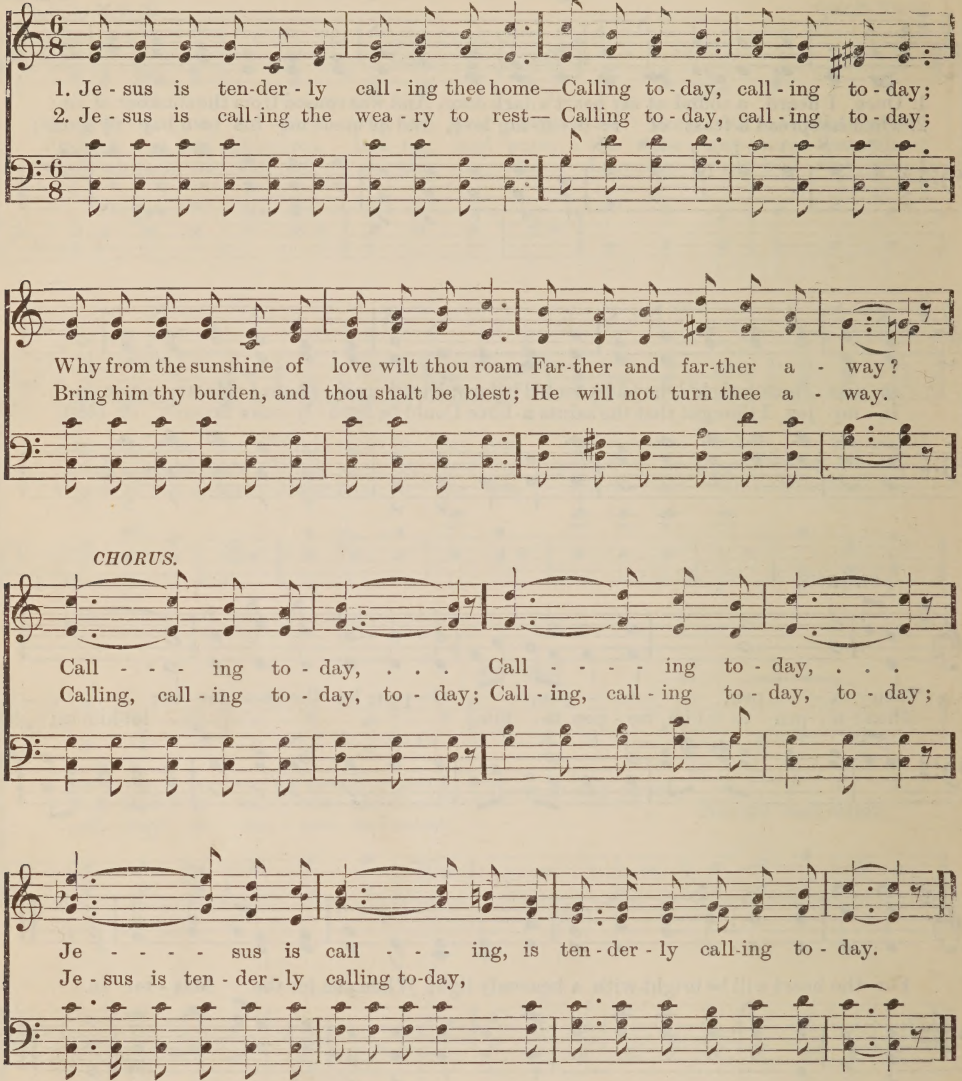
R. L.

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the slumber of sin;
2. Then he spread a feast of re-deem-ing love, And he made me his own hap-py guest;
It was Jesus knock'd, he had knock'd before; Now I said, Blessed Master, come in.
In my joy I thought that the saints a-bove Could be hard-ly more favored or blest.
CHORUS.
Then o - - pen, o - - pen, O - pen; let the mas-ter in; . . .
Then o-pen to him, o-pen to him, let him in;
For the heart will be bright with a heavenly light, When you let the Mas-ter in.

3 In the holy war with the foes of truth,
He's my Shield, he my table prepares,
He restores my soul, he renews my youth,
And gives triumph in answer to prayers.

4 He will feast me still with his presence dear,
And the love he so freely hath given,
While his promise tells, as I serve him here,
Of the banquet of glory in heaven.

—*Rev. S. D. Phelps, D.D.*

421 Jesus is Tenderly Calling.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je - sus is ten-der - ly call - ing thee home—Calling to - day, call - ing to - day;
2. Je - sus is call-ing the wea - ry to rest— Calling to - day, call - ing to - day;
Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a - way?
Bring him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
CHORUS.
Call - - - ing to - day, . . . Call - - - - ing to - day, . . .
Calling, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;
Je - - - - sus is call - - - ing, is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly calling to-day,

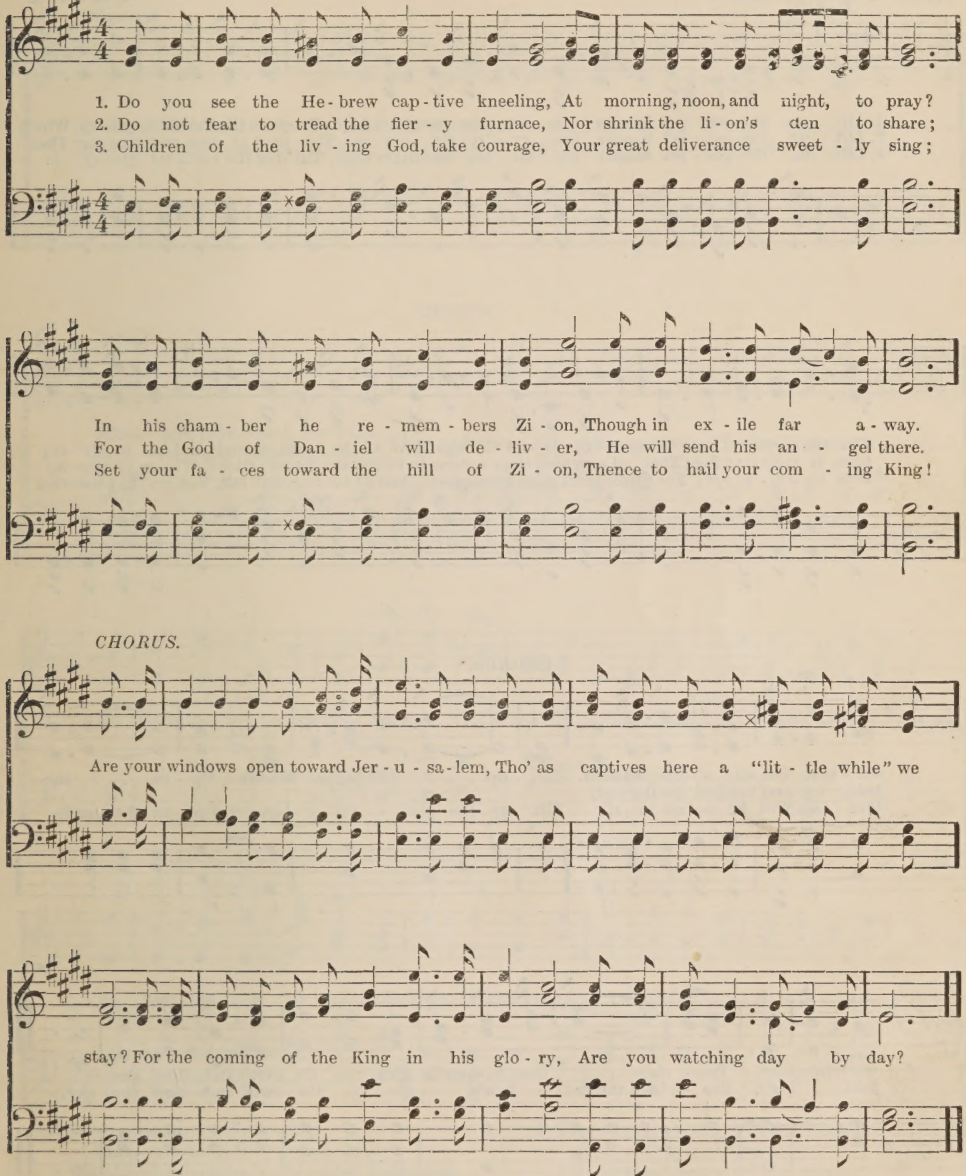
3 Jesus is waiting, oh, come to him now—
Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
Come with thy sins, at his feet lowly bow;
Come, and no longer delay.

4 Jesus is pleading, oh, list to his voice—
Hear him to-day, hear him to-day;
They who believe on his name shall rejoice;
Quickly arise and away.

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

422 Do You See the Hebrew Captive?

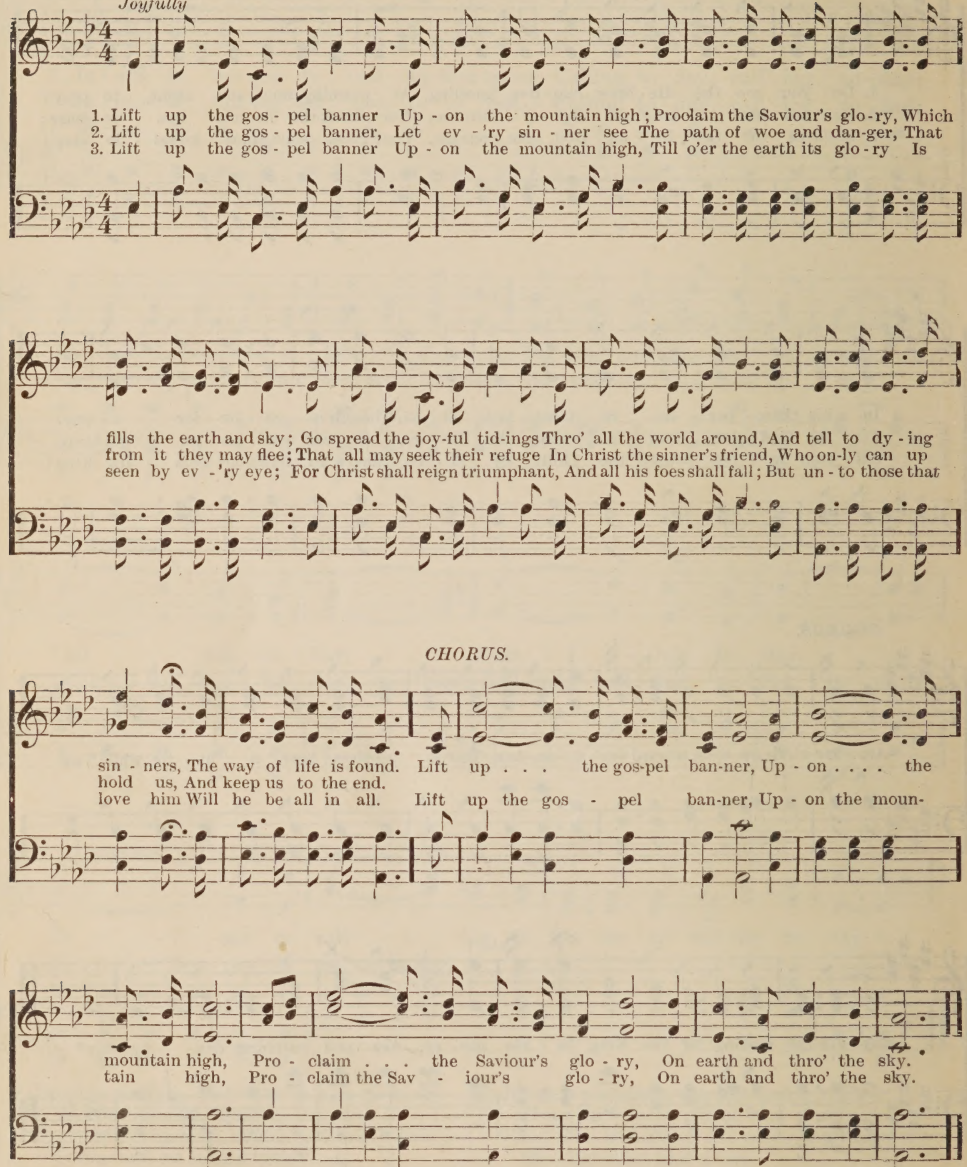
Words by P. P. B. P. P. Bliss.


1. Do you see the He-brew cap-tive kneeling, At morning, noon, and night, to pray?
2. Do not fear to tread the fier-y furnace, Nor shrink the li-on's den to share;
3. Children of the liv-ing God, take courage, Your great deliverance sweet-ly sing;
In his cham-ber he re-mem-bers Zi-on, Though in ex-ile far a-way.
For the God of Dan-iel will de-liv-er, He will send his an-gel there.
Set your fa-ces toward the hill of Zi-on, Thence to hail your com-ing King!
CHORUS.
Are your windows open toward Jer-u-sa-lem, Tho' as captives here a "lit-tle while" we
stay? For the coming of the King in his glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

423 Lift Up the Gospel Banner.

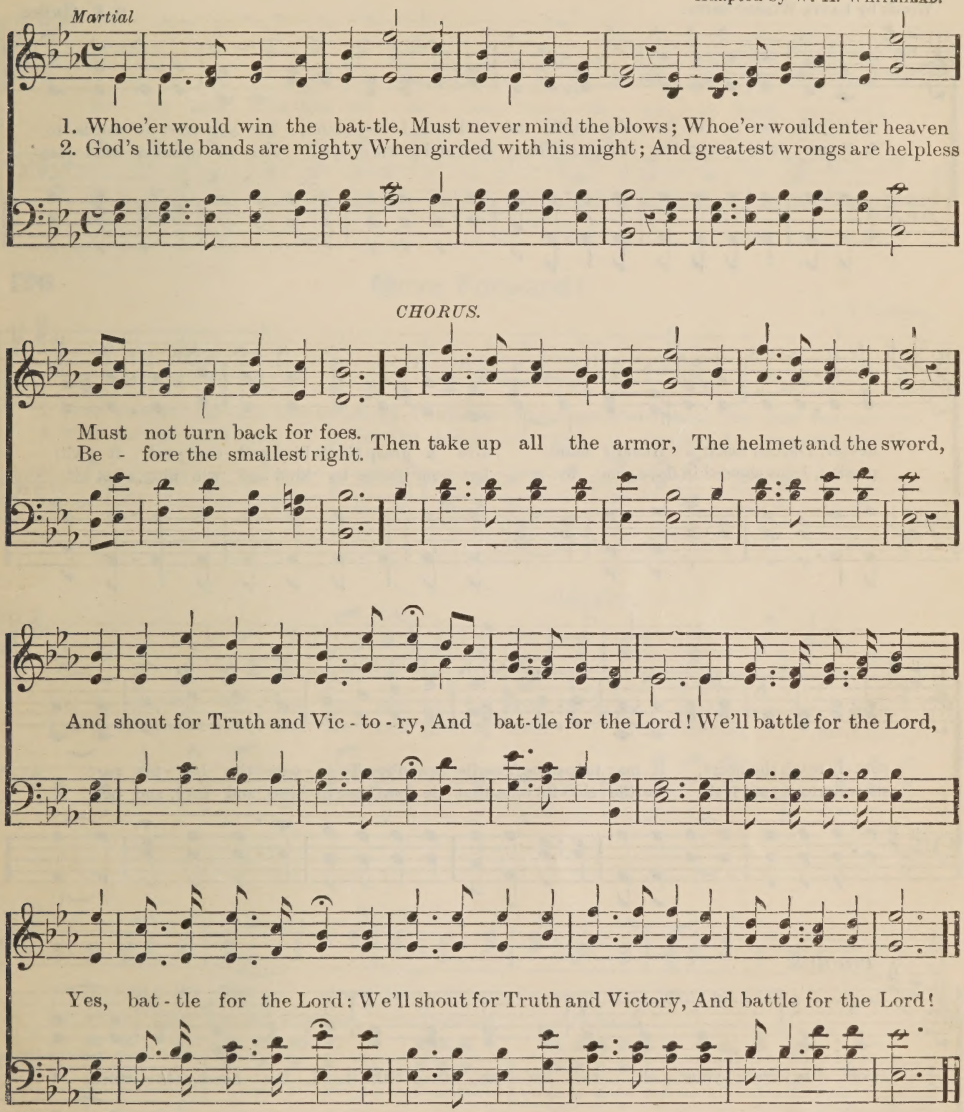
Words by Rev. W. S. Cosner. J. A. Sophia.

Joyfully


1. Lift up the gos - pel banner Up - on the mountain high; Proclaim the Saviour's glo-ry, Which
2. Lift up the gos - pel banner, Let ev - 'ry sin - ner see The path of woe and dan-ger, That
3. Lift up the gos - pel banner Up - on the mountain high, Till o'er the earth its glo-ry Is
fills the earth and sky; Go spread the joy-ful tid-ings Thro' all the world around, And tell to dy - ing
from it they may flee; That all may seek their refuge In Christ the sinner's friend, Who on-ly can up
seen by ev - 'ry eye; For Christ shall reign triumphant, And all his foes shall fall; But un - to those that
CHORUS.
sin - ners, The way of life is found. Lift up . . . the gos-pel ban-ner, Up - on . . . . the
hold us, And keep us to the end.
love him Will he be all in all. Lift up the gos - pel ban-ner, Up - on the moun-
mountain high, Pro - claim . . . the Saviour's glo - ry, On earth and thro' the sky.
tain high, Pro - claim the Sav - iour's glo - ry, On earth and thro' the sky.

424 Whoe'er Would Win the Battle. (7,6,7,6.)

Adapted by W. H. WHITEHEAD.

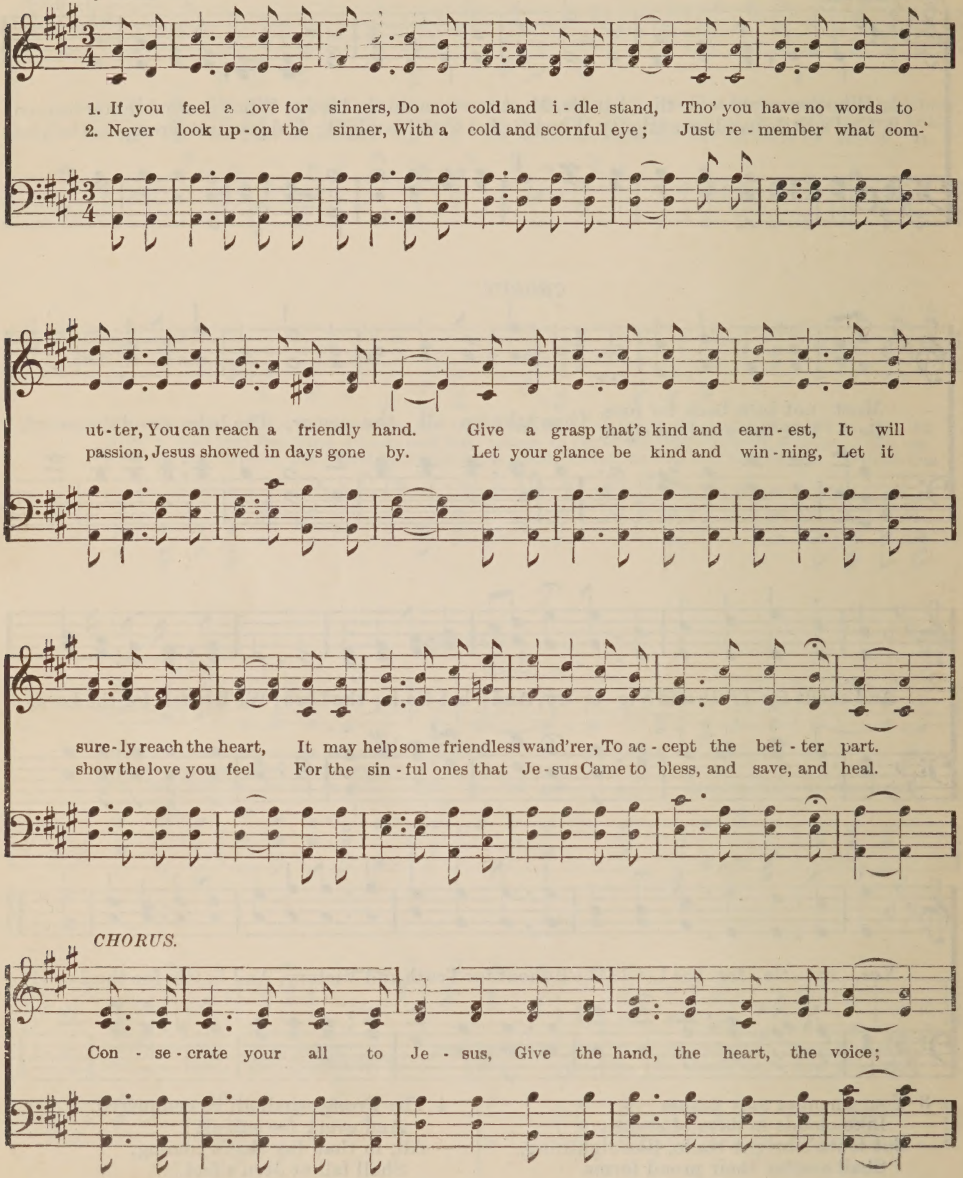

Martial
1. Whoe'er would win the bat-tle, Must never mind the blows; Whoe'er would enter heaven
2. God's little bands are mighty When girded with his might; And greatest wrongs are helpless
CHORUS.
Must not turn back for foes. Be - fore the smallest right. Then take up all the armor, The helmet and the sword,
And shout for Truth and Vic - to - ry, And bat-tle for the Lord! We'll battle for the Lord,
Yes, bat - tle for the Lord: We'll shout for Truth and Victory, And battle for the Lord!

3 Your enemies may gather
Like clouds in days of storms;
But truth's bright blade, like lightning,
Shall scatter their proud forms.

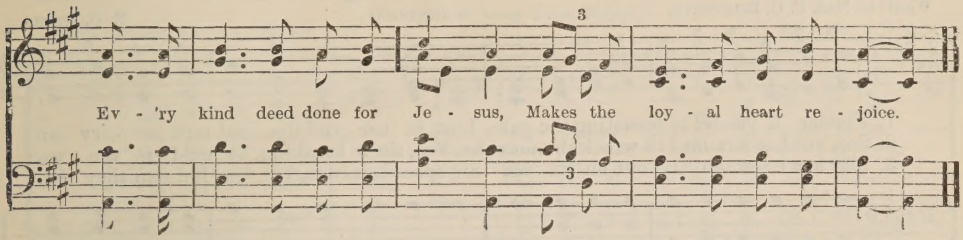
4 The wrongs shall all be conquered,
And every foe submit;
All, in that day that's coming,
Shall fall at Jesu's feet.

425 If You Feel a Love for Sinners.

Words by LANTA WILSON SMITH. S. F. ACKLEY.


1. If you feel a love for sinners, Do not cold and i - dle stand, Tho' you have no words to
2. Never look up - on the sinner, With a cold and scornful eye; Just re - member what com-
ut - ter, You can reach a friendly hand. Give a grasp that's kind and earn - est, It will
passion, Jesus showed in days gone by. Let your glance be kind and win - ning, Let it
sure - ly reach the heart, It may help some friendless wand'rer, To ac - cept the bet - ter part.
show the love you feel For the sin - ful ones that Je - sus Came to bless, and save, and heal.
CHORUS.
Con - se - crate your all to Je - sus, Give the hand, the heart, the voice;

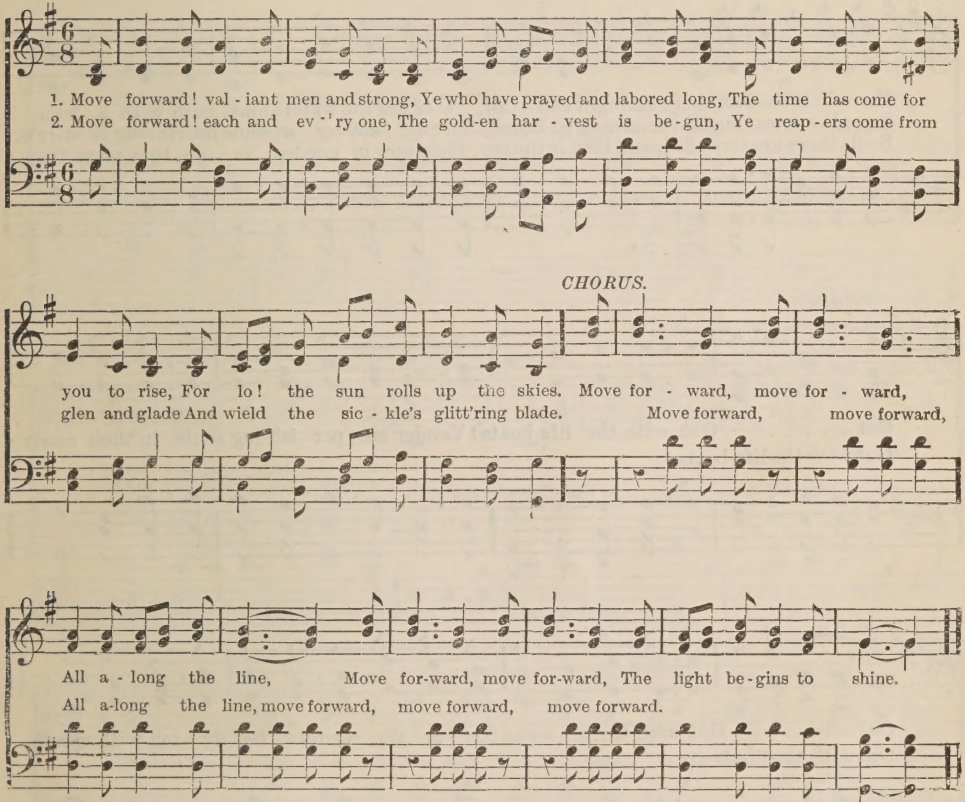
If You Feel a Love for Sinners—*Concluded.*



126

Move Forward!

D. B. TOWNER.


1. Move forward! val - iant men and strong, Ye who have prayed and labored long, The time has come for
2. Move forward! each and ev - 'ry one, The gold-en har - vest is be-gun, Ye reap - ers come from
CHORUS.
you to rise, For lo! the sun rolls up the skies. Move for - ward, move for - ward,
glen and glade And wield the sic - kle's glitt'ring blade. Move forward, move forward,
All a - long the line, Move for-ward, move for-ward, The light be-gins to shine.
All a-long the line, move forward, move forward, move forward.

3 Move forward! reaping as you move!
Angels are watching from above!
Around are witnesses a host,
Arouse ye now and save the lost.

4 Move forward! day will die full soon,
How quickly evening follows noon,
Now is the time to work and pray—
Let glory crown the dying day.

—*G. W. Crofs*

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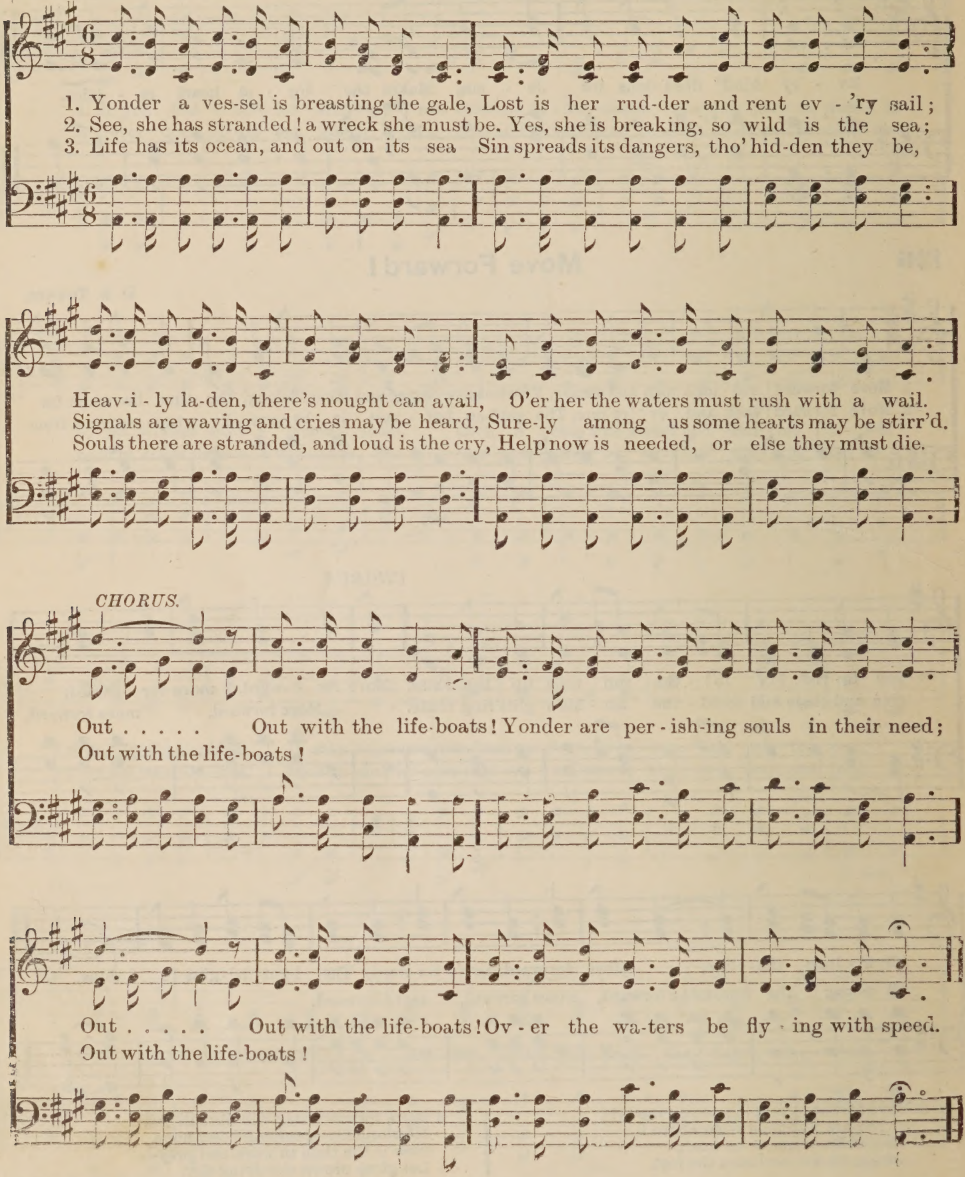
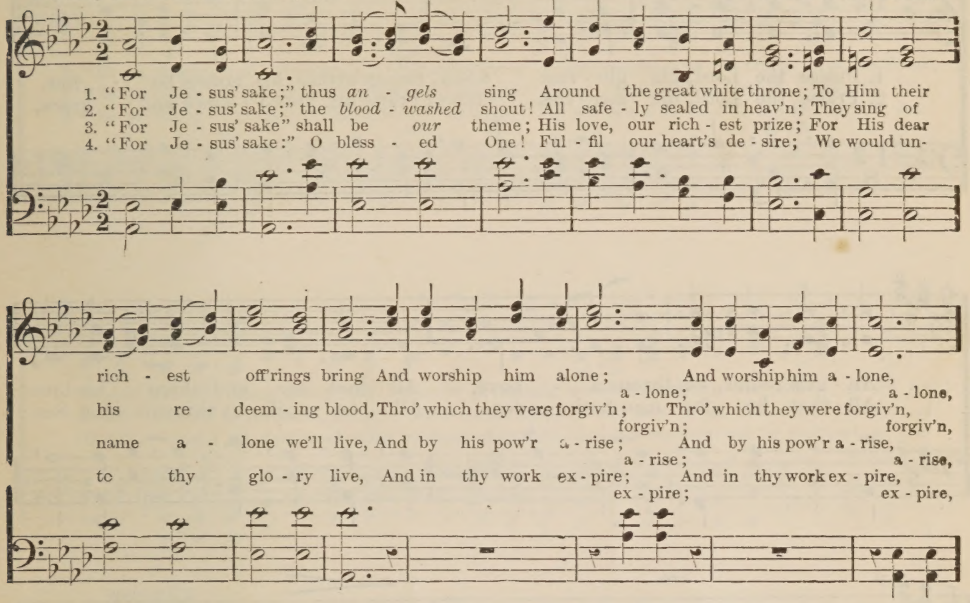
427 Yonder a Vessel is Breasting the Gale.

Words by MRS. E. C. ELLSWORTH. E. O. EXCELL.

1. Yonder a ves-sel is breasting the gale, Lost is her rud-der and rent ev - 'ry sail;
2. See, she has stranded! a wreck she must be. Yes, she is breaking, so wild is the sea;
3. Life has its ocean, and out on its sea Sin spreads its dangers, tho' hid-den they be,
Heav-i - ly la-den, there's nought can avail, O'er her the waters must rush with a wail.
Signals are waving and cries may be heard, Sure-ly among us some hearts may be stirr'd.
Souls there are stranded, and loud is the cry, Help now is needed, or else they must die.
CHORUS.
Out . . . . . Out with the life-boats! Yonder are per - ish-ing souls in their need;
Out with the life-boats!
Out . . . . . Out with the life-boats! Ov - er the wa-ters be fly - ing with speed.
Out with the life-boats!

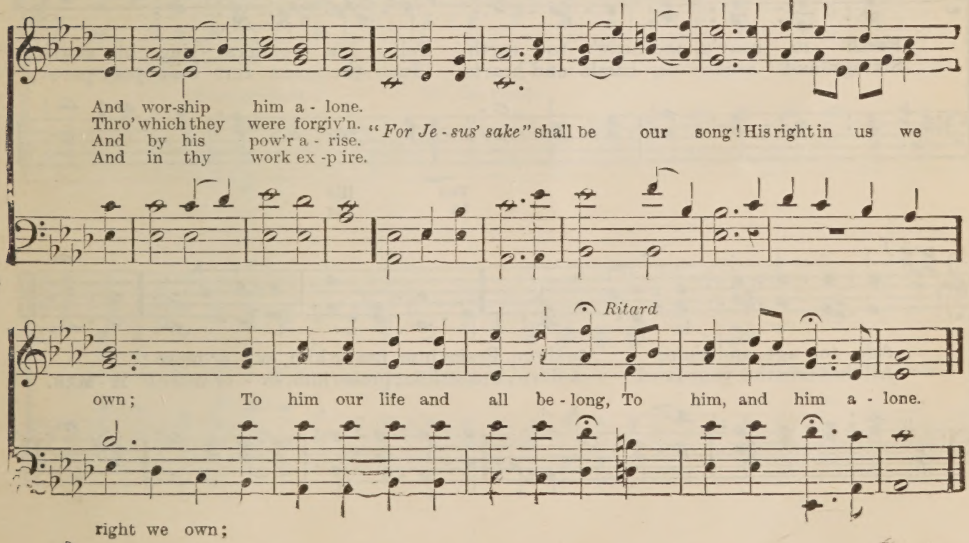
428 "For Jesus' Sake."

(Dedicated to Lucy Rider Meyer.)

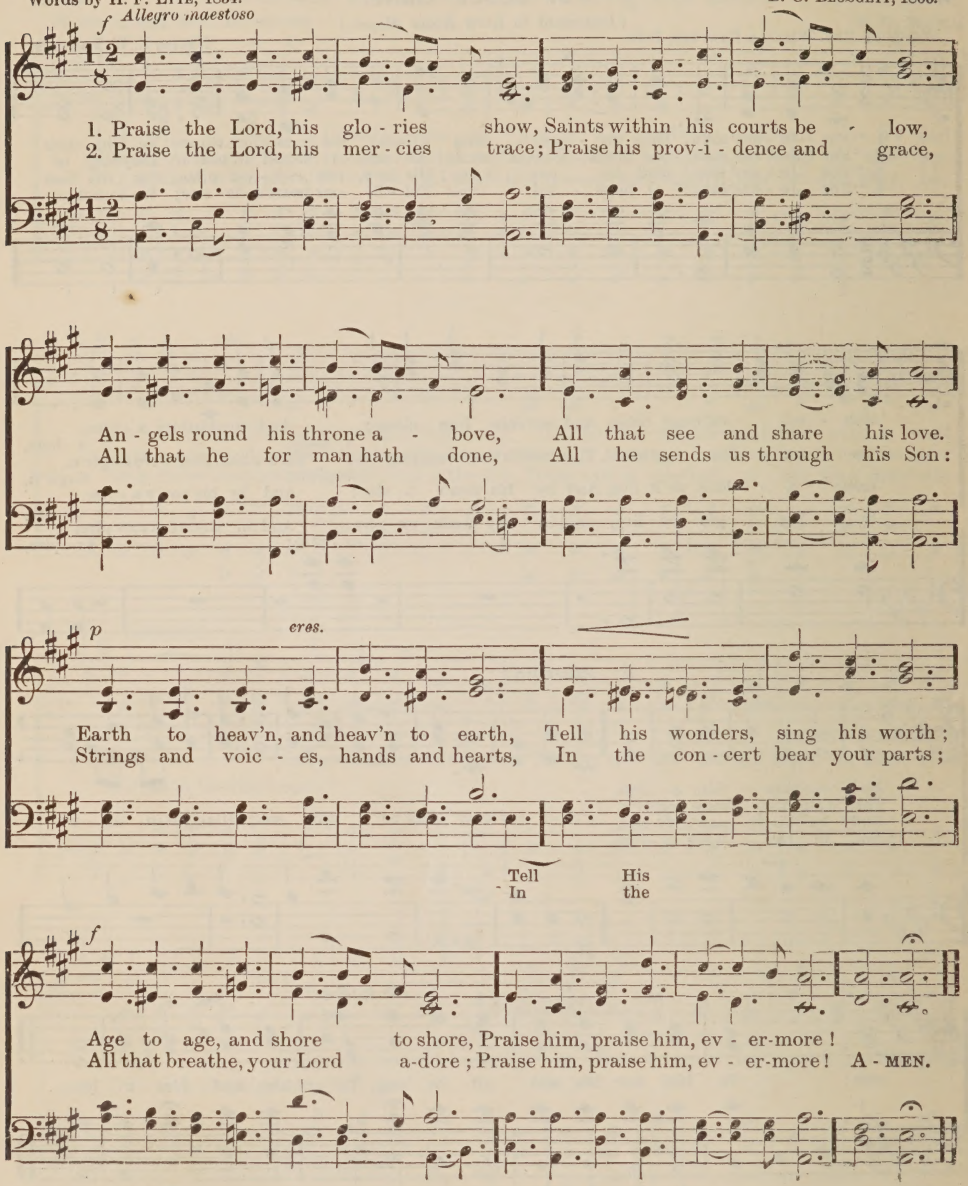
Words by Rev. William Fawcett, D.D. Nellie E. W. Fawcett.


1. "For Je - sus' sake;" thus an - gels sing Around the great white throne; To Him their
2. "For Je - sus' sake;" the blood - washed shout! All safe - ly sealed in heav'n; They sing of
3. "For Je - sus' sake" shall be our theme; His love, our rich - est prize; For His dear
4. "For Je - sus' sake:" O bless - ed One! Ful - fil our heart's de - sire; We would un-
rich - est off'rings bring And worship him alone; And worship him a - lone, a - lone,
his re - deem - ing blood, Thro' which they were forgiv'n; Thro' which they were forgiv'n, forgiv'n,
name a - lone we'll live, And by his pow'r a - rise; And by his pow'r a - rise, a - rise,
to thy glo - ry live, And in thy work ex - pire; And in thy work ex - pire, ex - pire,

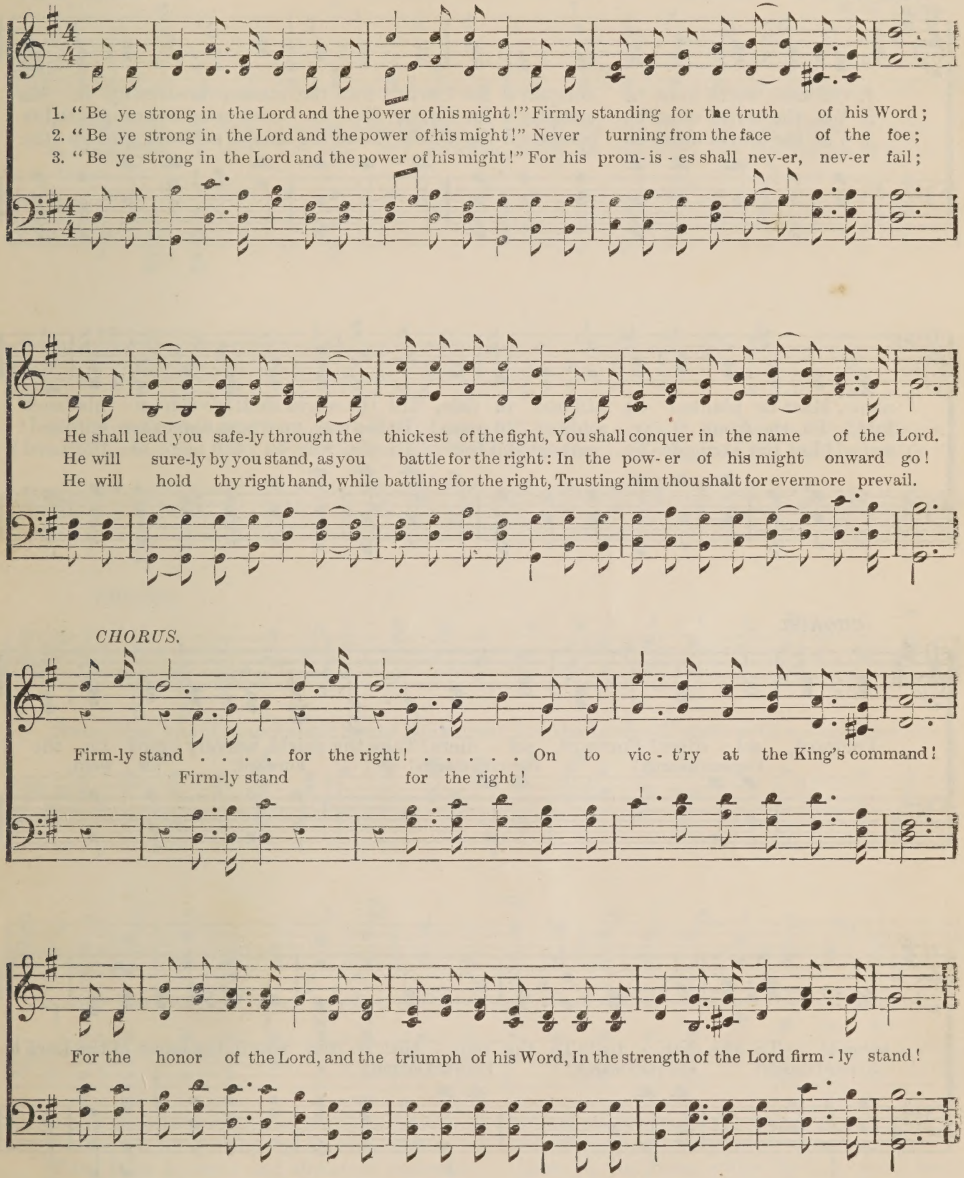
CHORUS.


And wor-ship him a - lone.
Thro' which they were forgiv'n.
And by his pow'r a - rise.
And in thy work ex -p ire.
"For Je - sus' sake" shall be our song! His right in us we
Ritard
own; To him our life and all be - long, To him, and him a - lone.
right we own;

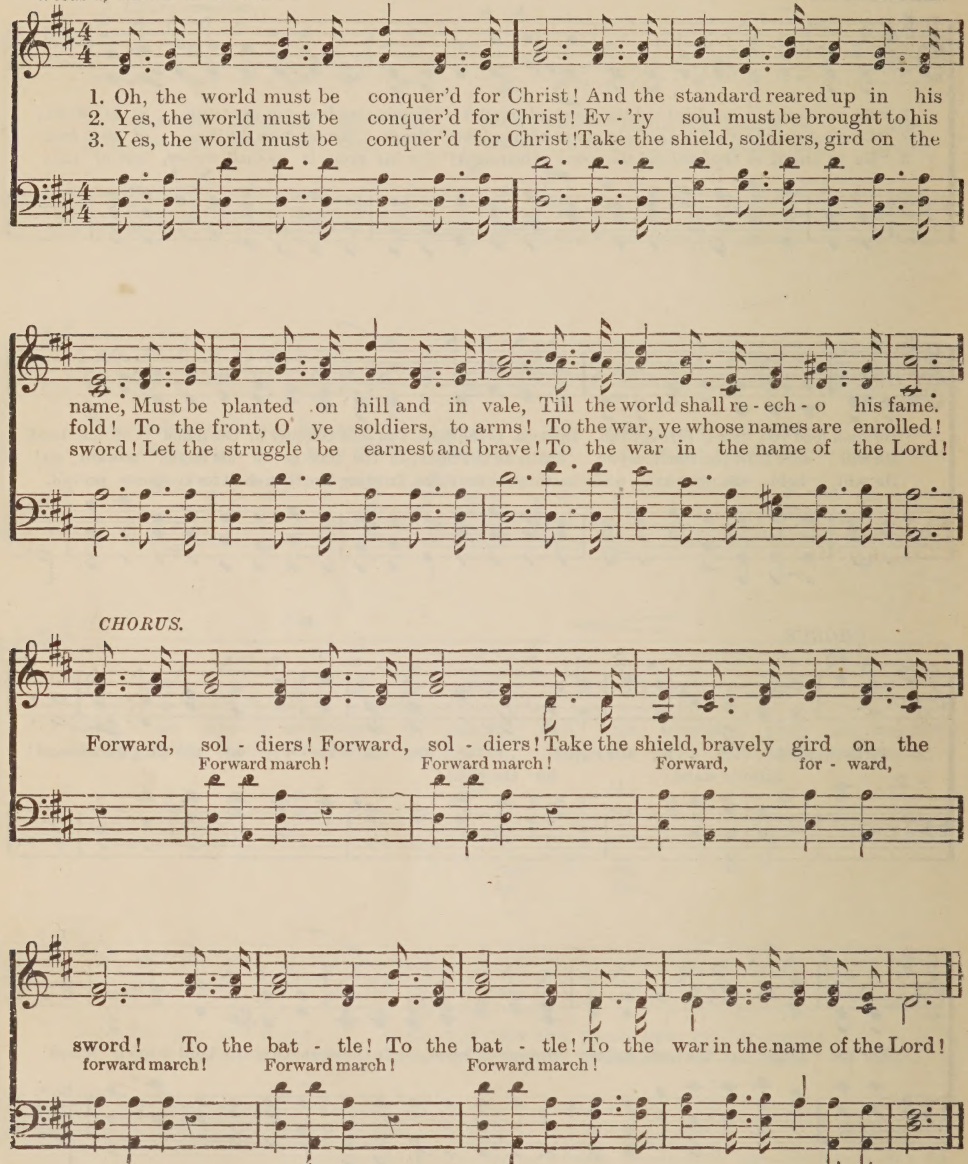
429 Praise the Lord, His Glories Show.

Words by H. F. Lyte, 1834. B. C. Blodgett, 1866.

f Allegro maestoso
1. Praise the Lord, his glo - ries show, Saints within his courts be - low,
2. Praise the Lord, his mer - cies trace; Praise his prov-i - dence and grace,
An - gels round his throne a - bove, All that see and share his love.
All that he for man hath done, All he sends us through his Son:
p
cres.
Earth to heav'n, and heav'n to earth, Tell his wonders, sing his worth;
Strings and voic - es, hands and hearts, In the con - cert bear your parts;
Tell
In
His
the
f
Age to age, and shore to shore, Praise him, praise him, ev - er-more!
All that breathe, your Lord a-dore; Praise him, praise him, ev - er-more! A - MEN.

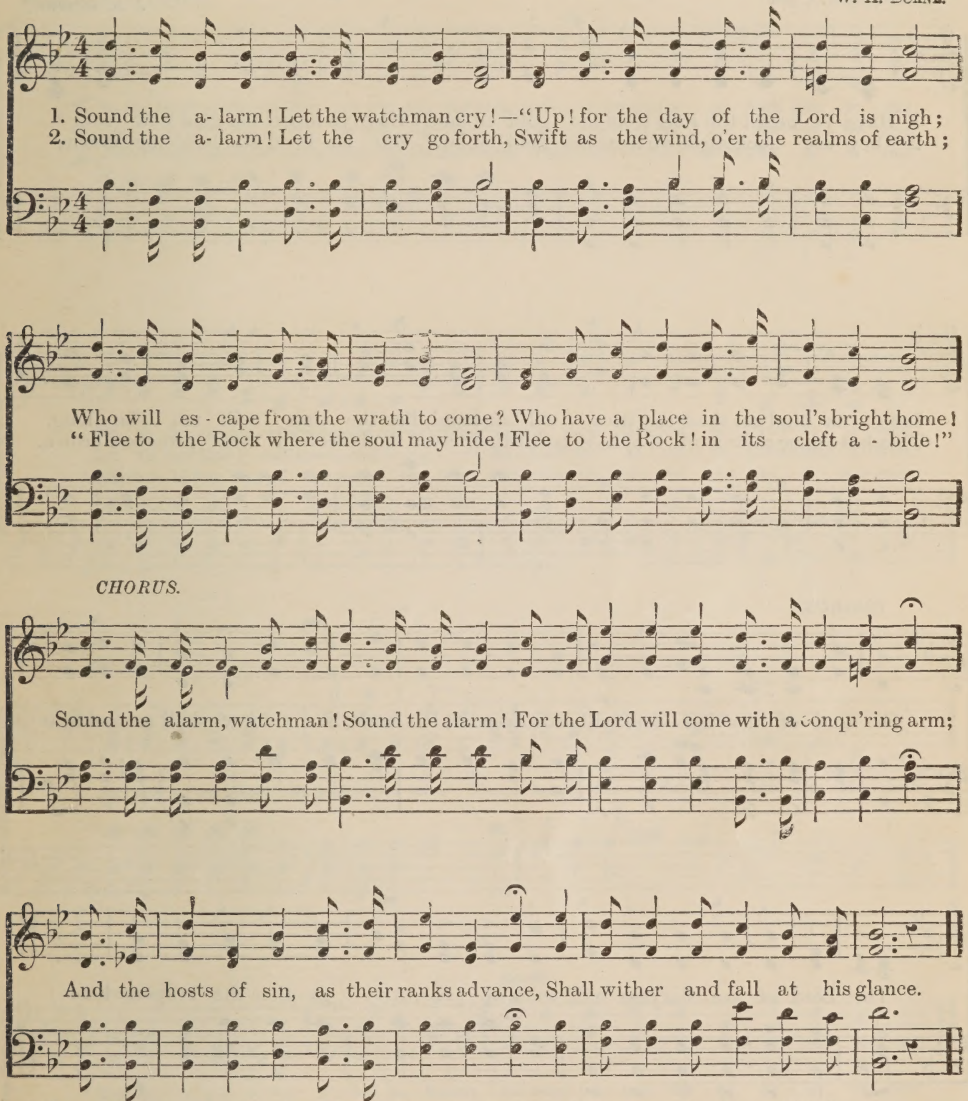
430 "Be ye Strong in the Lord!"

Words by EL NATHAN. IRA D. SANKEY.

1. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might!" Firmly standing for the truth of his Word;
2. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might!" Never turning from the face of the foe;
3. "Be ye strong in the Lord and the power of his might!" For his prom-is-es shall nev-er, nev-er fail;
He shall lead you safe-ly through the thickest of the fight, You shall conquer in the name of the Lord.
He will sure-ly by you stand, as you battle for the right: In the pow-er of his might onward go!
He will hold thy right hand, while battling for the right, Trusting him thou shalt for evermore prevail.
CHORUS.
Firm-ly stand . . . . for the right! . . . . . On to vic-t'ry at the King's command!
Firm-ly stand for the right!
For the honor of the Lord, and the triumph of his Word, In the strength of the Lord firm-ly stand!

431 Oh, the World Must be Conquered.

Words by Rev. E. A. Hoffman. Ira O. Hoffman.

1. Oh, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! And the standard reared up in his
2. Yes, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! Ev - 'ry soul must be brought to his
3. Yes, the world must be conquer'd for Christ! Take the shield, soldiers, gird on the
name, Must be planted on hill and in vale, Till the world shall re - ech - o his fame.
fold! To the front, O ye soldiers, to arms! To the war, ye whose names are enrolled!
sword! Let the struggle be earnest and brave! To the war in the name of the Lord!
CHORUS.
Forward, sol - diers! Forward, sol - diers! Take the shield, bravely gird on the
Forward march! Forward march! Forward, for - ward,
sword! To the bat - tle! To the bat - tle! To the war in the name of the Lord!
forward march! Forward march! Forward march!

432 Sound the Alarm

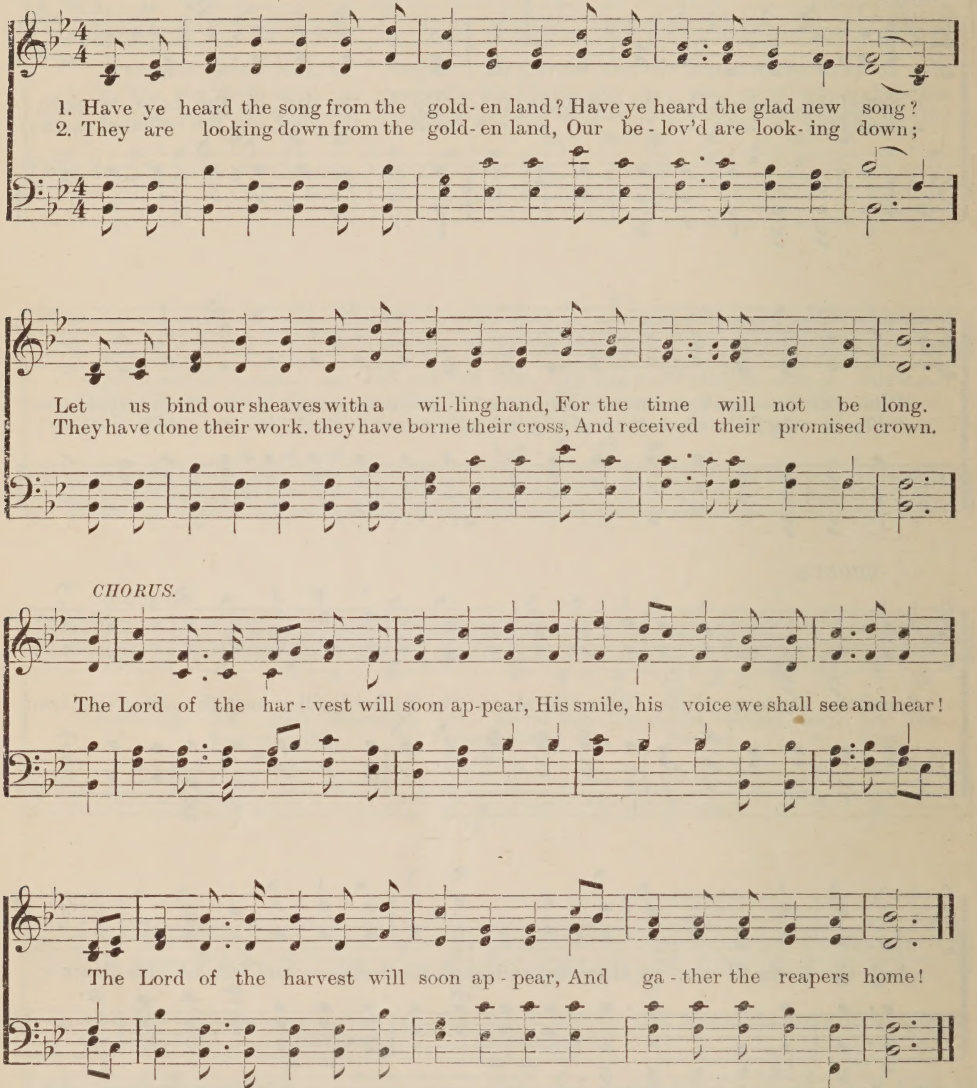
W. H. DOANE.

1. Sound the a- larm! Let the watchman cry!—"Up! for the day of the Lord is nigh;
2. Sound the a- larm! Let the cry go forth, Swift as the wind, o'er the realms of earth;
Who will es - cape from the wrath to come? Who have a place in the soul's bright home!
"Flee to the Rock where the soul may hide! Flee to the Rock! in its cleft a - bide!"
CHORUS.
Sound the alarm, watchman! Sound the alarm! For the Lord will come with a conqu'ring arm;
And the hosts of sin, as their ranks advance, Shall wither and fall at his glance.

3 Sound the alarm on the mountain's brow!
Plead with the lost by the wayside now:
Warn them to come and the truth embrace;
Urge them to come and be saved by grace.

4 Sound the alarm in the youthful ear;
Sound it aloud that the old may hear;
Blow ye the trump while the day-beams last!
Blow ye the trump till the light is past!

—*F. J. Crosby.*

433 Have Ye Heard the Song?

J. R. Swkney.

1. Have ye heard the song from the gold- en land? Have ye heard the glad new song?
2. They are looking down from the gold- en land, Our be - lov'd are look- ing down;
Let us bind our sheaves with a wil ling hand, For the time will not be long.
They have done their work. they have borne their cross, And received their promised crown.
CHORUS.
The Lord of the har - vest will soon ap-pear, His smile, his voice we shall see and hear!
The Lord of the harvest will soon ap - pear, And ga - ther the reapers home!

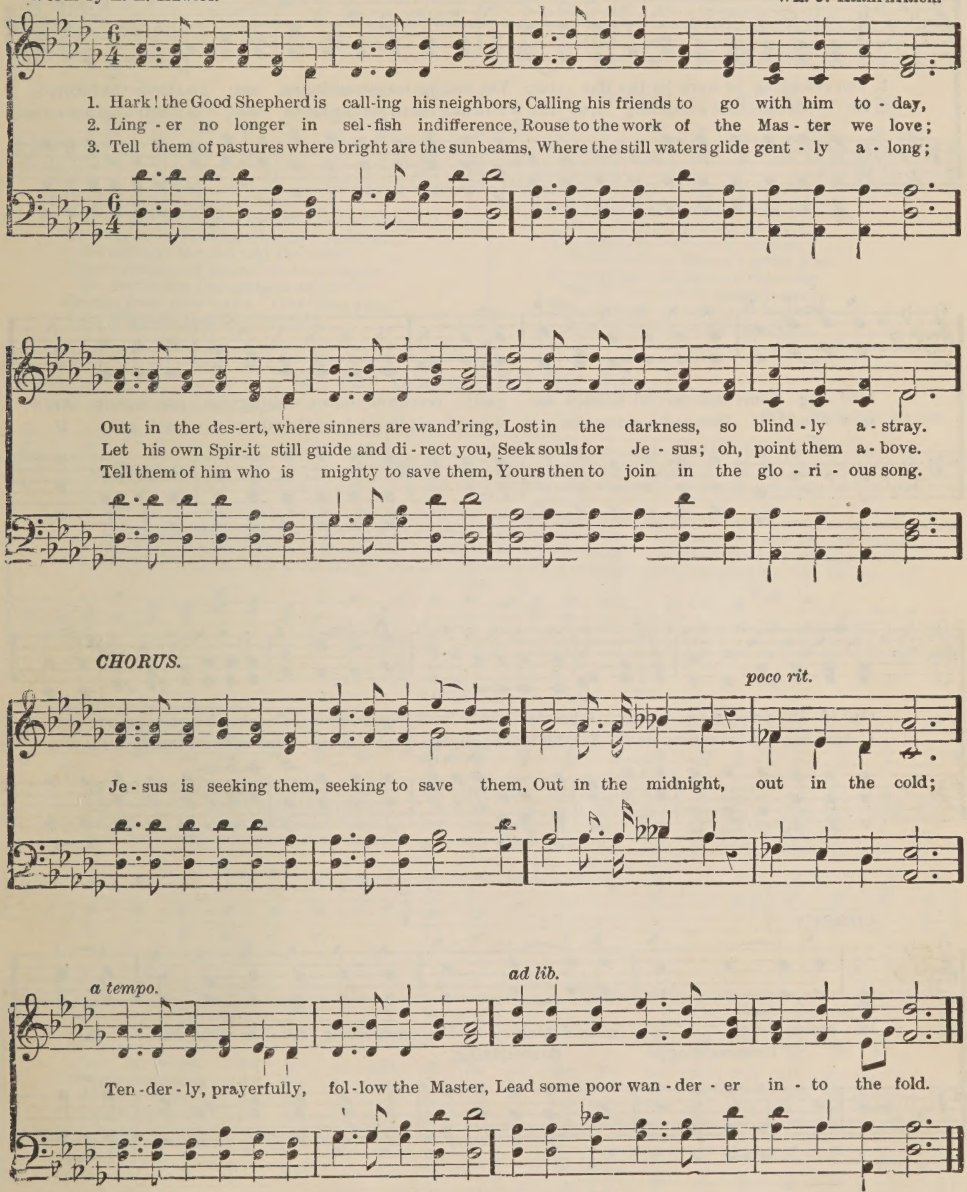
3 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden land,
And our hearts are strong to-day,
For it nerves our souls with its music sweet,
As we toil in the noon-tide ray.

4 Oh, the song rolls on from the golden land,
From its vales of joy and flowers;
And we feel and know by a living faith
That its tones will soon be ours.

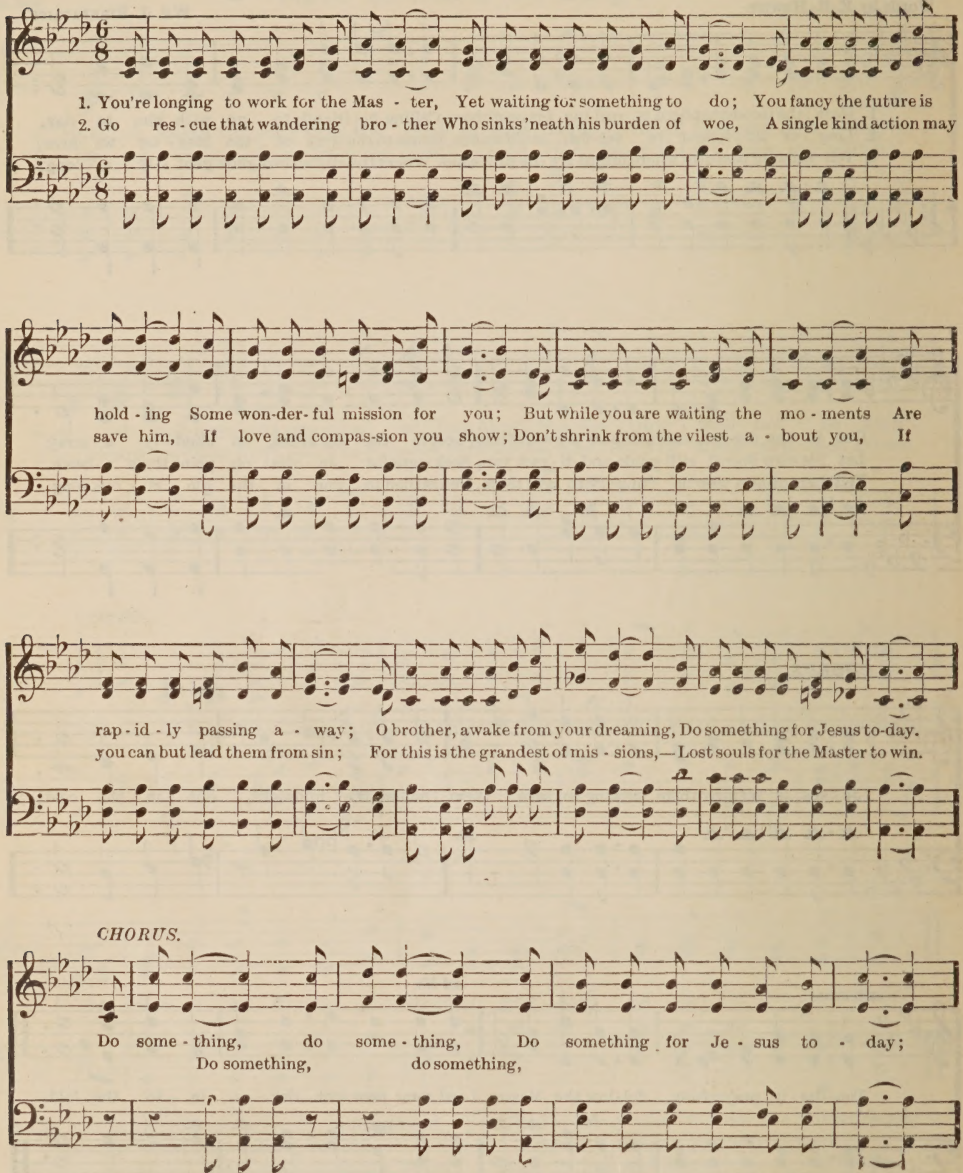
—*J. Johnson.*

434 Hark! the Good Shepherd is Calling.

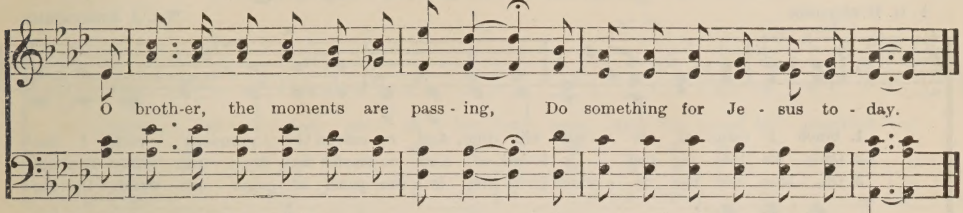
Words by E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.


1. Hark! the Good Shepherd is call-ing his neighbors, Calling his friends to go with him to-day,
2. Ling-er no longer in sel-fish indifference, Rouse to the work of the Mas-ter we love;
3. Tell them of pastures where bright are the sunbeams, Where the still waters glide gent-ly a-long;
Out in the des-ert, where sinners are wand'ring, Lost in the darkness, so blind-ly a-stray.
Let his own Spir-it still guide and di-rect you, Seek souls for Je-sus; oh, point them a-bove.
Tell them of him who is mighty to save them, Yours then to join in the glo-ri-ous song.
CHORUS.
poco rit.
Je-sus is seeking them, seeking to save them, Out in the midnight, out in the cold;
a tempo.
ad lib.
Ten-der-ly, prayerfully, fol-low the Master, Lead some poor wan-der-er in-to the fold.

435 You're Longing to Work.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You're longing to work for the Mas - ter, Yet waiting for something to do; You fancy the future is
2. Go res - cue that wandering bro - ther Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe, A single kind action may
hold - ing Some won-der- ful mission for you; But while you are waiting the mo - ments Are
save him, If love and compas-sion you show; Don't shrink from the vilest a - bout you, If
rap - id - ly passing a - way; O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do something for Jesus to-day.
you can but lead them from sin; For this is the grandest of mis - sions,— Lost souls for the Master to win.
CHORUS.
Do some - thing, do some - thing, Do something for Je - sus to - day;
Do something, do something,

You're Longing to Work—*Concluded.*

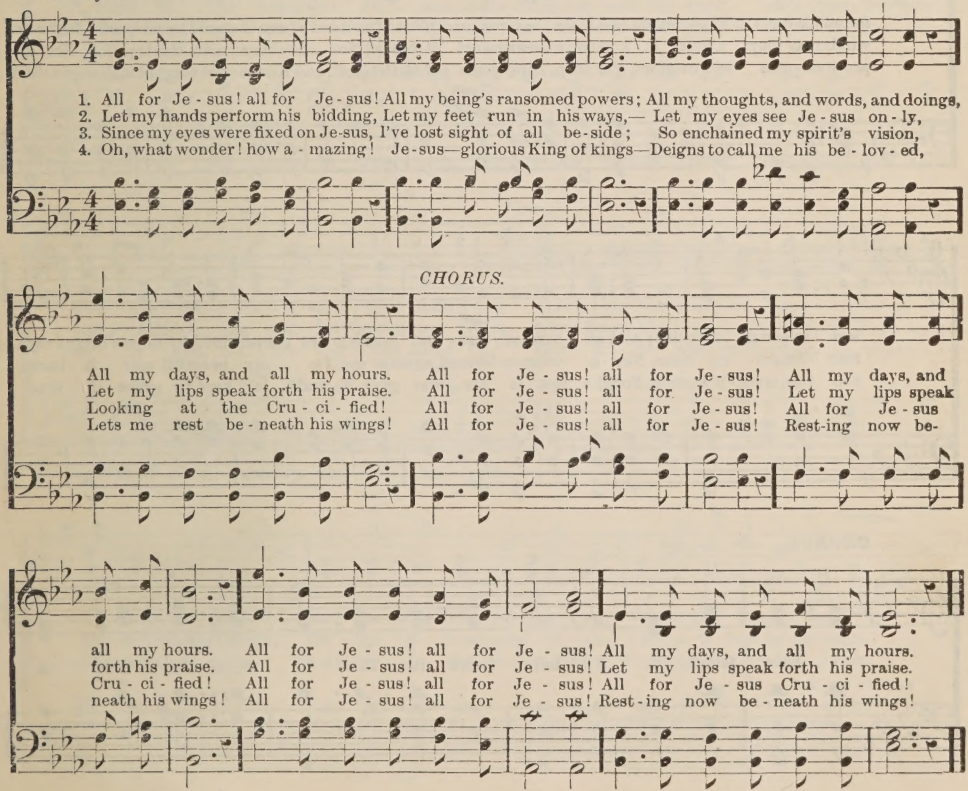


3 Go sing happy songs of rejoicing
With those who no sorrows have known;
Go weep with the heart-broken mourner,
Go comfort the sad and the lone;
From pitfalls and snares of the tempter
Go rescue the thoughtless and wild:
Go win from pale lips a "God bless you,"
Go brighten the life of a child.

4 Oh, never, my brother, stand waiting,
Be willing to do what you can;
The humblest service is needed,
To fill out the Father's great plan;
Be earning your stars of rejoicing
While earth-life is passing away;
Win someone to meet you in glory,—
Do something for Jesus to-day.

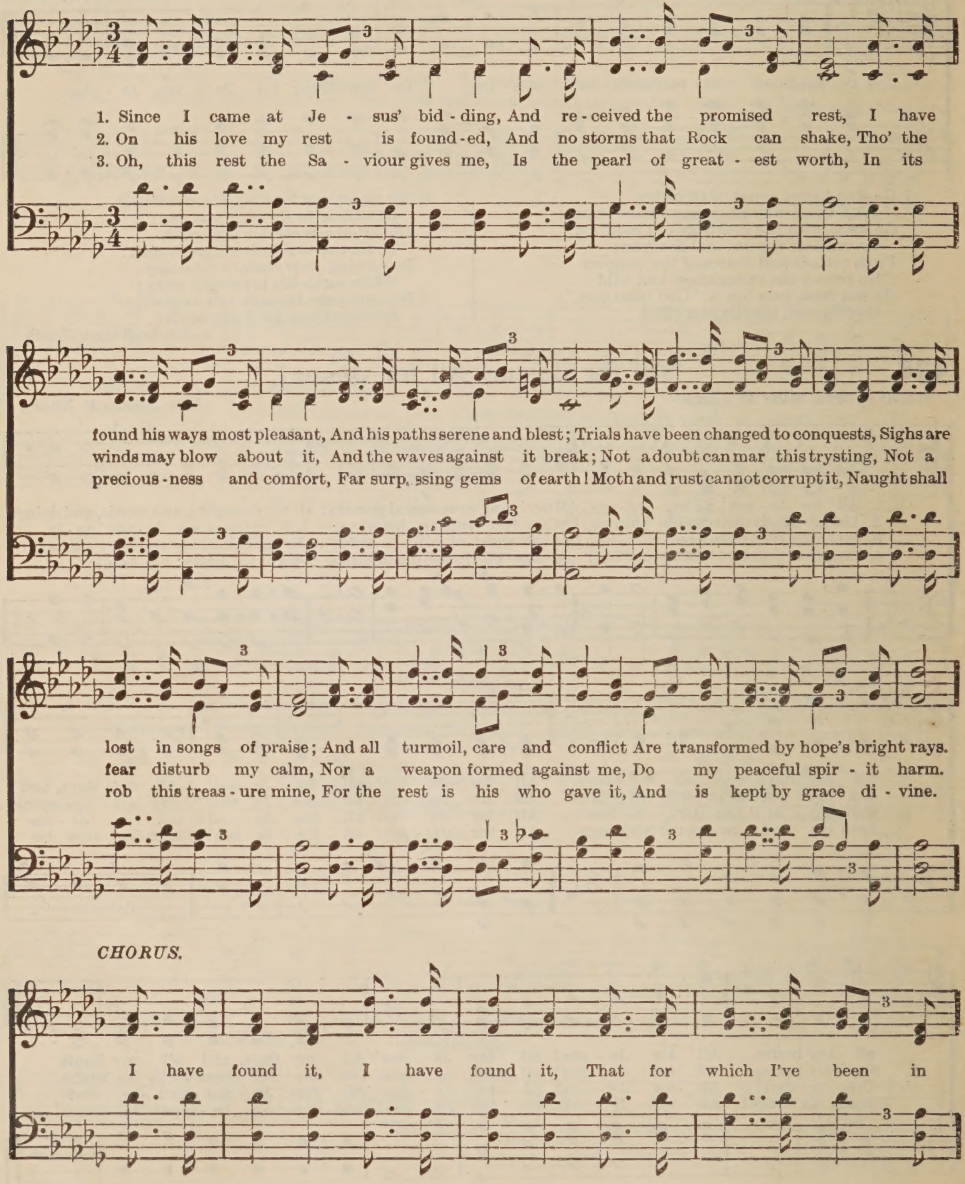
—*Lanta Wilson Smith.*

436 All for Jesus! All for Jesus!

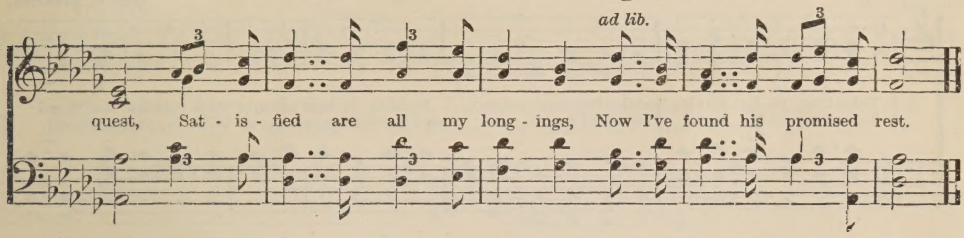
Words by MRS. MARY D. JAMES. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers; All my thoughts, and words, and doings,
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways,— Let my eyes see Je - sus on - ly,
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Je-sus, I've lost sight of all be-side; So enchained my spirit's vision,
4. Oh, what wonder! how a - mazing! Je-sus—glorious King of kings—Deigns to call me his be - lov - ed,
CHORUS.
All my days, and all my hours. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and
Let my lips speak forth his praise. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak
Looking at the Cru - ci - fied! All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All for Je - sus
Lets me rest be - neath his wings! All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Rest-ing now be-
all my hours. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours.
forth his praise. All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise.
Cru - ci - fied! All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! All for Je - sus Cru - ci - fied!
neath his wings! All for Je - sus! all for Je - sus! Rest-ing now be - neath his wings!

437 Since I Came at Jesus' Bidding.

F. G. BURROUGHS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

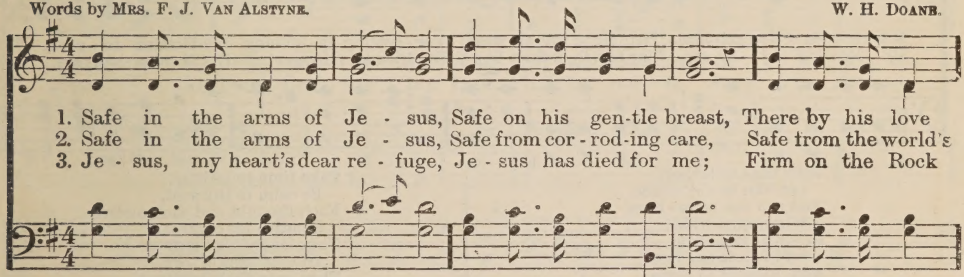

1. Since I came at Je - sus' bid - ding, And re - ceived the promised rest, I have
2. On his love my rest is found - ed, And no storms that Rock can shake, Tho' the
3. Oh, this rest the Sa - viour gives me, Is the pearl of great - est worth, In its
found his ways most pleasant, And his paths serene and blest; Trials have been changed to conquests, Sighs are
winds may blow about it, And the waves against it break; Not a doubt can mar this trysting, Not a
precious - ness and comfort, Far surp. ssing gems of earth! Moth and rust cannot corrupt it, Naught shall
lost in songs of praise; And all turmoil, care and conflict Are transformed by hope's bright rays.
fear disturb my calm, Nor a weapon formed against me, Do my peaceful spir - it harm.
rob this treas - ure mine, For the rest is his who gave it, And is kept by grace di - vine.
CHORUS.
I have found it, I have found it, That for which I've been in

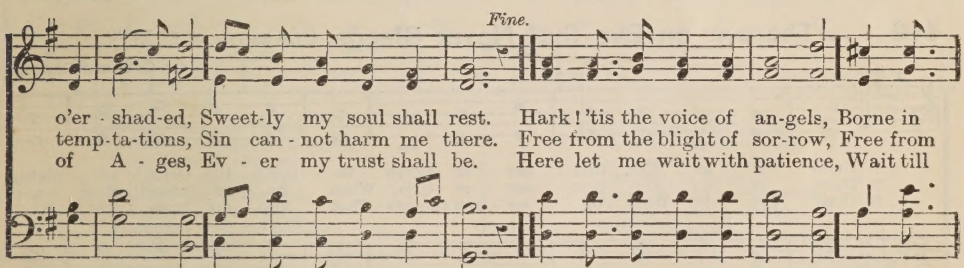
Since I Came at Jesus' Bidding—*Concluded.*

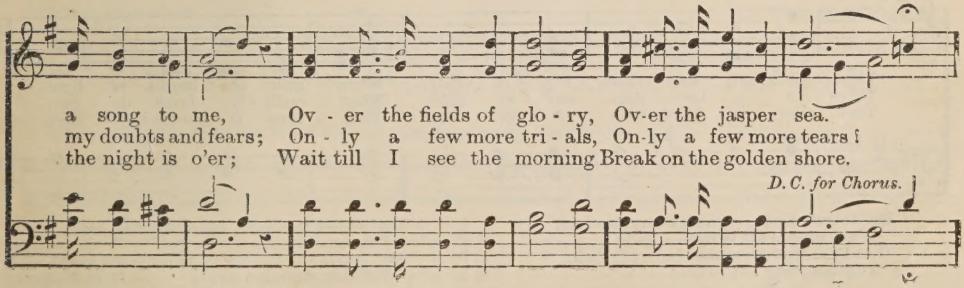


438 Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

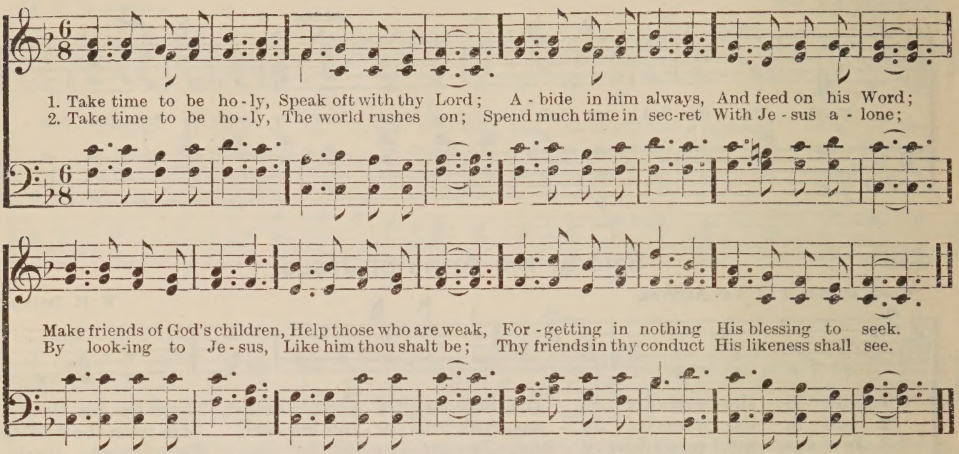
Words by MRS. F. J. VAN ALSTYNE. W. H. DOANE.


1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen-tle breast, There by his love
2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod-ing care, Safe from the world's
3. Je - sus, my heart's dear re - fuge, Je - sus has died for me; Firm on the Rock
CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen-tle breast, There by his love


Fine.
o'er - shad-ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest. Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in
temp-ta-tions, Sin can - not harm me there. Free from the blight of sor-row, Free from
of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be. Here let me wait with patience, Wait till
o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.


a song to me, Ov - er the fields of glo - ry, Ov-er the jasper sea.
my doubts and fears; On - ly a few more tri - als, On-ly a few more tears!
the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morning Break on the golden shore.
D. C. for Chorus.

439 Take Time to be Holy.

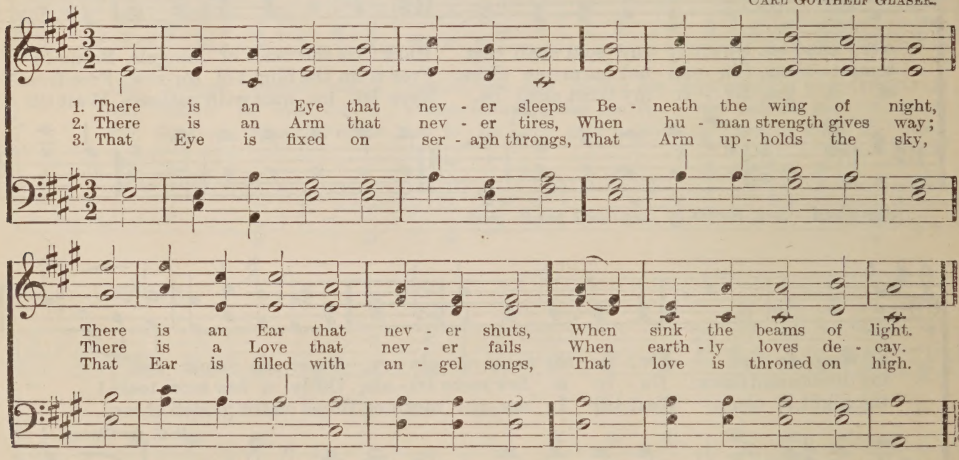
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord; A - bide in him always, And feed on his Word;
2. Take time to be ho - ly, The world rushes on; Spend much time in sec-ret With Je - sus a - lone;
Make friends of God's children, Help those who are weak, For - getting in nothing His blessing to seek.
By look-ing to Je - sus, Like him thou shalt be; Thy friends in thy conduct His likeness shall see.

3 Take time to be holy,
Let him be thy Guide,
And run not before him,
Whatever betide;
In joy or in sorrow,
Still follow thy Lord,
And, looking to Jesus,
Still trust in his Word.

4 Take time to be holy,
Be calm in thy soul,
Each thought and each motive
Beneath his control;
Thus led by his Spirit
To fountains of love,
Thou soon shalt be fitted
For service above.

—*W. D. Longstaff.*

440 There is an Eye that Never Sleeps. (AZMON.—C.M.)

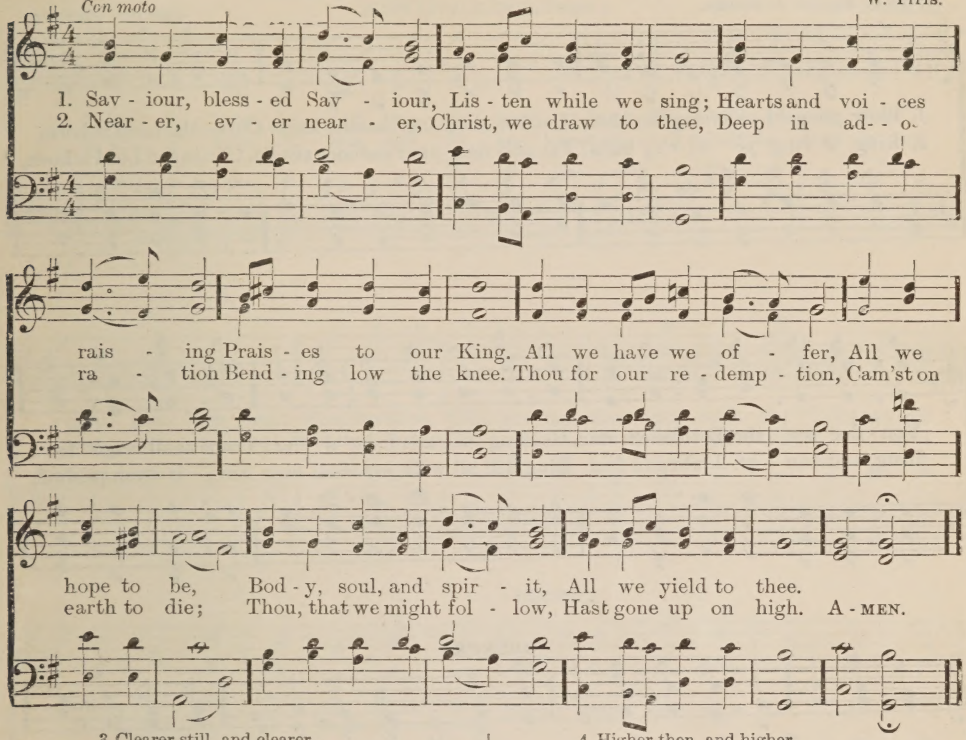
CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.

1. There is an Eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night,
2. There is an Arm that nev - er tires, When hu - man strength gives way;
3. That Eye is fixed on ser - aph throngs, That Arm up - holds the sky,
There is an Ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light.
There is a Love that nev - er fails When earth - ly loves de - cay.
That Ear is filled with an - gel songs, That love is throned on high.

4 But there's a power which man can wield,
When mortal aid is vain—
That Eye, that Arm, that Love to reach,
That listening Ear to gain.

5 That power is prayer, which soars on high,
Through Jesus to the throne,
And moves the hand which moves the world,
To bring salvation down.

—*I. A. Wallace.*

441 Saviour, Blessed Saviour.

W. PITTS.

Con moto
1. Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour, Lis - ten while we sing; Hearts and voi - ces
2. Near - er, ev - er near - er, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in ad - o-
rais - ing Prais - es to our King. All we have we of - fer, All we
ra - tion Bend - ing low the knee. Thou for our re - demp - tion, Cam'st on
hope to be, Bod - y, soul, and spir - it, All we yield to thee.
earth to die; Thou, that we might fol - low, Hast gone up on high. A - MEN.

3 Clearer still, and clearer
Dawns the light from heaven
In our sadness bringing
News of sin forgiven.
Life has lost its shadows,
Pure the light within;
Thou hast shed thy radiance
On a world of sin.

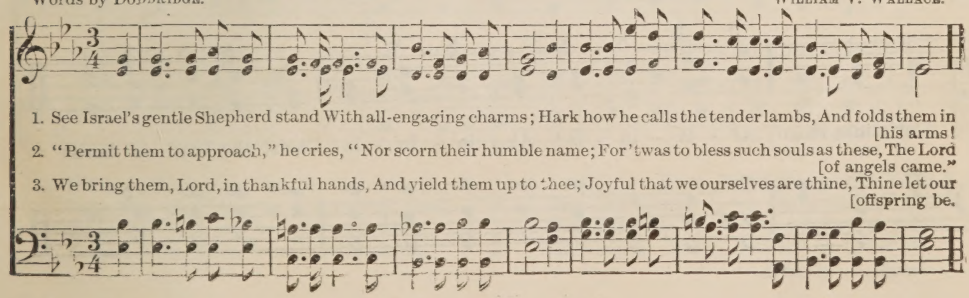
4 Higher then, and higher,
Bear the ransomed soul,
Earthly toils forgetting,
Saviour, to its goal;
Where, in joys unthought of,
Saints with angels sing,
Never weary, raising
Praises to their King. AMEN.

G. Thring, 1862.

442 See Israel's Gentle Shepherd Stand. (SALVATION.)

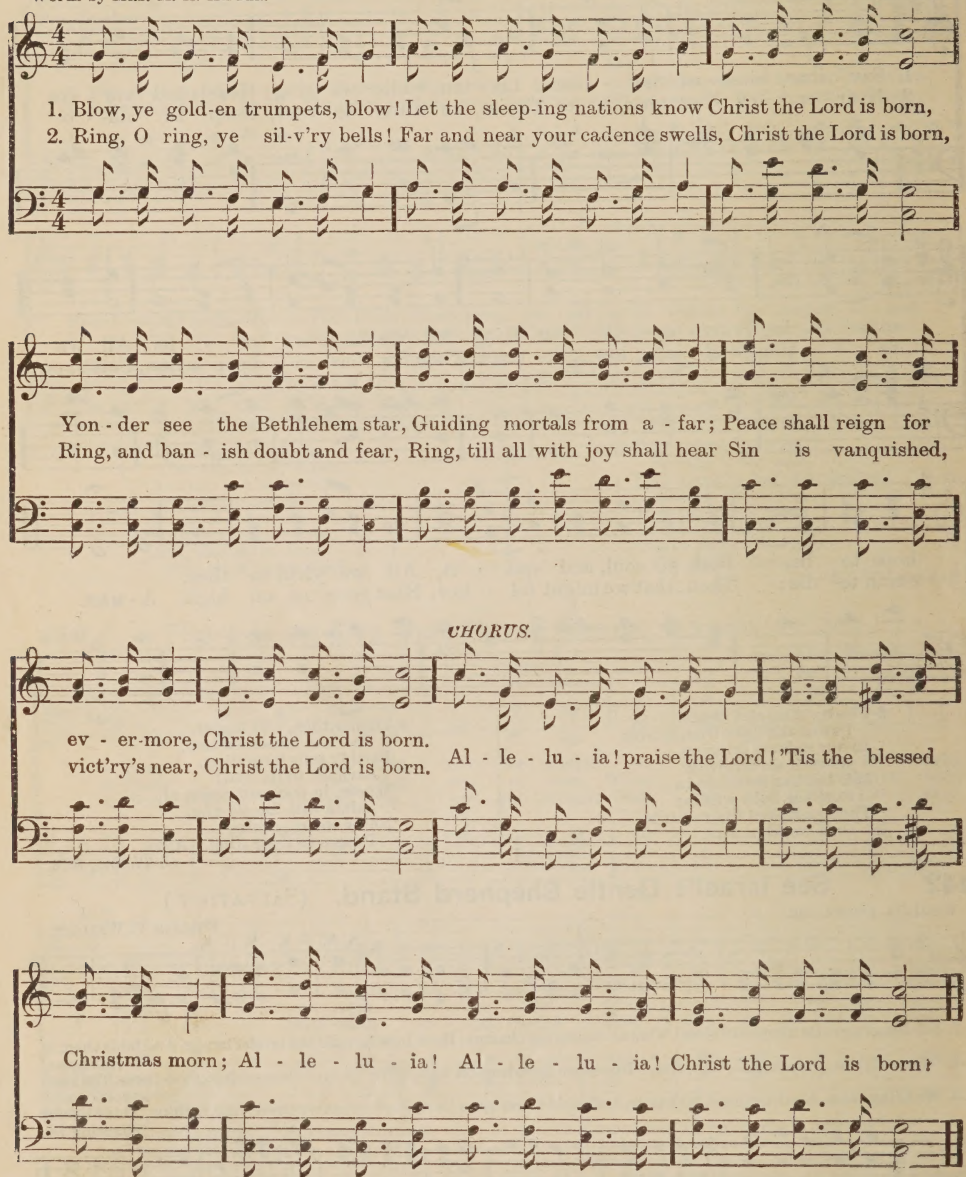
Words by DODDRIDGE.

WILLIAM V. WALLACE.


1. See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand With all-engaging charms; Hark how he calls the tender lambs, And folds them in [his arms!
2. "Permit them to approach," he cries, "Nor scorn their humble name; For 'twas to bless such souls as these, The Lord [of angels came."
3. We bring them, Lord, in thankful hands, And yield them up to thee; Joyful that we ourselves are thine, Thine let our [offspring be.

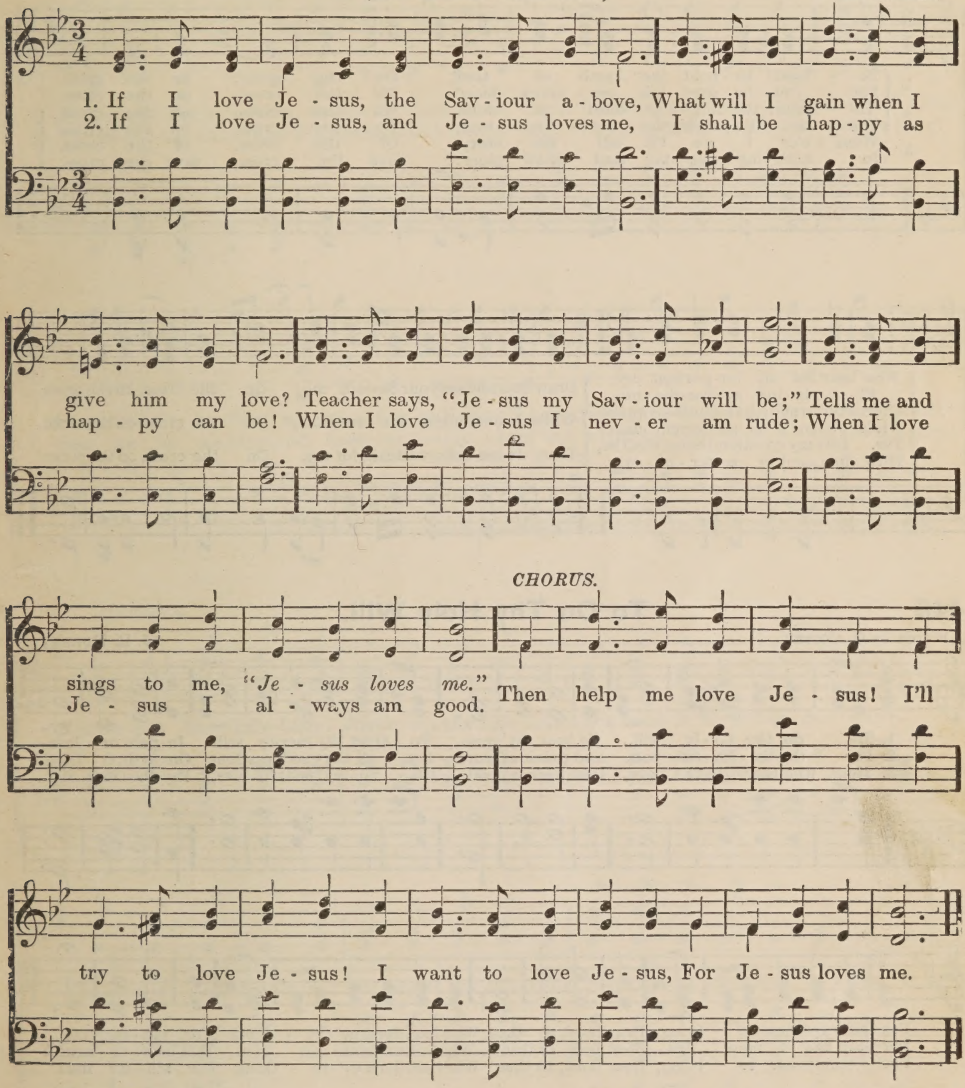
443 Blow, Ye Golden Trumpets, Blow!

Words by MRS. M. A. KIDDER. COMPOSER UNKNOWN.


1. Blow, ye gold-en trumpets, blow! Let the sleep-ing nations know Christ the Lord is born,
2. Ring, O ring, ye sil-v'ry bells! Far and near your cadence swells, Christ the Lord is born,
Yon-der see the Bethlehem star, Guiding mortals from a-far; Peace shall reign for
Ring, and ban-ish doubt and fear, Ring, till all with joy shall hear Sin is vanquished,
CHORUS.
ev-er-more, Christ the Lord is born.
vict'ry's near, Christ the Lord is born.
Al-le-lu-ia! praise the Lord! 'Tis the blessed
Christmas morn; Al-le-lu-ia! Al-le-lu-ia! Christ the Lord is born!

444 If I Love Jesus, the Saviour Above.

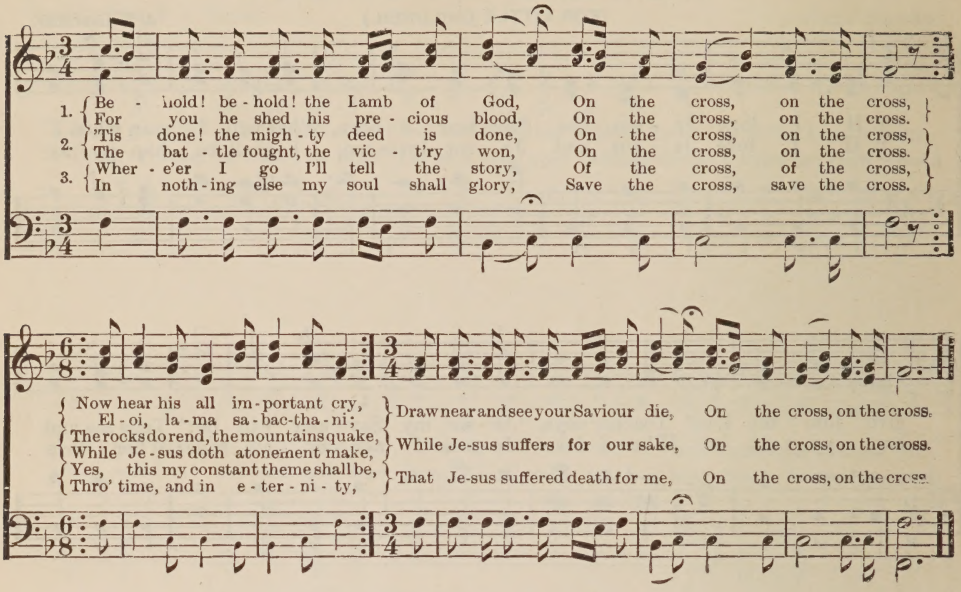
(FOR LITTLE CHILDREN.)

J. E. LANCELEY.

1. If I love Je - sus, the Sav - iour a - bove, What will I gain when I
2. If I love Je - sus, and Je - sus loves me, I shall be hap - py as
give him my love? Teacher says, "Je - sus my Sav - iour will be;" Tells me and
hap - py can be! When I love Je - sus I nev - er am rude; When I love
CHORUS.
sings to me, "Je - sus loves me." Then help me love Je - sus! I'll
Je - sus I al - ways am good.
try to love Je - sus! I want to love Je - sus, For Je - sus loves me.

3 If I love Jesus, and live by his word,
I shall be like him; he will be my Lord,
Jesus will help me be holy and wise,
Fit me a beautiful home in the skies.

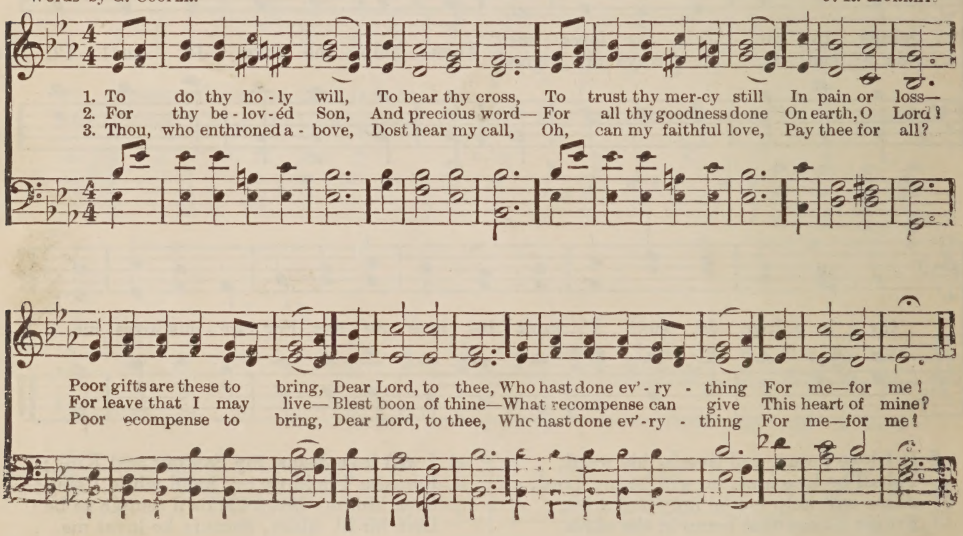
4 I will love Jesus, my Saviour and King;
For him I hold up my hand while I sing;
Give him my heart his own temple to be:
Live for his glory, because he loves me.

—*Llewellyn A. Morrison.*

445 Behold the Lamb of God.

1. Be - hold! be - hold! the Lamb of God, On the cross, on the cross,
For you he shed his pre - cious blood, On the cross, on the cross.
2. 'Tis done! the migh - ty deed is done, On the cross, on the cross,
The bat - tle fought, the vic - t'ry won, On the cross, on the cross.
3. Wher - e'er I go I'll tell the story, Of the cross, of the cross,
In noth - ing else my soul shall glory, Save the cross, save the cross.
Now hear his all im - portant cry, Draw near and see your Saviour die, On the cross, on the cross.
El - oi, la - ma sa - bac - tha - ni;
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake, While Je - sus suffers for our sake, On the cross, on the cross.
While Je - sus doth atonement make,
Yes, this my constant theme shall be, That Je - sus suffered death for me, On the cross, on the cross.
Thro' time, and in e - ter - ni - ty,

446 To Do Thy Holy Will.

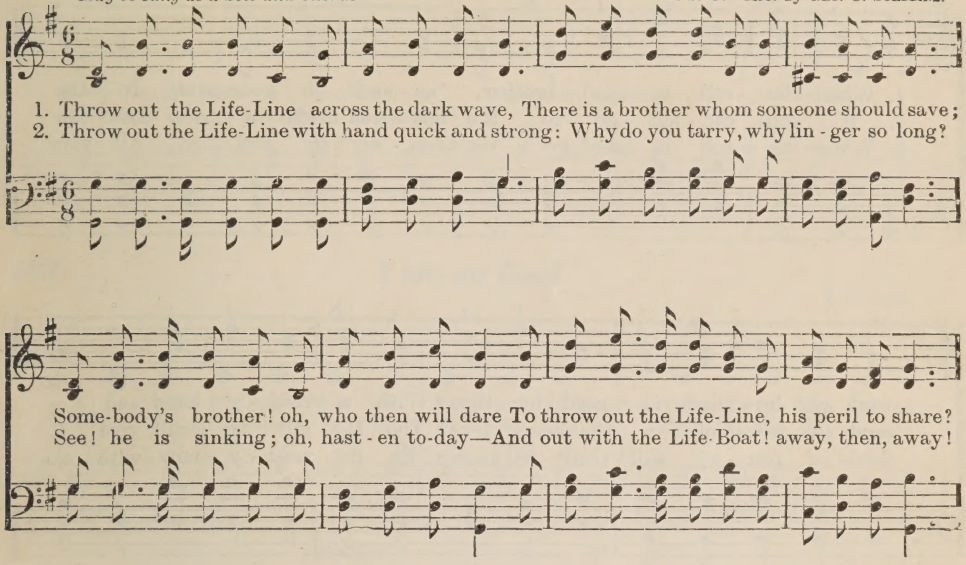
Words by G. Cooper. J. R. Murray.


1. To do thy ho - ly will, To bear thy cross, To trust thy mer - cy still In pain or loss—
2. For thy be - lov - éd Son, And precious word— For all thy goodness done On earth, O Lord!
3. Thou, who enthroned a - bove, Dost hear my call, Oh, can my faithful love, Pay thee for all?
Poor gifts are these to bring, Dear Lord, to thee, Who hast done ev' - ry - thing For me—for me!
For leave that I may live—Blest boon of thine—What recompense can give This heart of mine?
Poor recompense to bring, Dear Lord, to thee, Who hast done ev' - ry - thing For me—for me!

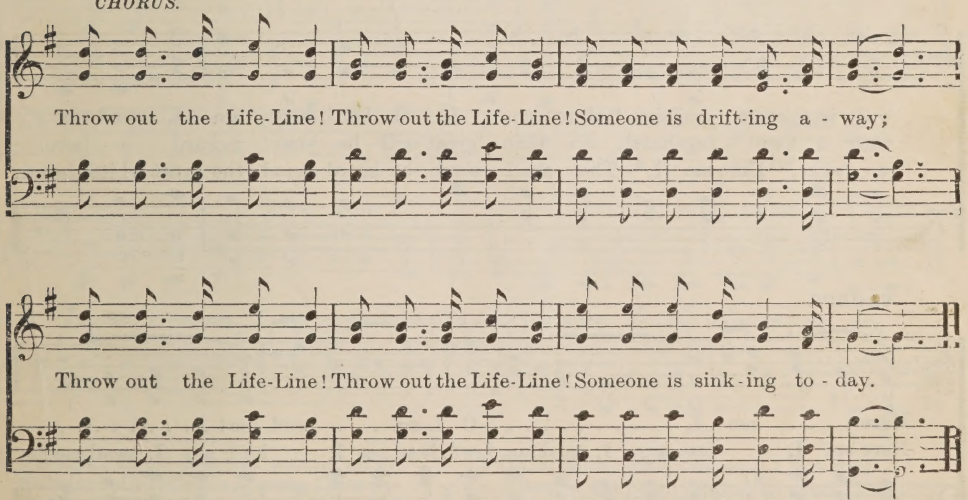
447 Throw Out the Life-Line.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus

E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.


1. Throw out the Life-Line across the dark wave, There is a brother whom someone should save;
2. Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why lin - ger so long?
Some-body's brother! oh, who then will dare To throw out the Life-Line, his peril to share?
See! he is sinking; oh, hast - en to-day—And out with the Life-Boat! away, then, away!

CHORUS.

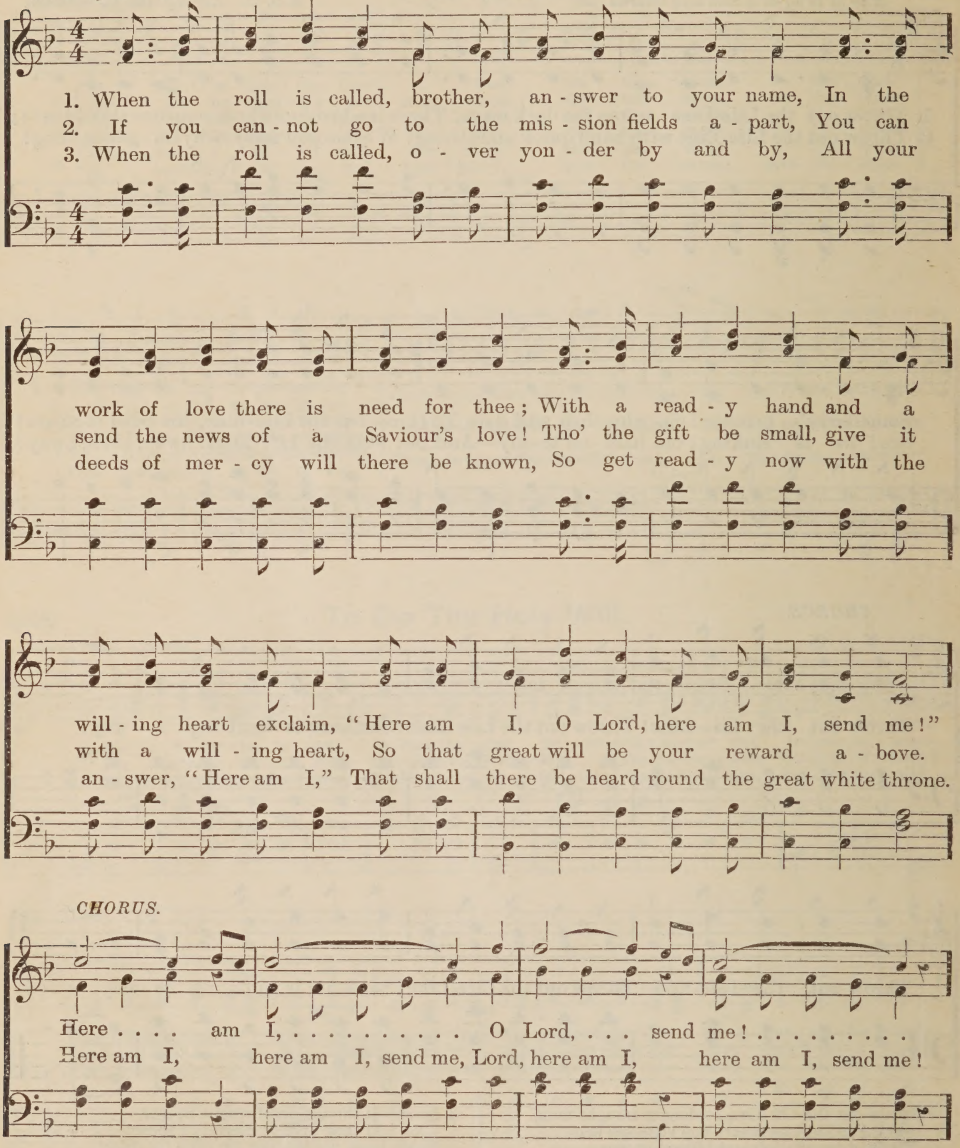

Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is drift-ing a - way;
Throw out the Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Someone is sink-ing to - day.

3 Throw out the Life-Line to danger-fraught men,
Sinking in anguish where you've never been:
Winds of temptation and billows of woe
Will soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.

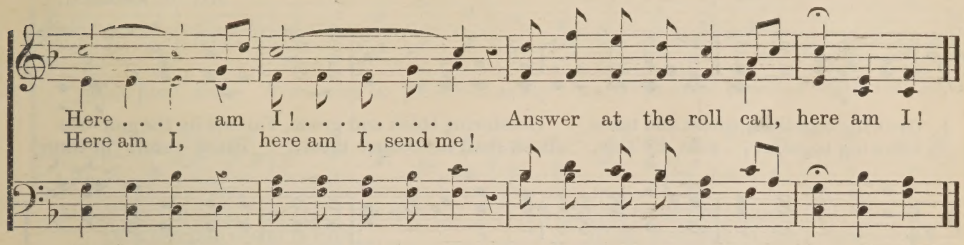
4 Soon will the season of rescue be o'er,
Soon will they drift to eternity's shore,
Haste then, my brother, no time for delay,
But throw out the Life-Line and save them to-day.

—*Rev. E. S. Ufford.*

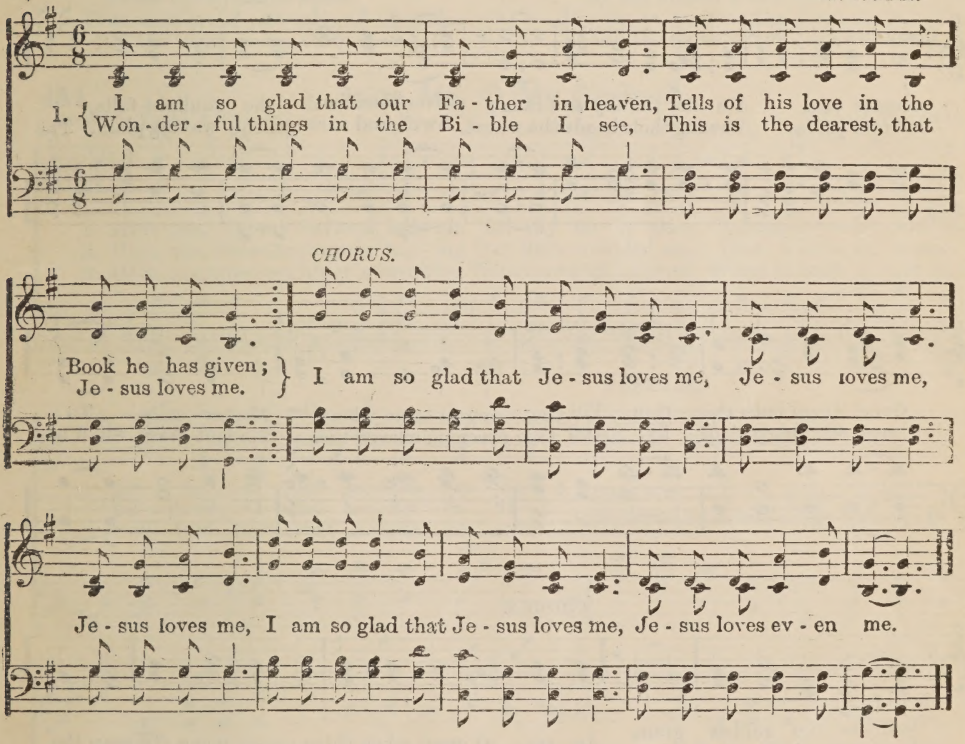
448 When the Roll is Called.

Words by C. H. G. (Missionary Song.) CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. When the roll is called, brother, an - swer to your name, In the
2. If you can - not go to the mis - sion fields a - part, You can
3. When the roll is called, o - ver yon - der by and by, All your
work of love there is need for thee; With a read - y hand and a
send the news of a Saviour's love! Tho' the gift be small, give it
deeds of mer - cy will there be known, So get read - y now with the
will - ing heart exclaim, "Here am I, O Lord, here am I, send me!"
with a will - ing heart, So that great will be your reward a - bove.
an - swer, "Here am I," That shall there be heard round the great white throne.
CHORUS.
Here . . . . am I, ... O Lord, . . . send me! . . . . . .
Here am I, here am I, send me, Lord, here am I, here am I, send me!

When the Roll is Called—*Concluded.*



449 I am so Glad.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven, Tells of his love in the
Won - der - ful things in the Bi - ble I see, This is the dearest, that
CHORUS.
Book he has given;
Je - sus loves me.
I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves ev - en me.

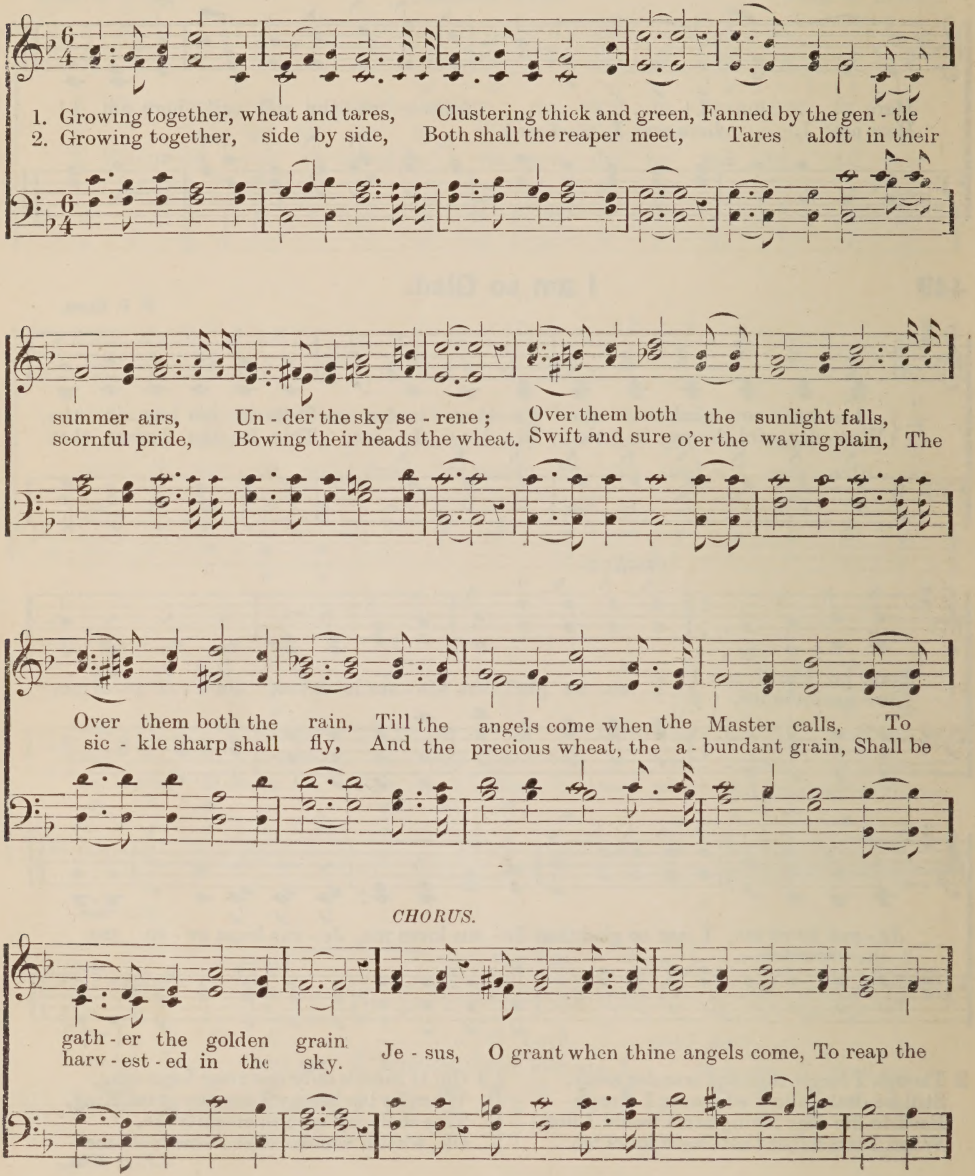
2 Though I forget him and wander away,
Still he doth follow wherever I stray;
Back to his dear loving arms would I flee,
When I remember that Jesus loves me.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing,
When in his beauty I see the great King,
This shall my song in eternity be,
Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me.

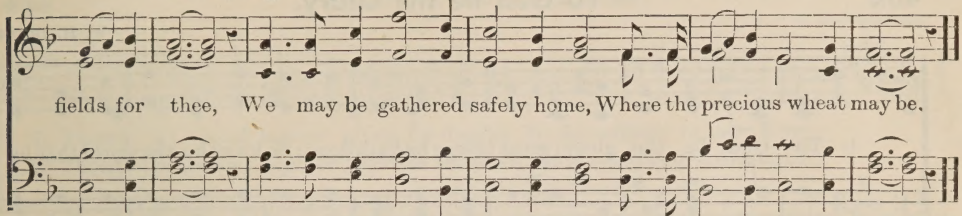
—*P. P. Bliss.*

450 Growing Together, Wheat and Tares.

REV. H. KINGSBURY.


1. Growing together, wheat and tares, Clustering thick and green, Fanned by the gen - tle
2. Growing together, side by side, Both shall the reaper meet, Tares aloft in their
summer airs, Un - der the sky se - rene ; Over them both the sunlight falls,
scornful pride, Bowing their heads the wheat. Swift and sure o'er the waving plain, The
Over them both the rain, Till the angels come when the Master calls, To
sic - kle sharp shall fly, And the precious wheat, the a - bundant grain, Shall be
CHORUS.
gath - er the golden grain
harv - est - ed in the sky.
Je - sus, O grant when thine angels come, To reap the

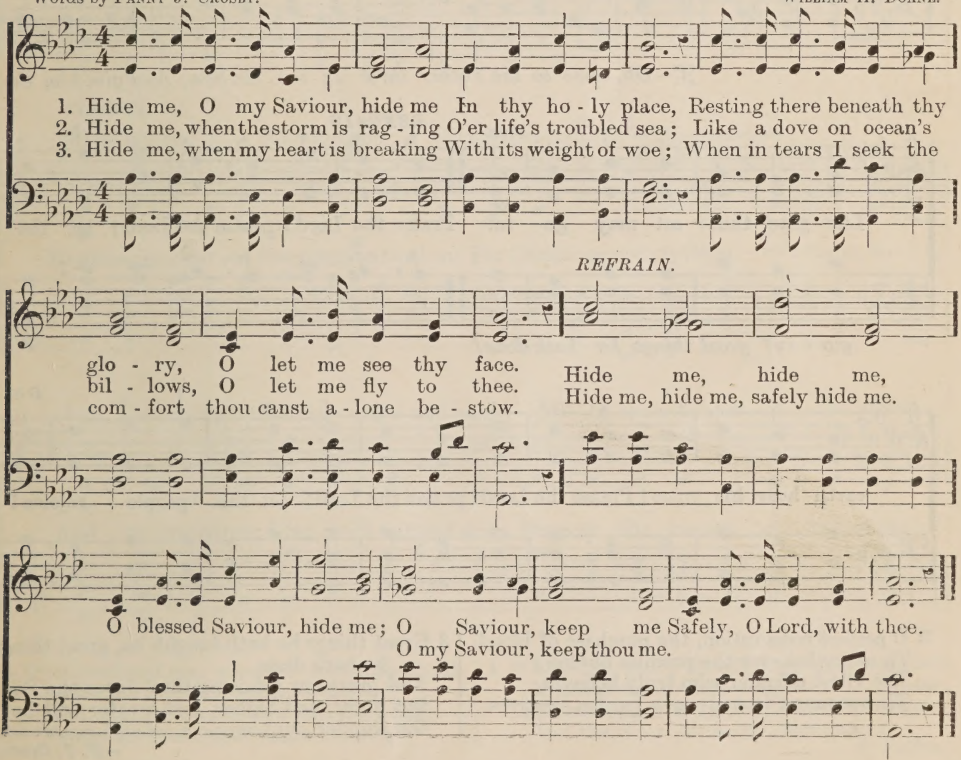
Growing Together, Wheat and Tares—*Concluded.*



3 But for the tares, for them the word
Of a terrible doom is cast;
"Bind and burn," said the blessed Lord,
They shall leave the wheat at last.
Never again the summer rain,
Never the sunshine sweet,
That were lavished freely, all in vain,
On the tares among the wheat.

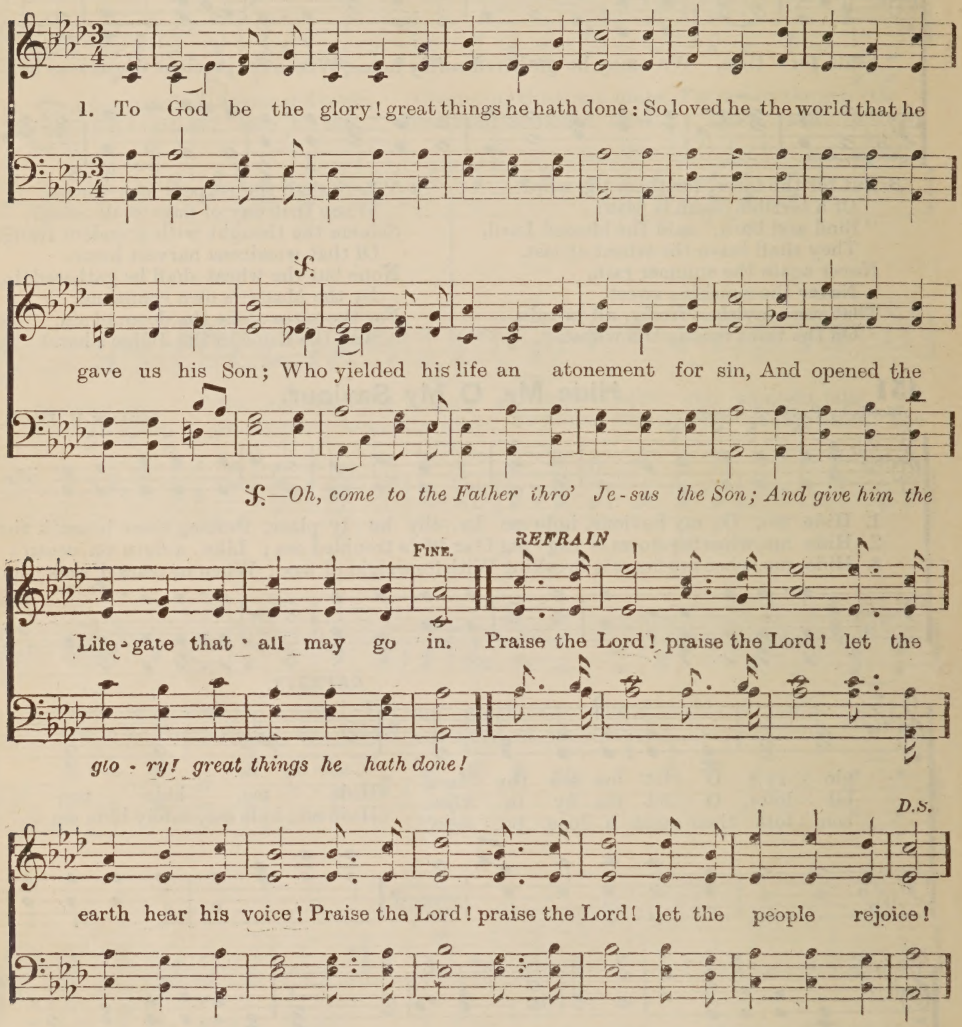
4 Where shall the reapers look for us,
When that day of days shall come?
Solemn the thought with grandeur fraught
Of that wondrous harvest home.
None but the wheat shall be gathered in
By the Master's own command,
For the tares alone the doom of sin,
And the flame in the Judge's hand.

451 Hide Me, O My Saviour.

Words by FANNY J. CROSBY. WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Hide me, O my Saviour, hide me In thy ho - ly place, Resting there beneath thy
2. Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea; Like a dove on ocean's
3. Hide me, when my heart is breaking With its weight of woe; When in tears I seek the
REFRAIN.
glo - ry, O let me see thy face.
bil - lows, O let me fly to thee.
com - fort thou canst a - lone be - stow.
Hide me, hide me,
Hide me, hide me, safely hide me.
O blessed Saviour, hide me; O Saviour, keep me Safely, O Lord, with thee.
O my Saviour, keep thou me.

452 To God be the Glory.

W. H. DOANE.

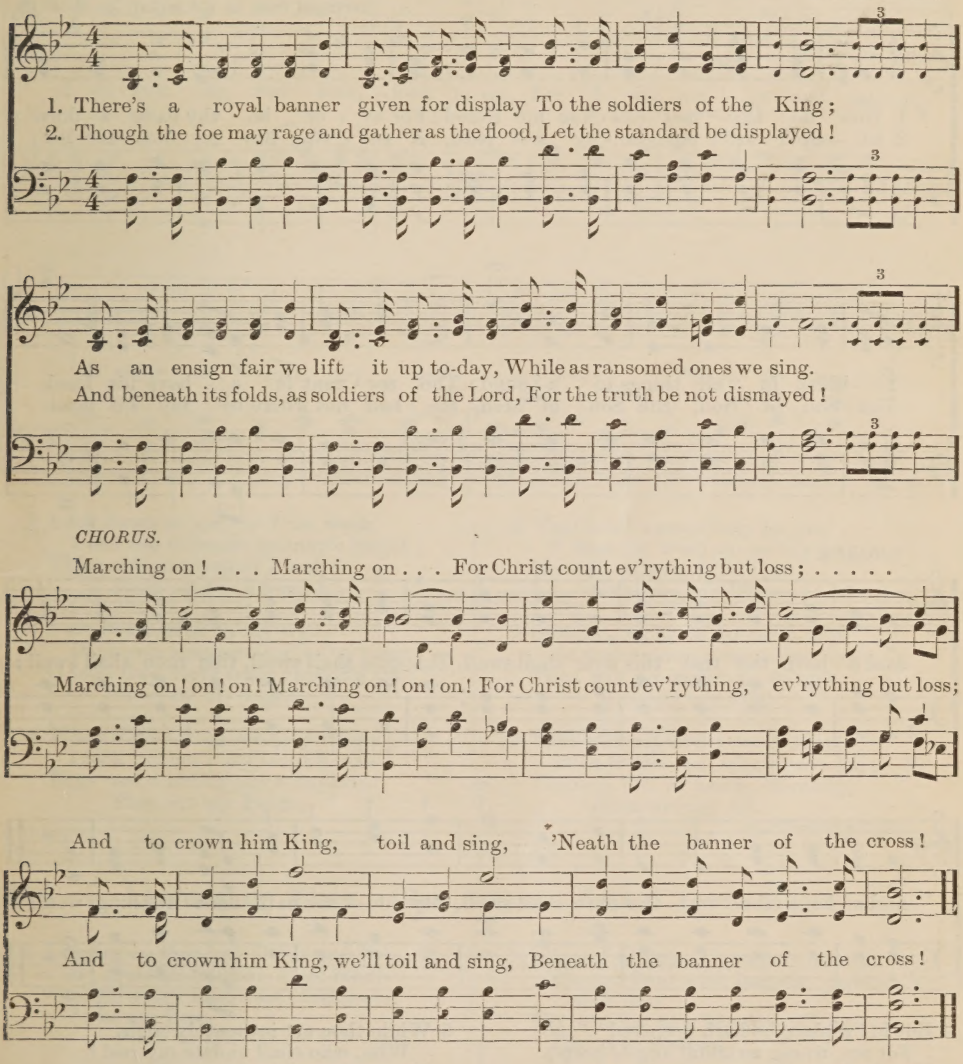

1. To God be the glory! great things he hath done: So loved he the world that he
gave us his Son; Who yielded his life an atonement for sin, And opened the
—Oh, come to the Father thro' Je-sus the Son; And give him the
FINE.
REFRAIN
Lite-gate that all may go in. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! let the
glo-ry! great things he hath done!
D.S.
earth hear his voice! Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! let the people rejoice!

2 O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood,
To every believer the promise of God;
The vilest offender who truly believes,
That moment from Jesus a pardon receives.

3 Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done,
And great our rejoicing thro' Jesus the Son;
But purer, and higher, and greater will be
Our wonder, our transport, when Jesus we see.

—*F. J. Crosby.*

453 There's a Royal Banner.

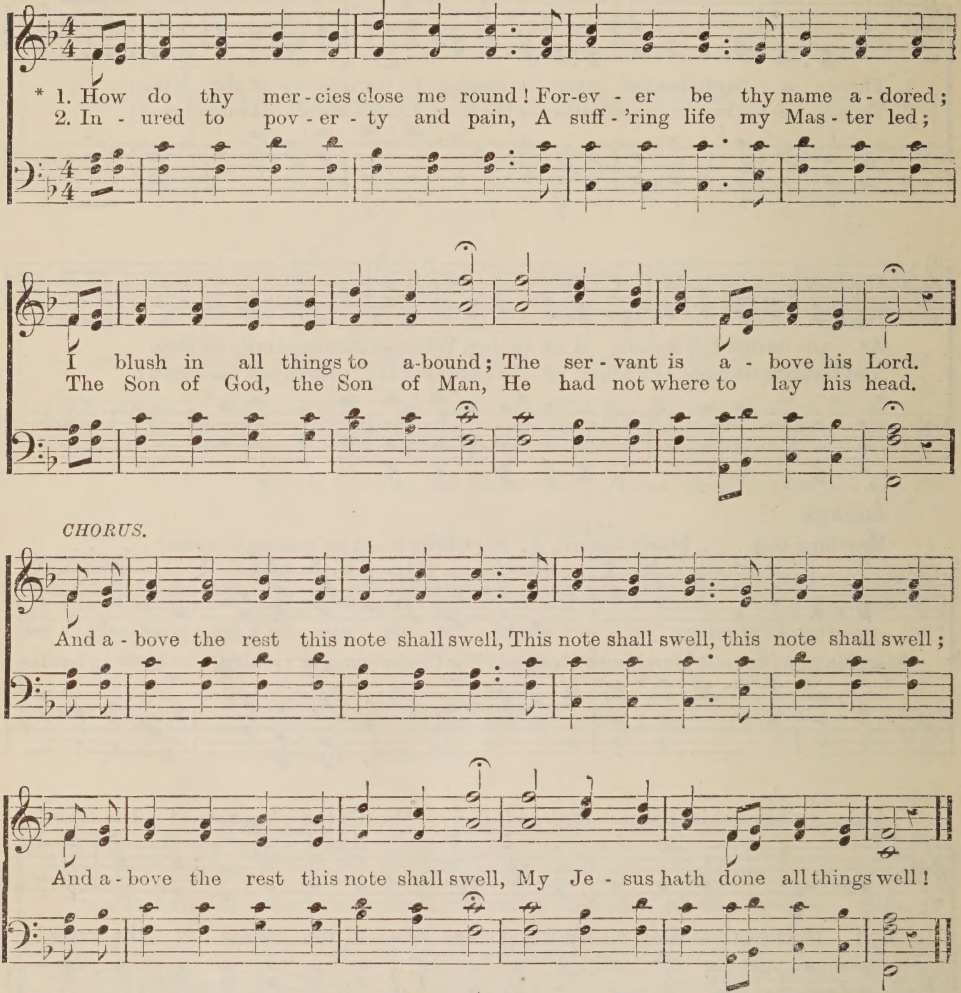
J. McGRANAHAN.

1. There's a royal banner given for display To the soldiers of the King;
2. Though the foe may rage and gather as the flood, Let the standard be displayed!
As an ensign fair we lift it up to-day, While as ransomed ones we sing.
And beneath its folds, as soldiers of the Lord, For the truth be not dismayed!
CHORUS.
Marching on! . . . Marching on . . . For Christ count ev'rything but loss; . . . . .
Marching on! on! on! Marching on! on! on! For Christ count ev'rything, ev'rything but loss;
And to crown him King, toil and sing, 'Neath the banner of the cross!
And to crown him King, we'll toil and sing, Beneath the banner of the cross!

3 Over land and sea, wherever man may dwell,
Make the glorious tidings known:
Of the crimson banner now the story tell,
While the Lord shall claim his own!

4 When the glory dawns—'tis drawing very near,
It is hastening day by day—
Then before our King the foe shall disappear,
And the cross the world shall sway!

—*El Nathan.*

454 How Do Thy Mercies Close Me Round!

Arranged from an old melody by C. W. C.

* 1. How do thy mer-cies close me round! For-ev-er be thy name a-dored;
2. In-ured to pov-er-ty and pain, A suff-'ring life my Mas-ter led;
I blush in all things to a-bound; The ser-vant is a-bove his Lord.
The Son of God, the Son of Man, He had not where to lay his head.
CHORUS.
And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell;
And a-bove the rest this note shall swell, My Je-sus hath done all things well!

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

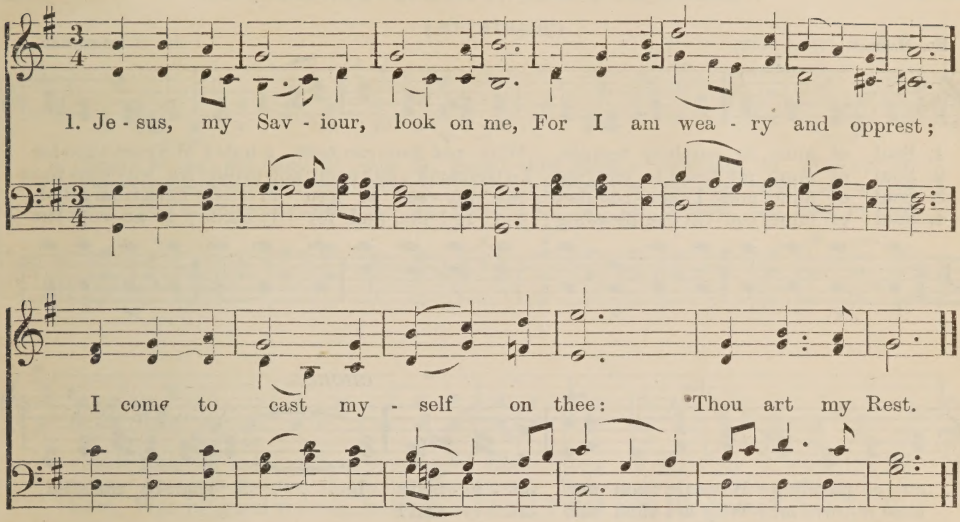
5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy;
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6. I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

—*Charles Wesley.*

*This piece may also be sung to the hymn "[illegible] Through all My Days."—146 Canadian Hymnal.

455 Jesus, My Saviour. (Elm Street.—8,8,8,4.)



2 Look down on me, for I am weak,
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek:
Thou art my Strength.

3 I am bewildered on my way,
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
O send thou forth some cheering ray:
Thou art my Light.

4 When Satan flings his fiery darts,
I look to thee; my terrors cease;
Thy cross a hiding-place imparts:
Thou art my Peace.

5 Vain is all human help for me,
I dare not trust an earthly prop;
My sole reliance is on thee:
Thou art my Hope.

6 Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous, latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink:
Thou art my Life.

7 Thou wilt my every want supply,
Even to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All.

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

456 Leaning on Thee. (Elm Street.—8,8,8,4.—Tune Above.)

1 Leaning on thee, my Guide and Friend,
My gracious Saviour, I am blest:
Though weary thou dost condescend
To be my Rest.

2 Leaning on thee, with childlike faith,
To thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's untrodden path
Thy love will guide.

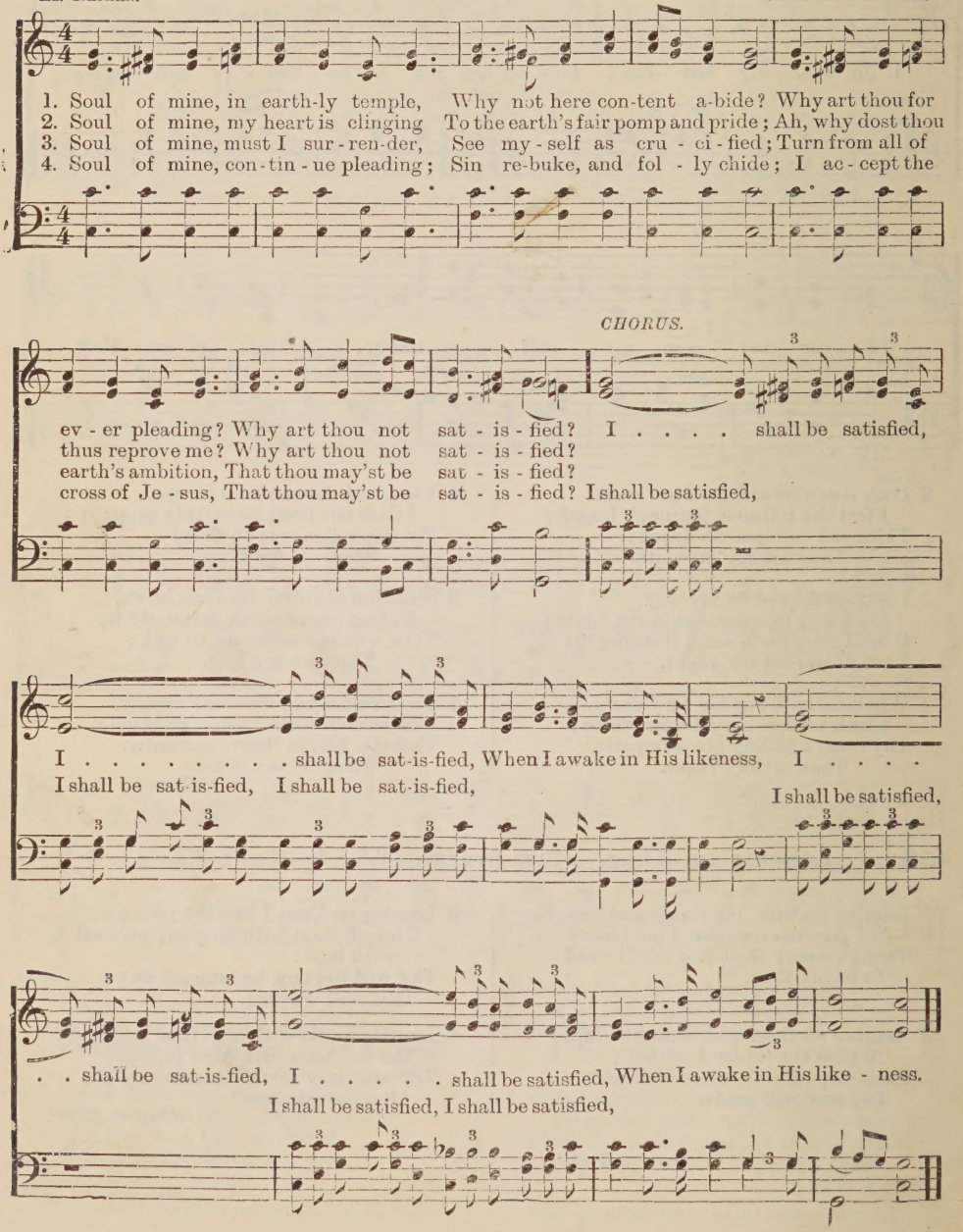
3 Leaning on thee, I breathe no moan,
Though faint with languor, parched with heat:
Thy will has now become my own—
That will is sweet.

4 Leaning on thee, though faint and weak,
Too weak another voice to hear;
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak,
"Be of good cheer."

—*Charlotte Elliott.*

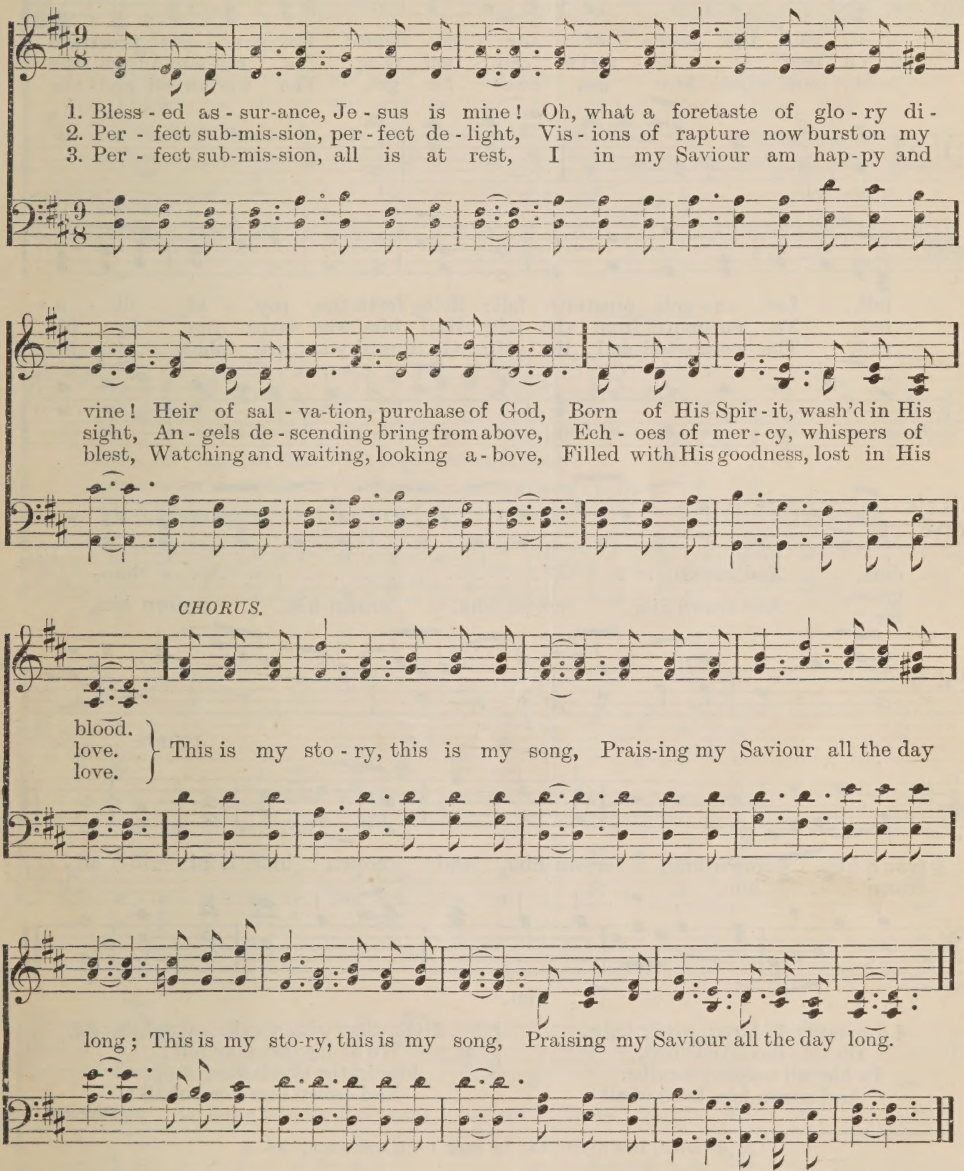
457 Soul of Mine in Earthly Temple.

(QUARTETTE.)

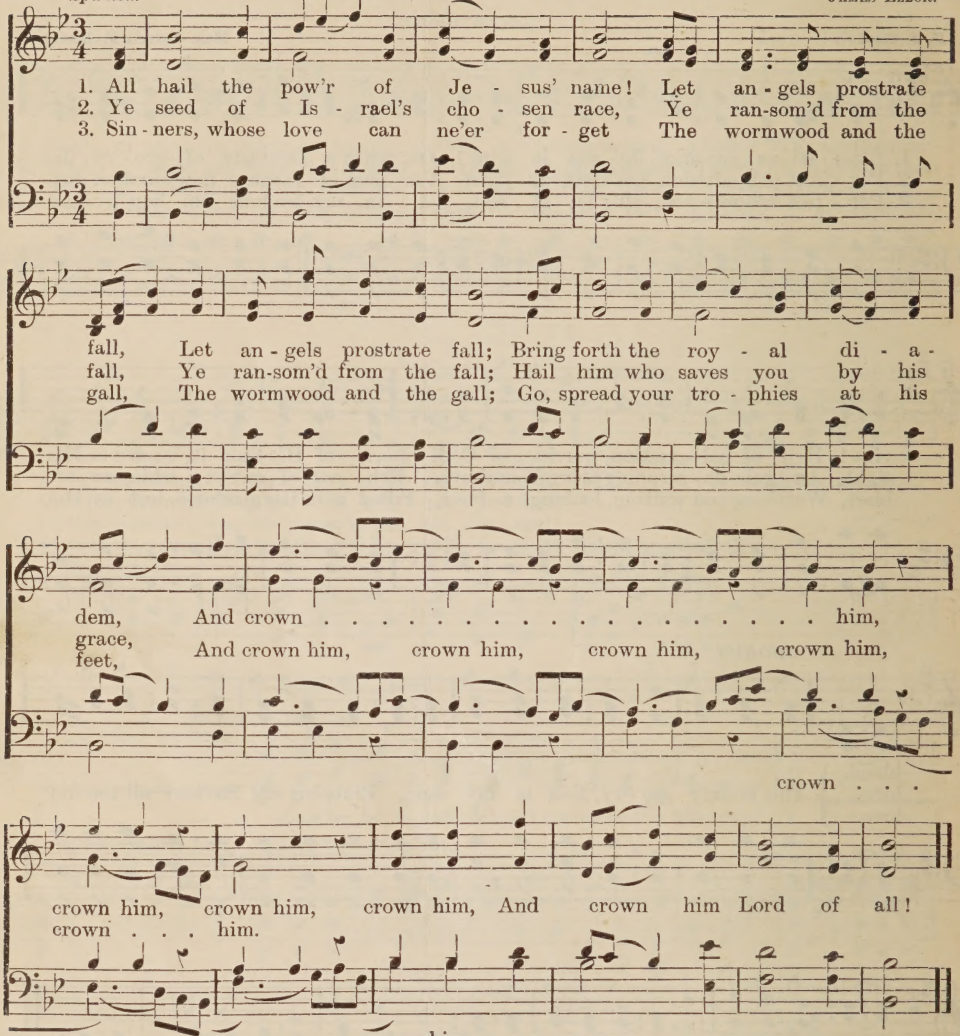
EL. NATHAN. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly temple, Why not here con-tent a-bide? Why art thou for
2. Soul of mine, my heart is clinging To the earth's fair pomp and pride; Ah, why dost thou
3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru - ci-fied; Turn from all of
4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue pleading; Sin re-buke, and fol - ly chide; I ac-cept the
CHORUS.
ev - er pleading? Why art thou not sat - is - fied? I . . . . shall be satisfied,
thus reprove me? Why art thou not sat - is - fied?
earth's ambition, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied?
cross of Je - sus, That thou may'st be sat - is - fied? I shall be satisfied,
I . . . . . shall be sat-is-fied, When I awake in His likeness, I . . . .
I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied,
I shall be satisfied,
. . shall be sat-is-fied, I . . . . . shall be satisfied, When I awake in His like - ness.
I shall be satisfied, I shall be satisfied,

458 Blessed Assurance, Jesus is Mine!

F. J. CROSBY. MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.


1. Bless - ed as - sur-ance, Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of glo - ry di -
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapture now burst on my
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am hap-py and
vine! Heir of sal - va-tion, purchase of God, Born of His Spir - it, wash'd in His
sight, An - gels de - scending bring from above, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whispers of
blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His
CHORUS.
blood.
love.
love.
This is my sto - ry, this is my song, Prais-ing my Saviour all the day
long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all the day long.

459 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.*

Spirited. JAMES ELLOR.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate
2. Ye seed of Is - rael's cho - sen race, Ye ran-som'd from the
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the
fall, Let an - gels prostrate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a -
fall, Ye ran-som'd from the fall; Hail him who saves you by his
gall, The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your tro - phies at his
dem, And crown . . . . . him,
grace, And crown him, crown him, crown him, crown him,
feet,
crown . . .
crown him, crown him, crown him, And crown him Lord of all!
crown . . . him.
. . . . . him,

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all!

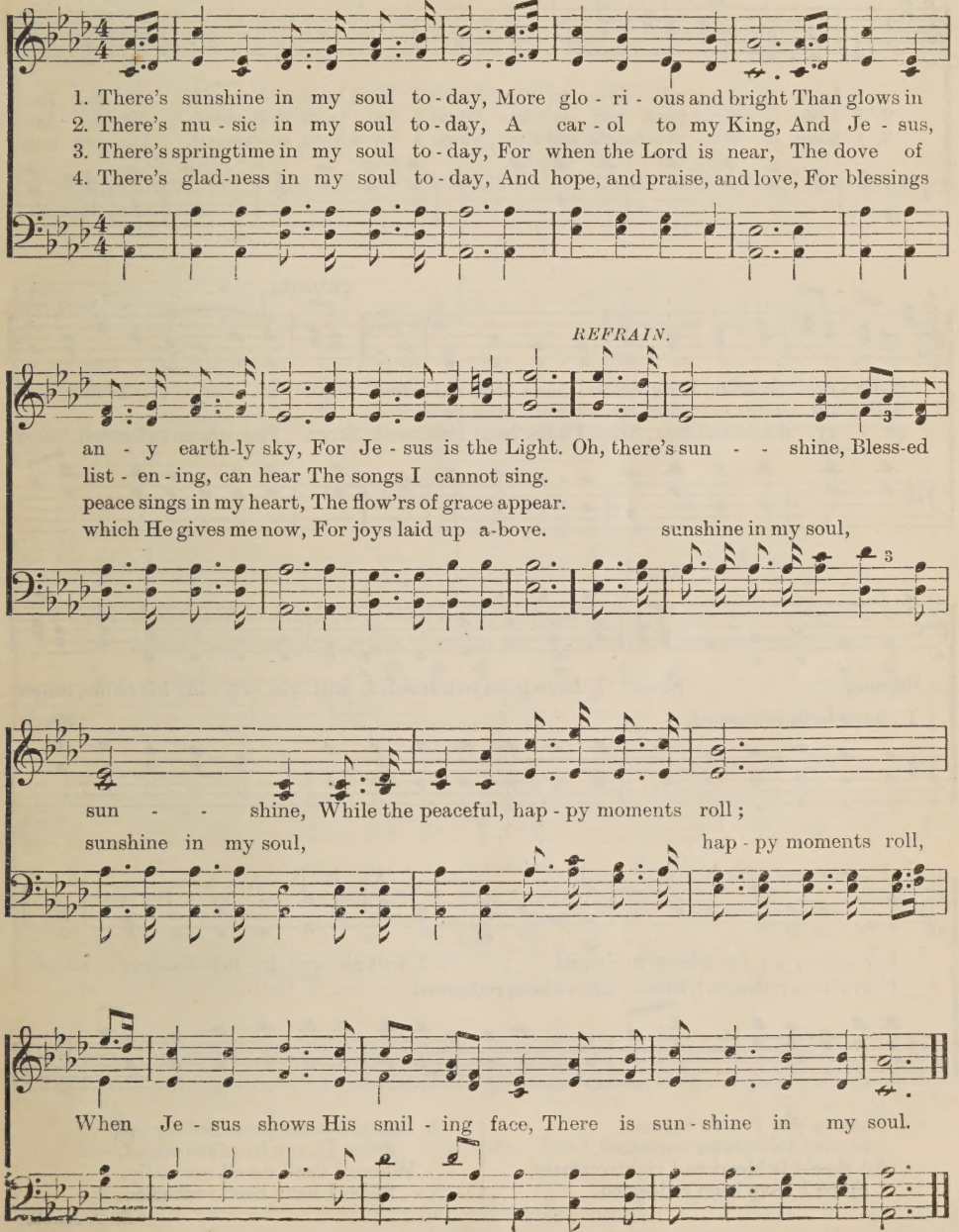
5 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
Join in the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

—*Perronet.*

*If preferred, this hymn may be sung to "Coronation," No. 5.

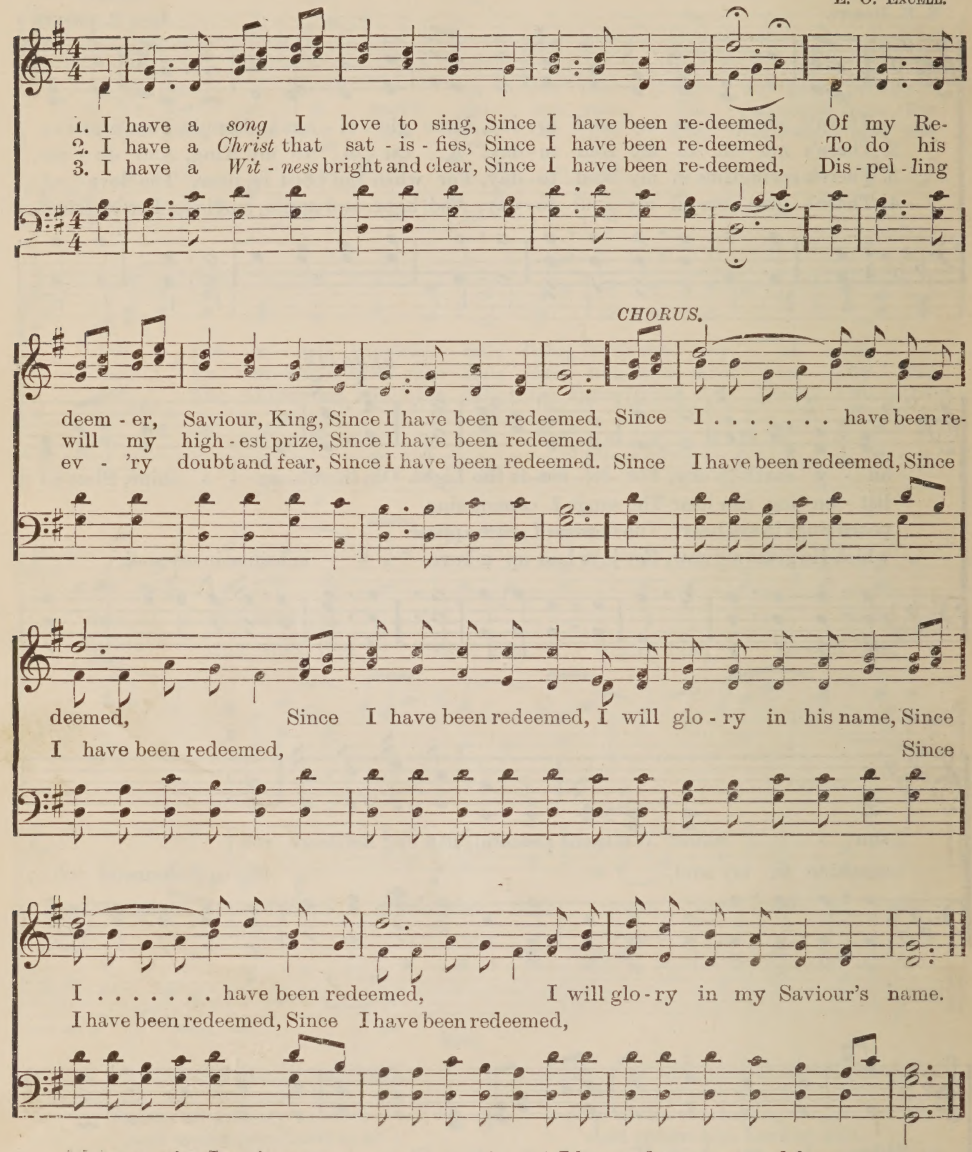
460 There's Sunshine in My Soul To-Day.

E. E. HEWITT. JOHN R. SWENEY.


1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright Than glows in
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King, And Je-sus,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The dove of
4. There's glad-ness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings
REFRAIN.
an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is the Light. Oh, there's sun - - shine, Bless-ed
list-en-ing, can hear The songs I cannot sing.
peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace appear.
which He gives me now, For joys laid up a-bove.
sunshine in my soul,
sun - - shine, While the peaceful, hap-py moments roll;
sunshine in my soul,
hap-py moments roll,
When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face, There is sun-shine in my soul.

461 I Have a Song I Love to Sing.

E. O. EXCELL.


1. I have a *song* I love to sing, Since I have been re-deemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a *Christ* that sat - is - fies, Since I have been re-deemed, To do his
3. I have a *Wit - ness* bright and clear, Since I have been re-deemed, Dis - pel - ling
CHORUS.
deem - er, Saviour, King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . . . have been re-
will my high - est prize, Since I have been redeemed.
ev - 'ry doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, Since
deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glo - ry in his name, Since
I have been redeemed, Since
I . . . . . have been redeemed, I will glo - ry in my Saviour's name.
I have been redeemed, Since I have been redeemed,

4 I have a *joy* I can't express,
Since I have been redeemed,
All thro' his blood and righteousness,
Since I have been redeemed.

5 I have a *home* prepared for me,
Since I have been redeemed,
Where I shall dwell eternally,
Since I have been redeemed.

—*E. O. Excell.*

462 Lead Me Gently Home, Father.

W. L. T. W. L. THOMPSON.

Solo

1. Lead me gent - ly home, Father, Lead me gent - ly home, When life's toils are
2. Lead me gent - ly home, Father, Lead me gent - ly home, In life's dark - est

end - ed, And part - ing days have come, Sin no more shall tempt me,
hours, Fa - ther, When life's troubles come, Keep my feet from wand-'ring,

rit. p

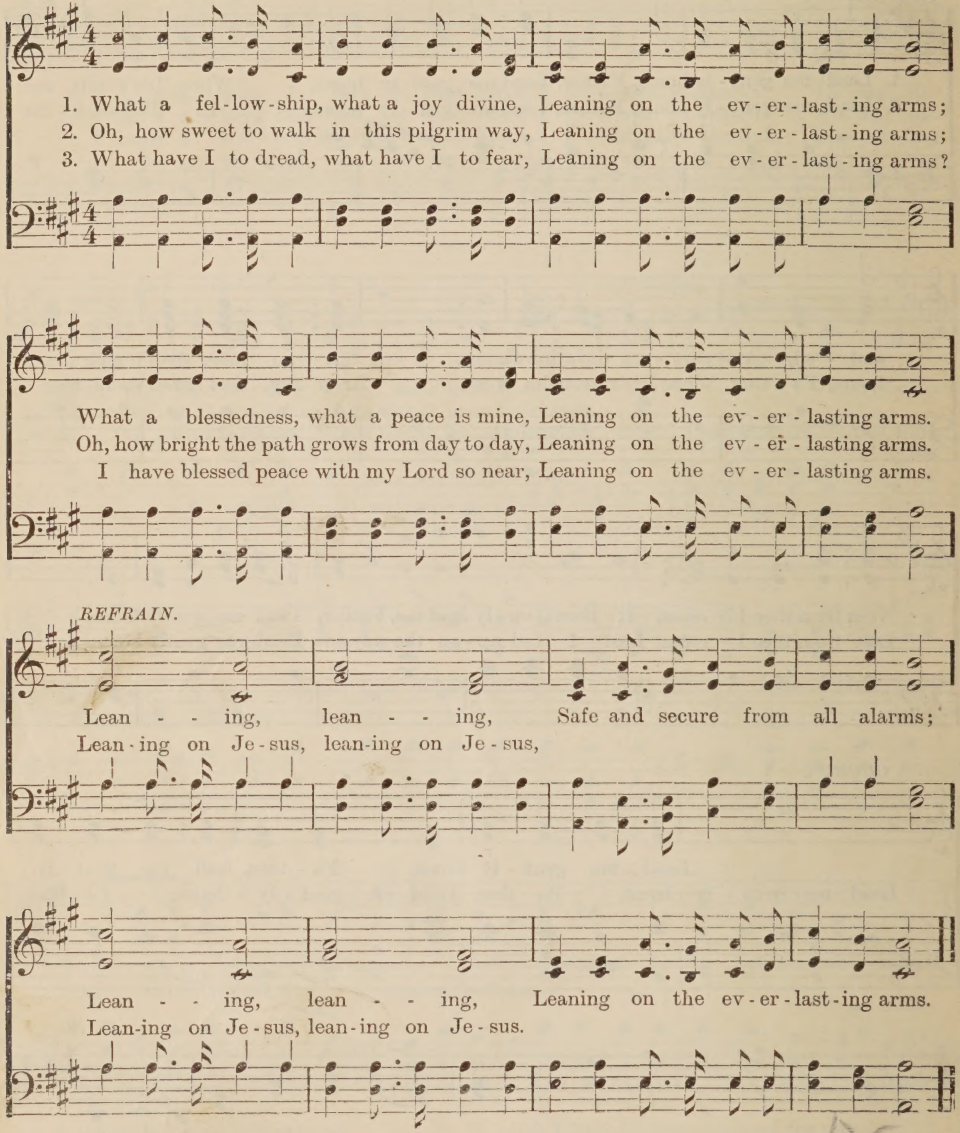
Ne'er from thee I'll roam, If thou'lt on - ly lead me, Father, Lead me gently home.
Lest from thee I roam, Lest I fall up - on the wayside, Lead me gently home.

CHORUS.

Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther, lead me gent - ly,
Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther, Lead me gent - ly home, Fa - ther,

Lest I fall up - on the way - side, Lead me gent - ly home.
Lead me gent - ly, gent-ly home.

463 What a Fellowship, What a Joy Divine.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN. A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms?
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-lasting arms.
REFRAIN.
Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Safe and secure from all alarms;
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,
Lean - - ing, lean - - ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus.

464 Jesus, United by Thy Grace. (TALLIS.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 4.)

1 Jesus, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

2 Still let us own our common Lord,
And bear thine easy yoke,
A band of love, a threefold cord,
Which never can be broke.

3 Make us into one spirit drink;
Baptize into thy name;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak, the same.

4 Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree,
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

5 To thee inseparably joined,
Let all our spirits cleave;
O may we all the loving mind
That was in thee receive:

6 Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove;
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love!

7 Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove,
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

—*C. Wesley.*

465 Father, Whose Everlasting Love. (MELCOMBE.—L.M.—TUNE NO. 232.)

1 Father, whose everlasting Love
Thy only Son for sinners gave,
Whose grace to all did freely move,
And sent him down the world to save:

2 Help us thy mercy to extol,
Immense, unfathomed, unconfined;
To praise the Lamb who died for all,
The general Saviour of mankind.

3 Thy undistinguishing regard
Was cast on Adam's fallen race;
For all thou hast in Christ prepared
Sufficient, sovereign, saving grace.

4 The world he suffered to redeem;
For all he hath atonement made;
For those that will not come to him
The ransom of his life was paid.

5 Arise, O God! maintain thy cause;
The fulness of the Gentiles call:
Lift up the standard of thy cross,
And all shall own thou diedst for all.

—*C. Wesley.*

466 Jesus, thou All-redeeming Lord. (BELMONT.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 14.)

1 Jesus, thou all-redeeming Lord,
Thy blessing we implore;
Open the door to preach thy word,
The great effectual door.

2 Gather the outcasts in, and save
From sin and Satan's power;
And let them now acceptance have,
And know their gracious hour.

3 Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize
What thou hast bought so dear;
Come then, and in thy people's eyes
With all thy wounds appear.

4 Appear, as when of old confest
The suffering Son of God;
And let them see thee in thy vest
But newly dipt in blood.

5 The hardness from their hearts remove,
Thou who for all hast died;
Show them the tokens of thy love,
Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

6 Thy side an open fountain is,
Where all may freely go,
And drink the living streams of bliss,
And wash them white as snow.

7 Ready thou art the blood to apply,
And prove the record true;
And all thy wounds to sinners cry,
"I suffered this for you!"

—*C. Wesley.*

467 Happy the Heart. (GAINSBOROUGH.—C.M.—TUNE No. 141.)

1 Happy the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.

2 Knowledge, alone, is all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.

3 'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know, and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

5 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God.

—*I. Watts.*

468 Jesus, the very Thought. (ST. AGNES.—C.M.—TUNE No. 134.)

1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O hope of every contrite heart,
O joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

4 But those who find thee find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus, be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

—*Bernard of Clairvaux.*

469 Jesus, Thou Everlasting King. (WAREHAM.—L.M.—TUNE No. 208.)

1 Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well-deserved renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.

2 Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the glad hour when from above
We first received the pledge of love.

3 The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever with us stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Our hope decline, our love grow cold.

4 Let every moment, as it flies,
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are raised to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

—*I. Watts.*

470 Let the Redeemed Give Thanks. (TALLIS.—C.M.—TUNE No. 4.)

1 Let the redeemed give thanks and praise
To a forgiving God;
My feeble voice I cannot raise
Till washed in Jesus' blood:

2 Till, at thy coming from above,
My mountain sins depart,
And fear gives place to filial love,
And peace o'erflows my heart.

3 Prisoner of hope, I still attend
The appearing of my Lord,
These gloomy doubts and fears to end,
And speak my soul restored:

4 Restored by reconciling grace,
With present pardon blest,
And fitted by true holiness
For my eternal rest.

5 The peace which man can ne'er conceive,
The love and joy unknown,
Now, Father, to thy servant give,
And claim me for thine own.

—*C. Wesley.*

471 Lead Us, O Father. (St. Agnes.—10s.—Tune No. 329.)

1 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of peace;
Without thy guiding hand we go astray,
And doubts appall, and sorrows still increase
Lead us, through Christ, the true and livin way.

2 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of truth;
Unhelped by thee in error's maze we grope
While passion stains and folly dims our youth,
And age comes on uncheered by faith and hope.

3 Lead us, O Father, in the paths of right;
Blindly we stumble when we walk alone,
Involved in shadows of a darksome night:
Only with thee we journey safely on.

4 Lead us, O Father, to the heavenly rest,
However rough and steep the path may be,
Through joy or sorrow, as thou deemest best,
Until our lives are perfected in thee.

—*William H. Burleigh.*

472 O for that Tenderness. (St. Stephen.—C.M.—Tune No. 252.)

1 O for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord,
Acknowledging how just thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow,
That consciousness of guilt, which fears
The long-suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give
The sensible distress,
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me die in peace;

4 Wilt from the dreadful day remove,
Before the evil come;
My spirit hide with saints above,
My body in the tomb.

—*C. Wesley.*

473 Praise Ye the Lord, 'tis Good. (Dresden.—L.M.—Tune No. 146.)

1 Praise ye the Lord! 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 He formed the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names;
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

3 Sing to the Lord; exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds along the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

4 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

5 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

—*I. Watts.*

474 Sweet the Moments. (Vermont—8s & 7s.—Tune No. 47.)

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blessed is the station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Beaming from his gracious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven
While upon the Lamb I gaze:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

5 Here in tender, grateful sorrow
With my Saviour will I stay;
Here new hope and strength will borrow;
Here will love my fears away.

—*Allen and Shirley.*

475 God Moves in a Mysterious Way. (DUNDEE.—C.M.—TUNE No. 104.)

1 God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform ;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take !
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace ;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour ;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain ;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

—*W. Cowper.*

476 Let every Tongue Thy Goodness. (ABRIDGE.—C.M.—TUNE No. 132.)

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all ;
Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distressed
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.

3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth ;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.

4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry ;
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.

5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere ;
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.

6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad ;
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God !

—*I. Watts.*

477 Spirit of Faith, Come Down. (ST. MICHAEL.—S.M.—TUNE No. 320.)

1 Spirit of faith, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
And make to us the Godhead known,
And witness with the blood :
'Tis thine the blood to apply,
And give us eyes to see
Who did for every sinner die
Hath surely died for me.

2 No man can truly say
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word ;
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in his blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God !"

3 O that the world might know
The all-atoning Lamb !
Spirit of faith, descend, and show
The virtue of his Name ;
The grace which all may find,
The saving power, impart !
And testify to all mankind,
And speak in every heart.

4 Inspire the living faith,
Which whosoe'er receives,
The witness in himself he hath,
And consciously believes ;
The faith that conquers all,
And doth the mountain move,
And saves whoe'er on Jesus call,
And perfects them in love.

—*C. Wesley.*

478 O Heavenly King, Look Down. (HANOVER.—TUNE NO. 6.)

1 O heavenly King, look down from above!
Assist us to sing thy mercy and love;
So sweetly o'erflowing, so plenteous the store,
Thou still art bestowing, and giving us more.

2 O God of our life, we hallow thy Name!
Our business and strife is thee to proclaim;
Accept our thanksgiving for creating grace;
The living, the living shall show forth thy praise.

3 Our Father and Lord, almighty art thou;
Preserved by thy word, we worship thee now;
The bountiful Donor of all we enjoy,
Our tongues to thine honour, and lives we employ.

4 But Oh! above all, thy kindness we praise,
From sin and from thrall which saves the lost race;
Thy Son thou hast given the world to redeem,
And bring us to heaven, whose trust is in him.

5 Wherefore of thy love we sing and rejoice,
With angels above we lift up our voice;
Thy love each believer shall gladly adore,
For ever and ever, when time is no more.

—*C. Wesley.*

479 Shepherd Divine, Our Wants. (MAITLAND.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 189.)

1 Shepherd Divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day,
To all thy tempted followers give
The power to watch and pray.

2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear,
O let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!

3 The Spirit of interceding grace
Give us in faith to claim,
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.

4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow,
Be this the cry of every heart,
"I will not let thee go:

5 "I will not let thee go, unless
Thou tell thy name to me,
With all thy great salvation bless,
And make me all like thee.

6 "Then let me on the mountain-top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise."

—*C. Wesley.*

480 When all Thy Mercies, O My God. (EVAN.—C.M.—TUNE NO. 17.)

1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.

3 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

4 Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently cleared my way;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

5 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.

6 Through all eternity, to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

—*Addison.*

481 Sweet is the Sunlight. (St. Alban.—L.M.—Tune No. 99.)

1 Sweet is the sunlight after rain,
And sweet the sleep which follows pain;
And sweetly steals the Sabbath rest
Upon the world's work-wearied breast.

2 Of heaven the sign, of earth the calm;
The poor man's birthright and his balm;
God's witness of celestial things;
A sun with healing in its wings.

3 New rising in this gospel time,
And in its sevenfold light sublime,
Blest day of God! we hail its dawn,
To gratitude and worship drawn.

4 O nought of gloom and nought of pride
Should with the sacred hours abide;
At work for God, in loved employ,
We lose the duty in the joy.

5 Breathe on us, Lord! our sins forgive,
And make us strong in faith to live;
Our utmost, sorest need supply,
And make us strong in faith to die.

—*W. M. Punshon.*

482 With Joy We Meditate. (St. Peter.—C.M.—Tune No. 261.)

1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
And yearns with pitying love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.

3 He in the days of feeble flesh
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, though exalted, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,
But raise it to a flame;
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

—*I. Watts.*

483 And are We yet Alive? (Dennis.—S.M.—Tune No. 131.)

1 And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace!
Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

2 What troubles have we seen,
What conflicts have we past,
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

3 Then let us make our boast
Of his redeeming power,
Which saves us to the uttermost,
Till we can sin no more:
Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

—*C. Wesley.*

484

Portals of Glory.

Words by EMMA PITT. H. P. DANKS.

f Majestic (Full Chorus)

Hail to thee! Hail to thee! Beau-ti-ful Morning! Beau-ti-ful Eas-ter, we hail thee with joy.

f

(Interlude)

mf (Semi-Chorus)

Bright is the light, thro' the por-tals of glo-ry;

mf

Fair is the glow of the ros-eate dawn, Gold-en the scep-tre and

(Full Chorus)

f

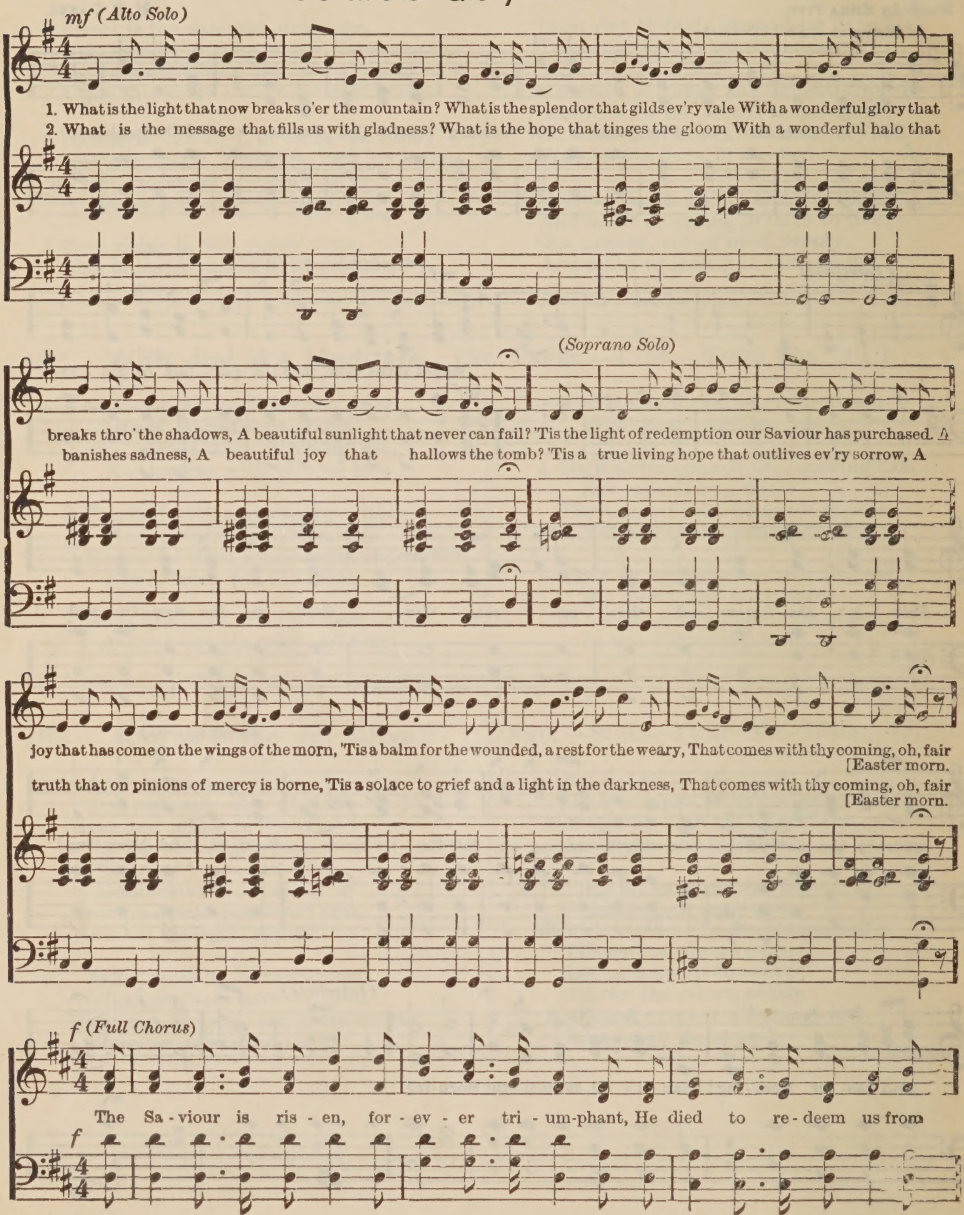
sweet is the sto-ry That comes with thy coming, oh, fair Eas-ter morn— Beau-ti-ful Morn-ing!

f

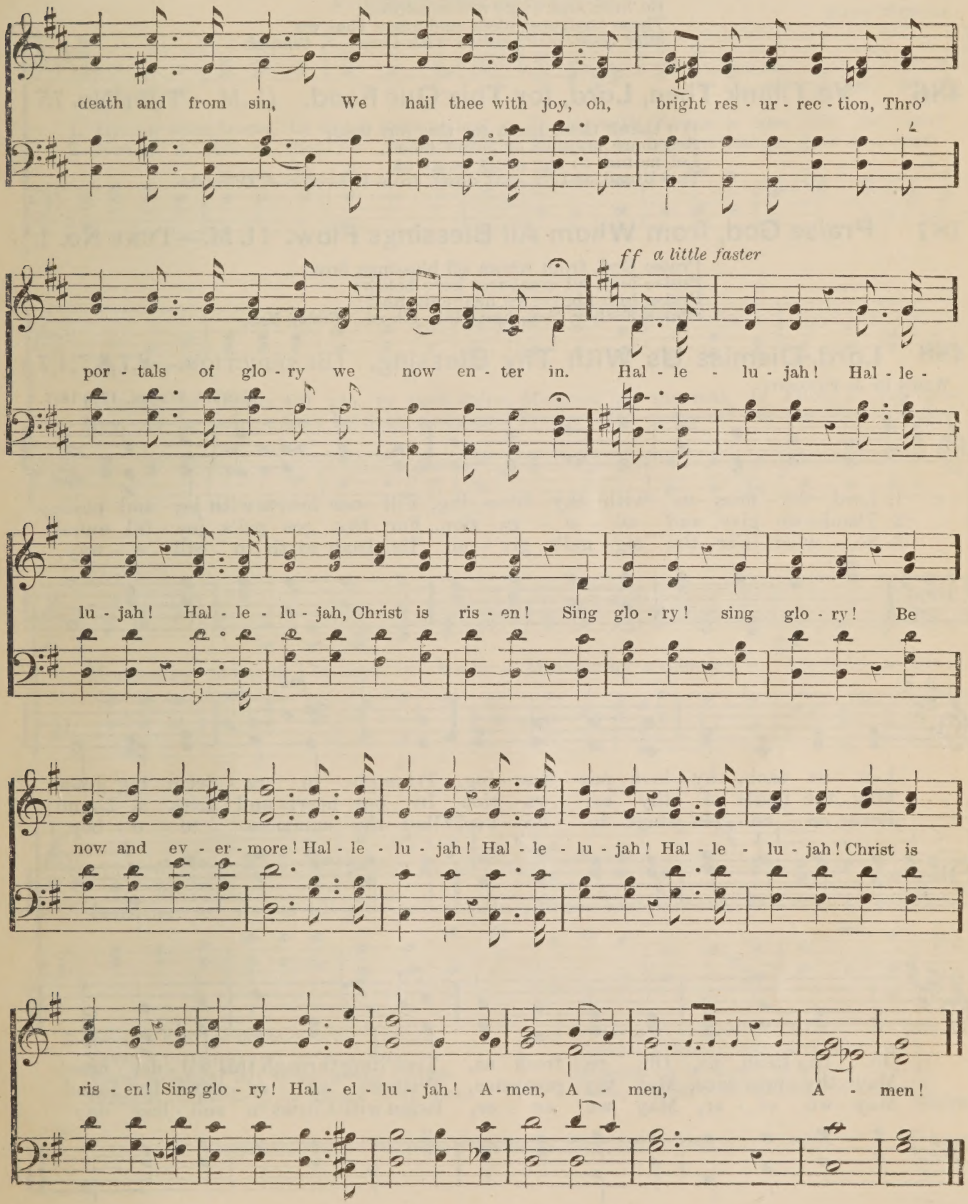
(Interlude)

glad Eas-ter Morn-ing! Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Morn-ing.

Portals of Glory—*Continued.*


mf (Alto Solo)
1. What is the light that now breaks o'er the mountain? What is the splendor that gilds ev'ry vale With a wonderful glory that
2. What is the message that fills us with gladness? What is the hope that tinges the gloom With a wonderful halo that
(Soprano Solo)
breaks thro' the shadows, A beautiful sunlight that never can fail? 'Tis the light of redemption our Saviour has purchased. A
banishes sadness, A beautiful joy that hallows the tomb? 'Tis a true living hope that outlives ev'ry sorrow, A
joy that has come on the wings of the morn, 'Tis a balm for the wounded, a rest for the weary, That comes with thy coming, oh, fair
[Easter morn.
truth that on pinions of mercy is borne, 'Tis a solace to grief and a light in the darkness, That comes with thy coming, oh, fair
[Easter morn.
f (Full Chorus)
The Sa - viour is ris - en, for - ev - er tri - um-phant, He died to re - deem us from
f

Portals of Glory—*Concluded.*


death and from sin, We hail thee with joy, oh, bright res - ur - rec - tion, Thro'
ff a little faster
por - tals of glo - ry we now en - ter in. Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -
lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ is ris - en! Sing glo - ry! sing glo - ry! Be
now and ev - er - more! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ is
ris - en! Sing glo - ry! Hal - el - lu - jah! A - men, A - men, A - men!

485 **Be Present at Our Table, Lord.** (L.M.—TUNE No. 157.)

Be present at our table, Lord,
Be here and everywhere adored;
These creatures bless, and grant that we
May feast in Paradise with thee.—*J. Cennick.*

486 **We Thank Thee, Lord, for This Our Food.** (L.M.—TUNE No. 75.)

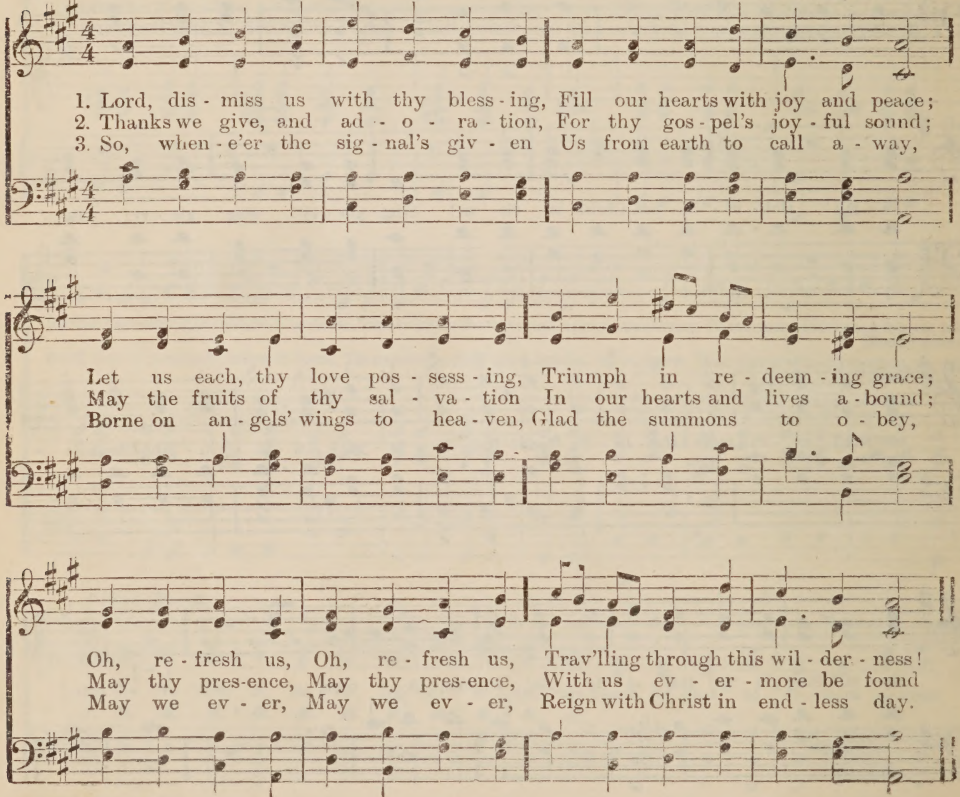
We thank thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood,
Let manna to our souls be given,
The Bread of Life sent down from heaven.—*J. Cennick.*

487 **Praise God, from Whom All Blessings Flow.** (L.M.—TUNE No. 1.)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.—*Bishop Ken.*

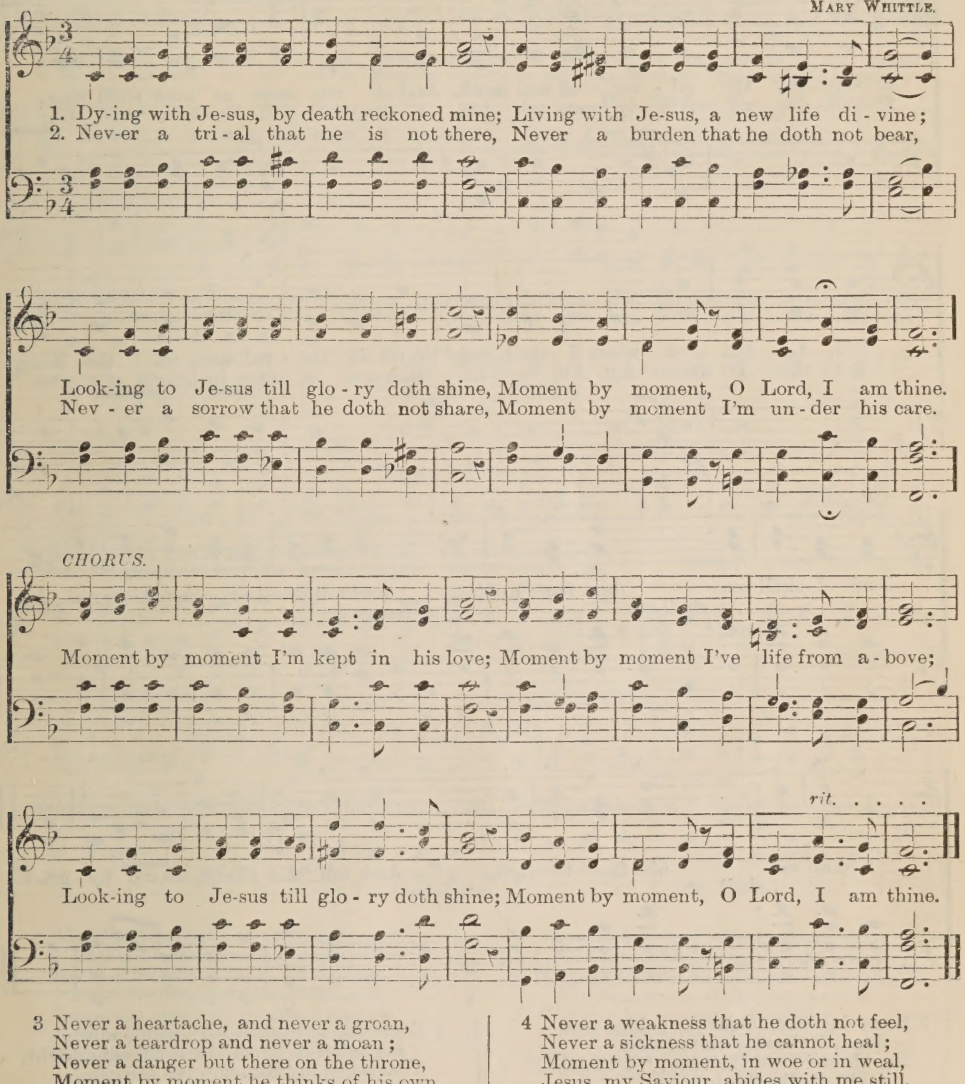
488 **Lord, Dismiss Us With Thy Blessing.** (BENEDICTION.—8,7,8,7,4,7.)

Words by J. FAWCETT.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1740-1817.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For thy gos - pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, when - e'er the sig - nal's giv - en Us from earth to call a - way,
Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Triumph in re - deem - ing grace;
May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a - bound;
Borne on an - gels' wings to hea - ven, Glad the summons to o - bey,
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav'lling through this wil - der - ness!
May thy pres-ence, May thy pres-ence, With us ev - er - more be found
May we ev - er, May we ev - er, Reign with Christ in end - less day.

489 Moment by Moment.

"I the Lord do keep it: I will water it every moment: lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day."—ISA. 27 : 3.

MARY WHITTLE.

1. Dy-ing with Je-sus, by death reckoned mine; Living with Je-sus, a new life di-vine;
2. Nev-er a tri-al that he is not there, Never a burden that he doth not bear,
Look-ing to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine, Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.
Nev-er a sorrow that he doth not share, Moment by moment I'm un-der his care.
CHORUS.
Moment by moment I'm kept in his love; Moment by moment I've life from a-bove;
rit.
Look-ing to Je-sus till glo-ry doth shine; Moment by moment, O Lord, I am thine.

3 Never a heartache, and never a groan,
Never a teardrop and never a moan;
Never a danger but there on the throne,
Moment by moment he thinks of his own.

4 Never a weakness that he doth not feel,
Never a sickness that he cannot heal;
Moment by moment, in woe or in weal,
Jesus, my Saviour, abides with me still.

—*D. W. Whittle.*

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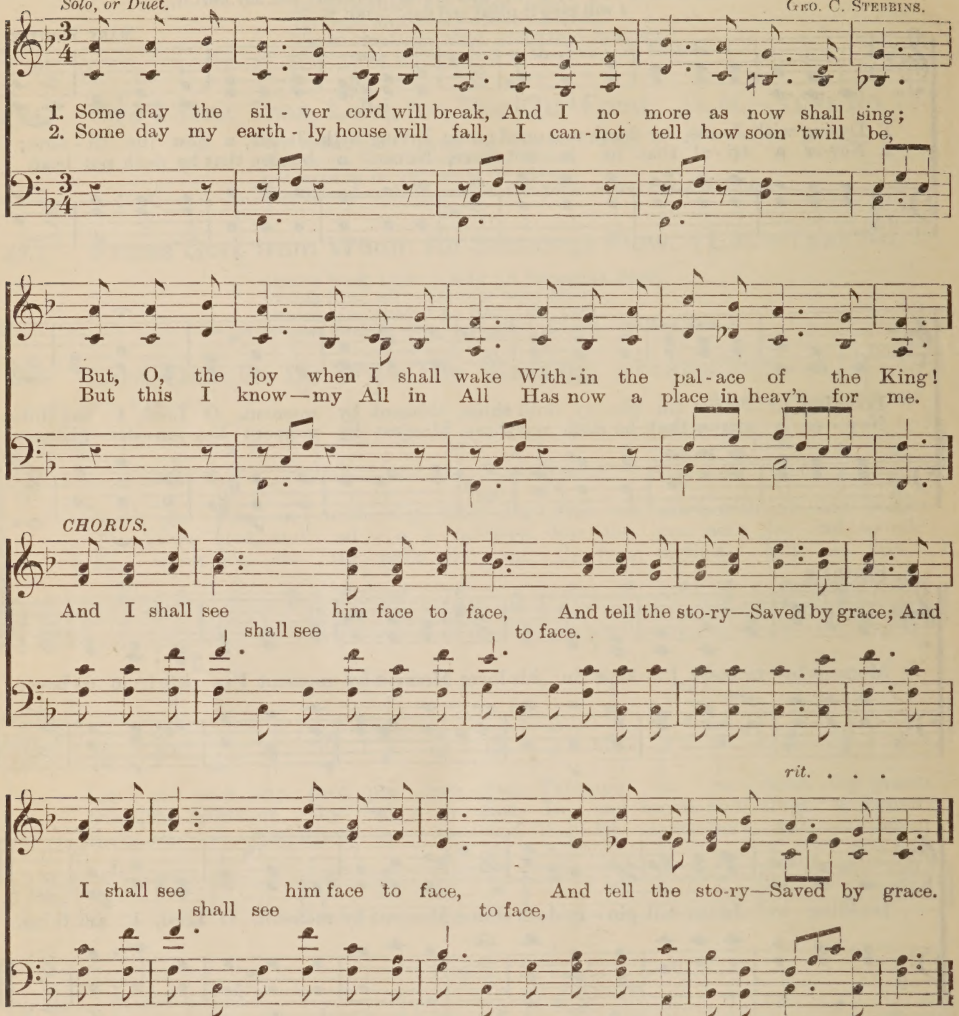
490 Saved by Grace.

"By grace ye are saved."—EPH. 2 : 5.

Solo, or Duet. GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2. Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
But, O, the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
CHORUS.
And I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace; And
shall see to face.
rit. . . .
I shall see him face to face, And tell the sto - ry—Saved by grace.
shall see to face,

3 Some day when fades the golden sun
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,
My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!"
And I shall enter into rest.

4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait,
My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,
That when my Saviour opes the gate,
My soul to him may take its flight.

—*F. J. Crosby.*

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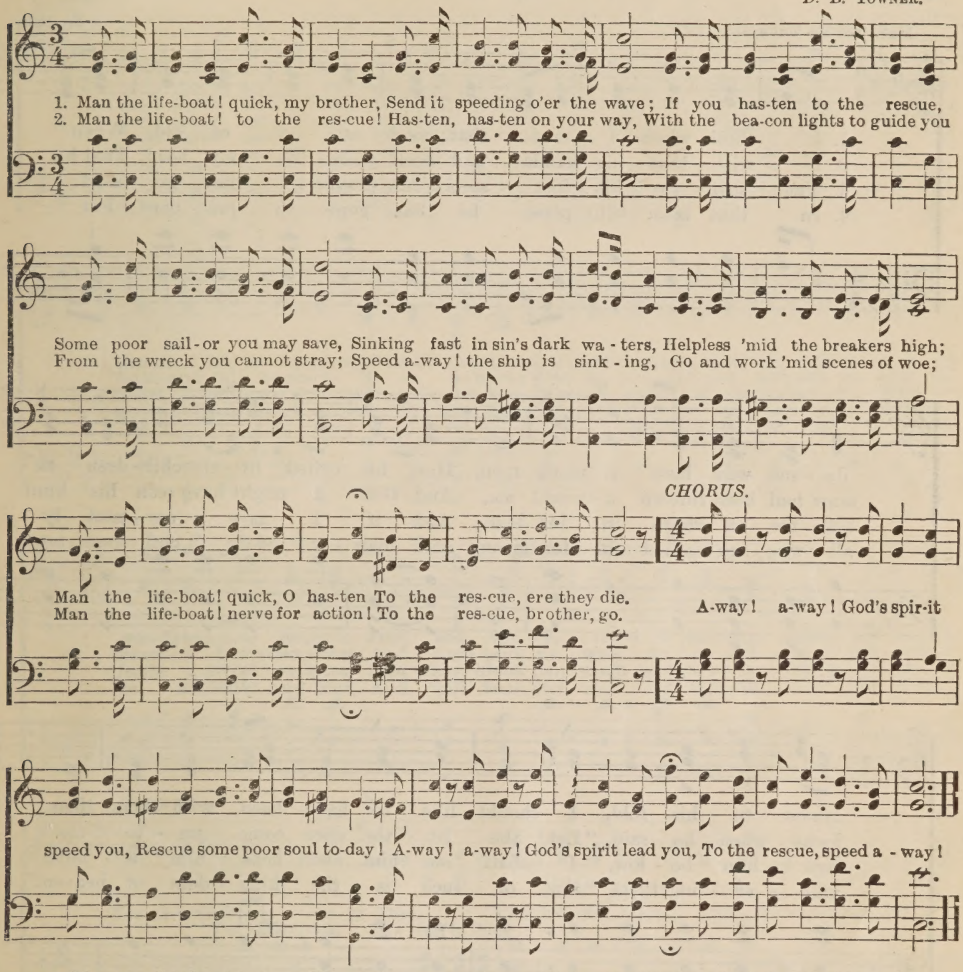
491 Man the Life-Boat.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Man the life-boat! quick, my brother, Send it speeding o'er the wave; If you has-ten to the rescue,
2. Man the life-boat! to the res-cue! Has-ten, has-ten on your way, With the bea-con lights to guide you
Some poor sail-or you may save, Sinking fast in sin's dark wa-ters, Helpless 'mid the breakers high;
From the wreck you cannot stray; Speed a-way! the ship is sink-ing, Go and work 'mid scenes of woe;
CHORUS.
Man the life-boat! quick, O has-ten To the res-cue, ere they die.
Man the life-boat! nerve for action! To the res-cue, brother, go.
A-way! a-way! God's spir-it
speed you, Rescue some poor soul to-day! A-way! a-way! God's spirit lead you, To the rescue, speed a-way!

3 Man the life-boat! struggling seamen
Battle now with raging wave;
See! they cling to spar and timber,
Precious lives your hand can save.
Leaps the angry surge about them,
As to drown their pleading cry;
Man the life-boat! flash your signal!
Let them know that help is nigh.

4 Man the life-boat! God will aid you;
Out across life's storm-tossed wave,
Wrecks the waters dark are strewing,
On them some whom you can save;
Carry quick the cups of comfort,
Pick them up in Jesus' name;
Man the life-boat! rescue some one,
From the wreck some soul reclaim.

—*John R. Clements.*

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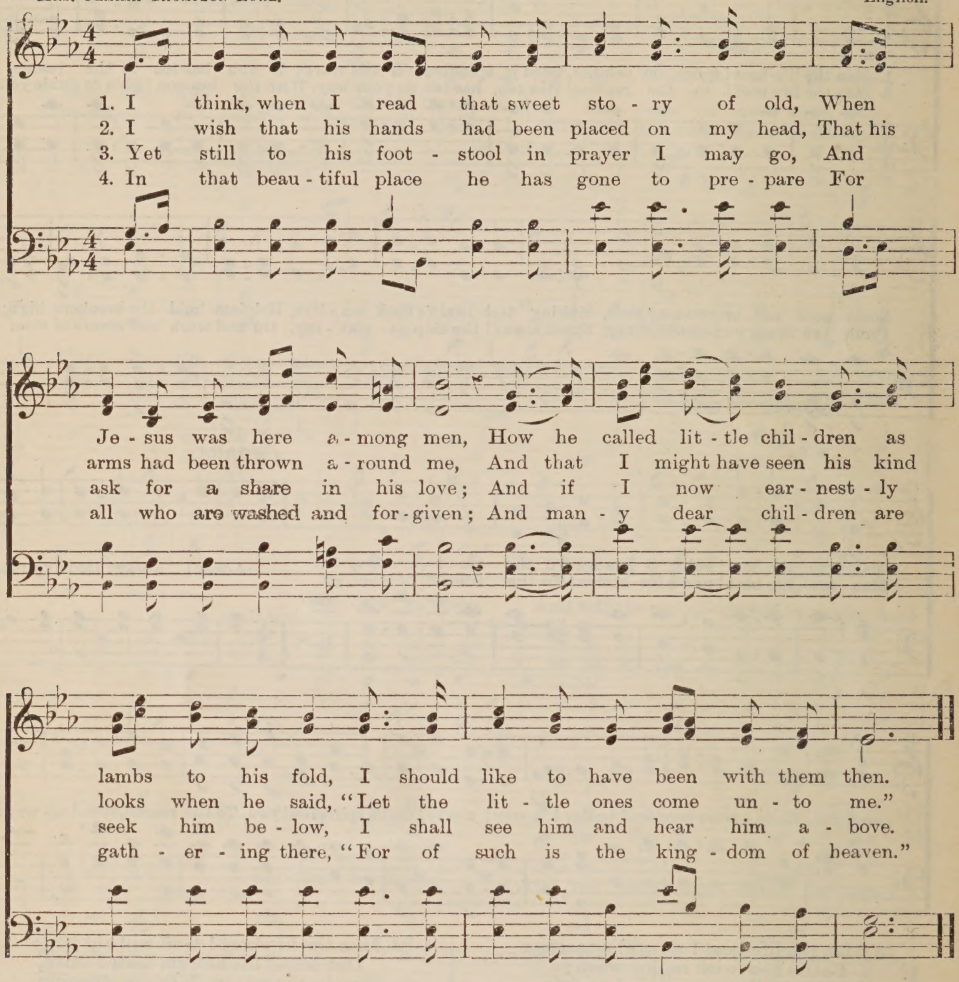
492 I Think, When I Read.

MRS. JEMIMA THOMPSON LUKE. English.

1. I think, when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men, How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arms had been thrown a - round me, And that I might have seen his kind looks when he said, "Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me."
3. Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love; And if I now ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.
4. In that beau - tiful place he has gone to pre - pare For all who are washed and for - given; And man - y dear chil - dren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heaven."

5 But thousands and thousands, who wander and fall,
Never heard of that heavenly home;
I wish they could know there is room for them all,
And that Jesus has bid them to come.

6 I long for that blessed and glorious time,
The fairest, and brightest, and best;
When the dear little children of every clime
Shall come to his arms and be blest.

493 He's the One.

J. B. M. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Is there an - y - one can help us, one who un - derstands our hearts, When the
2. Is there an - y - one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an - y - one can help us, who can give a sin - ner peace, When his
4. Is there an - y - one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympa - thiz - es with us, who in
faint and fall beneath it in a - larm; Who in ten - der-ness will lift us, and the
heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of par-don that af-
go thro' death's dark wat-ers by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us, and dis-

won-drous love imparts Just the ver - y, ver - y blessing that we need?
neav - y bur - den share, And sup - port us with an ev - er - last - ing arm?
fords a sweet re-lease, And whose blood can wash and make us white as snow?
pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir - its safe - ly o'er the tide?

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, on - ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
Yes, there's one, on - ly One,

flictions press the so l, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the One.

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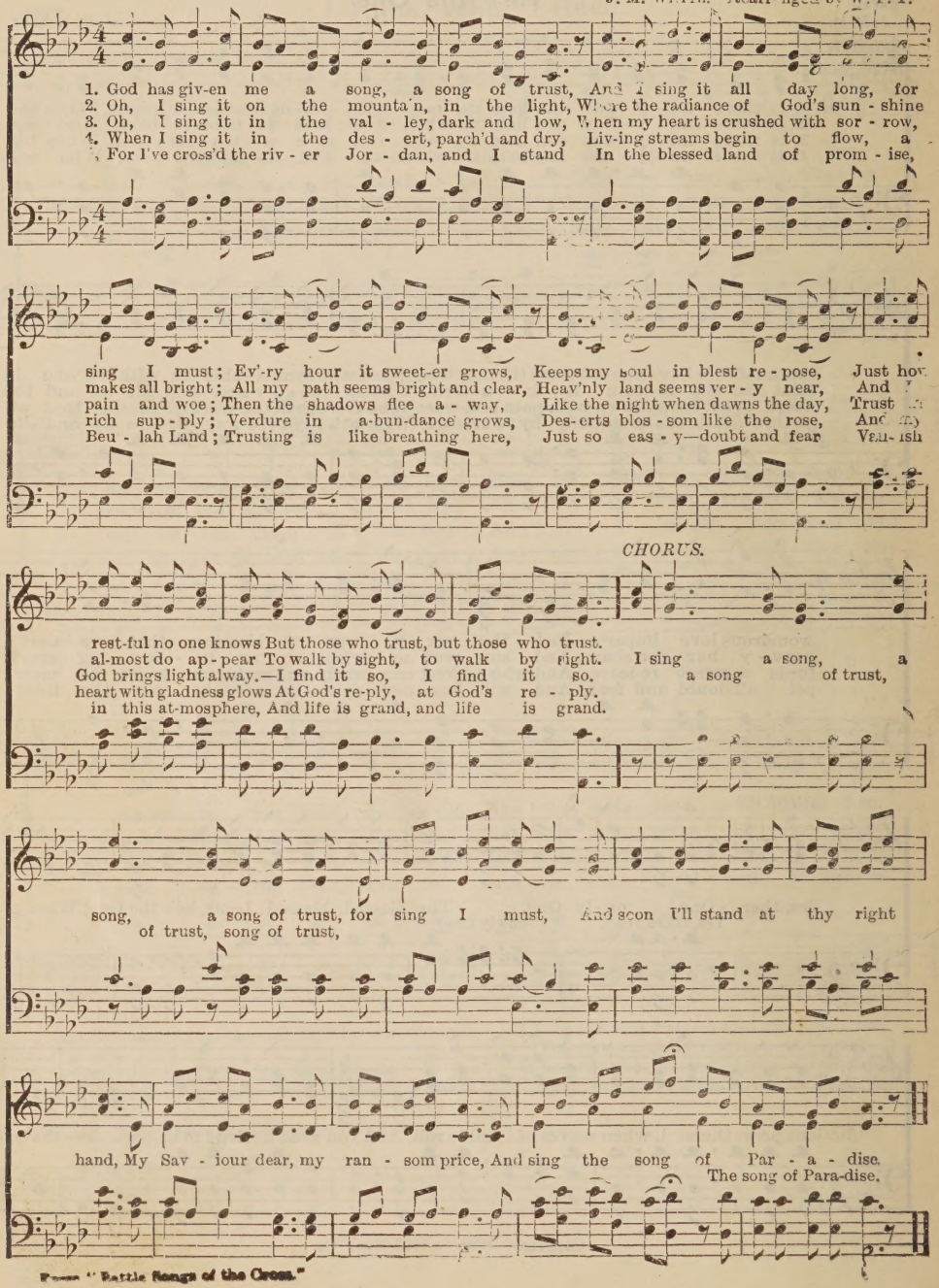
494

A Song of Trust.

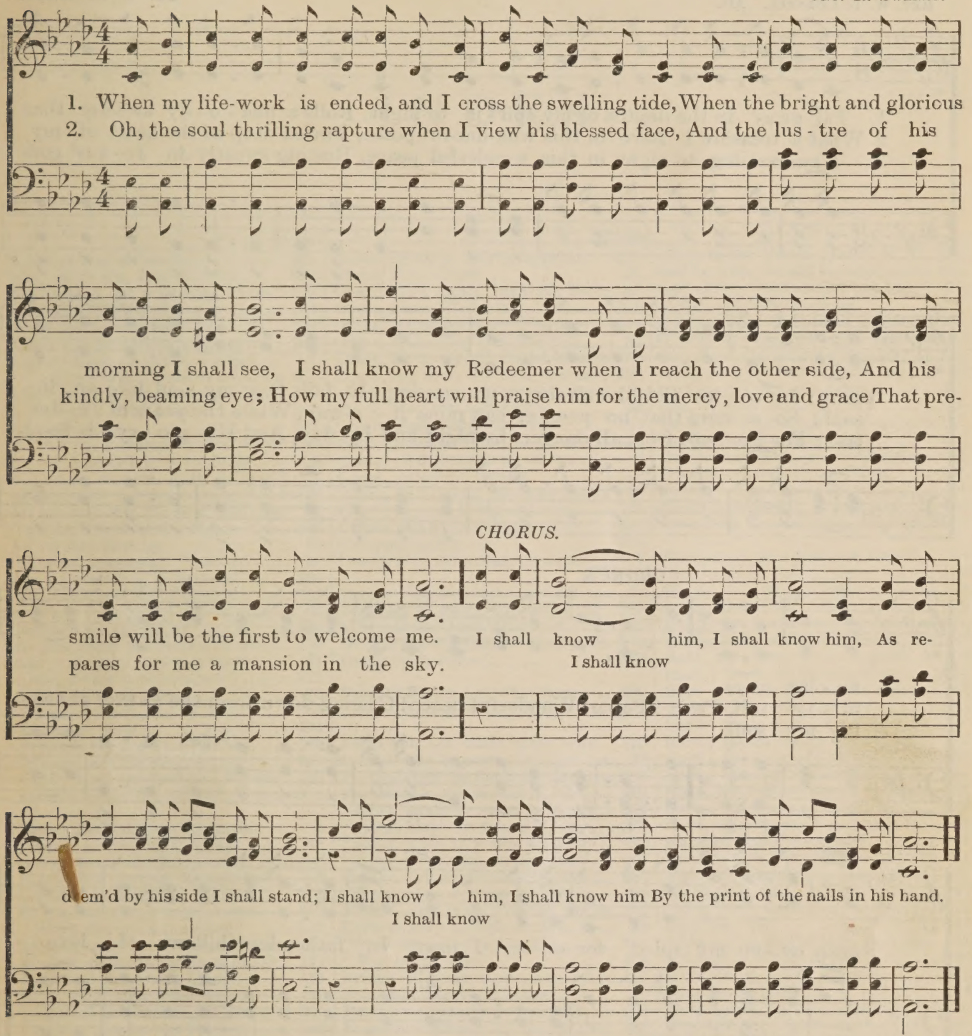
J. M. Witt. Rearranged by W. F. H.


1. God has giv-en me a song, a song of trust, And I sing it all day long, for
2. Oh, I sing it on the mountain, in the light, Where the radiance of God's sun - shine
3. Oh, I sing it in the val - ley, dark and low, When my heart is crushed with sor - row,
4. When I sing it in the des - ert, parch'd and dry, Liv-ing streams begin to flow, a
For I've cross'd the riv - er Jor - dan, and I stand In the blessed land of prom - ise,
sing I must; Ev'-ry hour it sweet-er grows, Keeps my soul in blest re - pose, Just hov
makes all bright; All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly land seems ver - y near, And
pain and woe; Then the shadows flee a - way, Like the night when dawns the day, Trust
rich sup - ply; Verdure in a-bun-dance grows, Des-erts blos - som like the rose, And
Beu - lah Land; Trusting is like breathing here, Just so eas - y—doubt and fear Vanish
CHORUS.
rest-ful no one knows But those who trust, but those who trust.
al-most do ap - pear To walk by sight, to walk by right. I sing a song, a
God brings light alway.—I find it so, I find it so. a song of trust,
heart with gladness glows At God's re-ply, at God's re - ply.
in this at-mosphere, And life is grand, and life is grand.
song, a song of trust, for sing I must, And soon I'll stand at thy right
of trust, song of trust,
hand, My Sav - iour dear, my ran - som price, And sing the song of Par - a - dise.
The song of Para-dise.

From "Battle Songs of the Cross."

495 My Saviour First of All.

JNO. R. SWENEY.


1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When the bright and glorious
2. Oh, the soul thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the lus - tre of his
morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side, And his
kindly, beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mercy, love and grace That pre-
CHORUS.
smile will be the first to welcome me. I shall know him, I shall know him, As re-
pares for me a mansion in the sky. I shall know
deem'd by his side I shall stand; I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.
I shall know

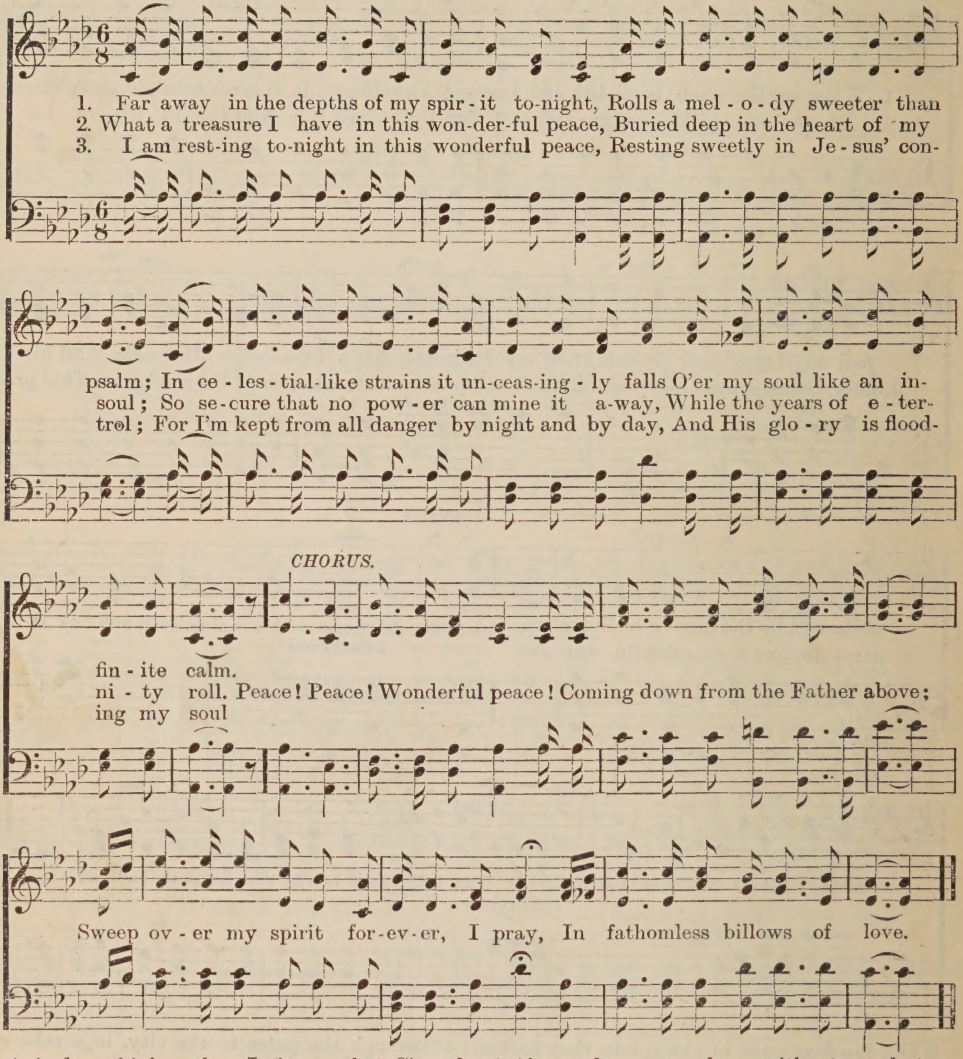
3 Oh, the dear ones in glory, how they beckon me to come,
And our parting at the river I recall;
To the sweet vales of Eden they will sing my welcome home,
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

4 Through the gates to the city, in a robe of spotless white,
He will lead me where no tears shall ever fall,
In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight;
But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

—*Fanny J. Crosby.*

496 Wonderful Peace.

REV. W. D. CORNELL. Alt. REV. W. G. COOPER.


1. Far away in the depths of my spir - it to-night, Rolls a mel - o - dy sweeter than
2. What a treasure I have in this won-der-ful peace, Buried deep in the heart of my
3. I am rest-ing to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweetly in Je - sus' con-
psalm; In ce - les - tial-like strains it un-ceas-ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in-
soul; So se-cure that no pow - er can mine it a-way, While the years of e - ter-
trol; For I'm kept from all danger by night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood-
CHORUS.
fin - ite calm.
ni - ty roll. Peace! Peace! Wonderful peace! Coming down from the Father above;
ing my soul
Sweep ov - er my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

4 And methinks, when I rise to that City of peace,
Where the Author of peace I shall see,
That one strain of the song which the ransomed will sing,
In that heavenly kingdom shall be:—CHO.

5 Ah! soul, are you here without comfort or rest,
Marching down the rough pathway of time?
Make Jesus your friend ere the shadows grow dark;
Oh, accept of this peace so sublime!—CHO.

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